

THE
KEEPSAKE

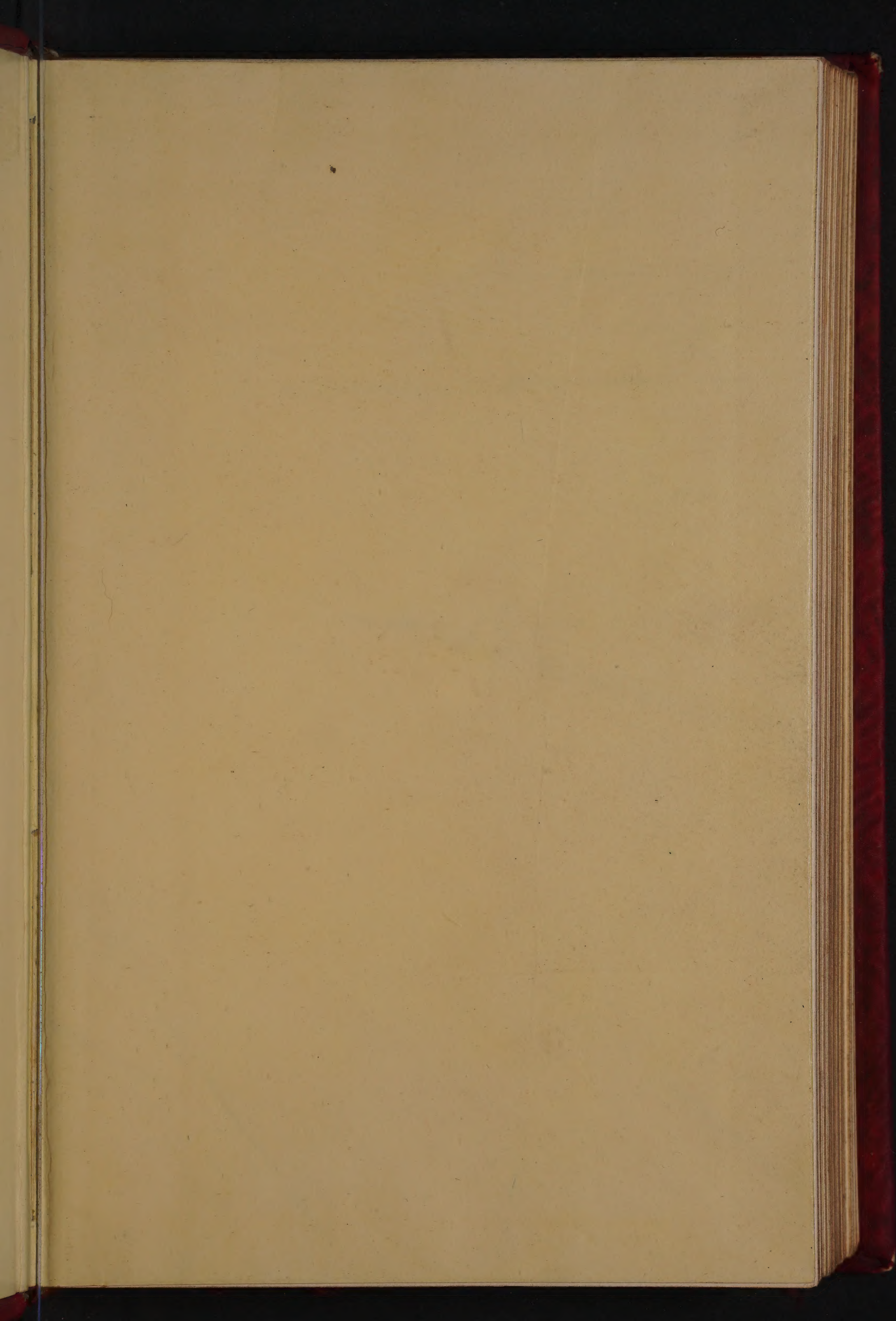
London
1828

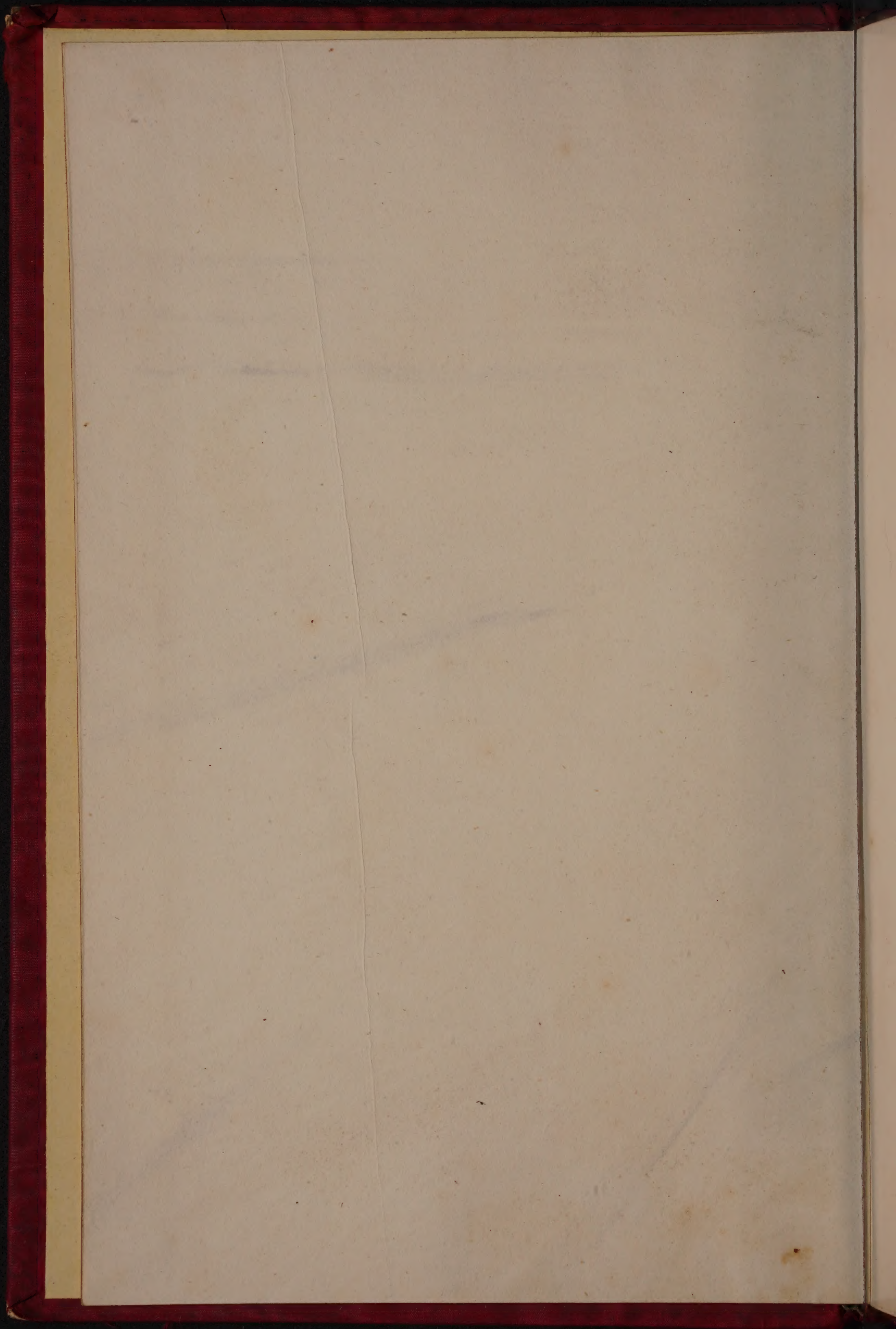




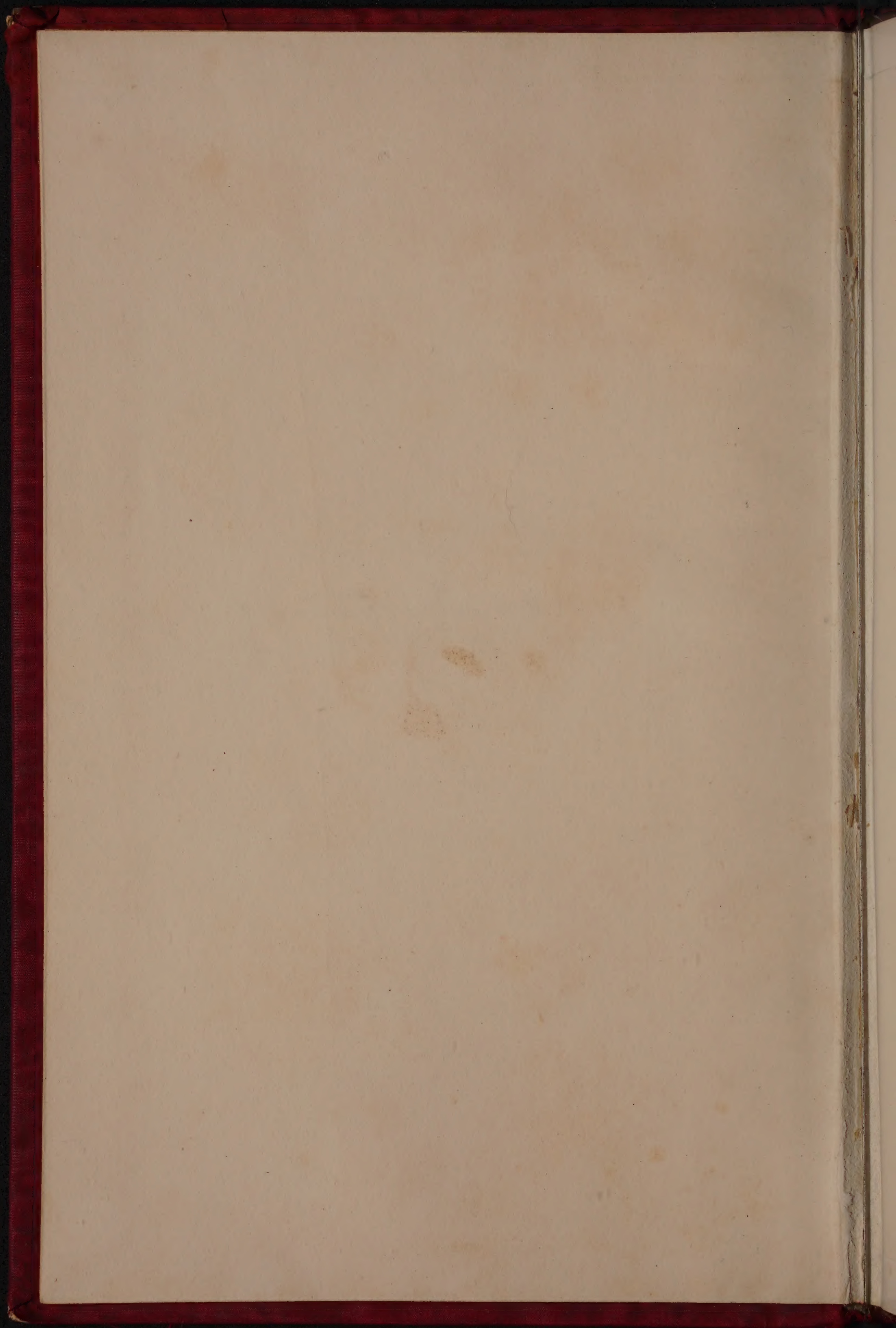


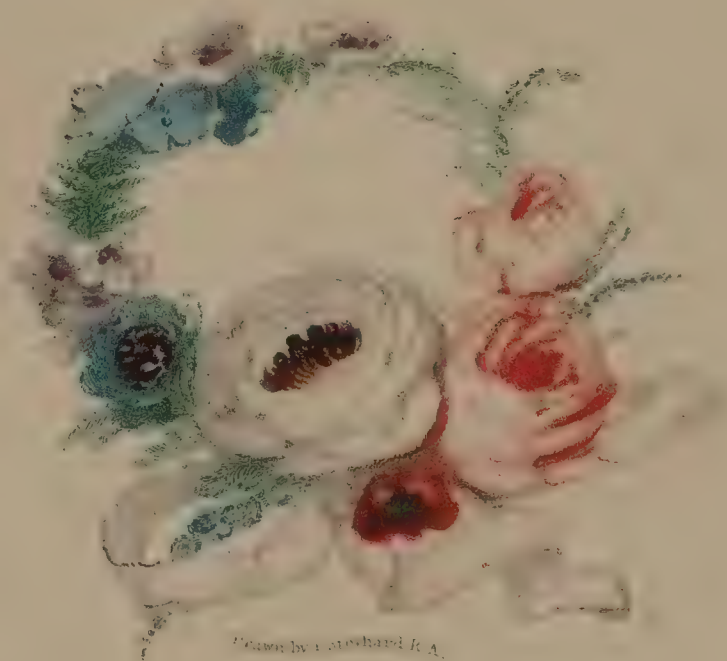




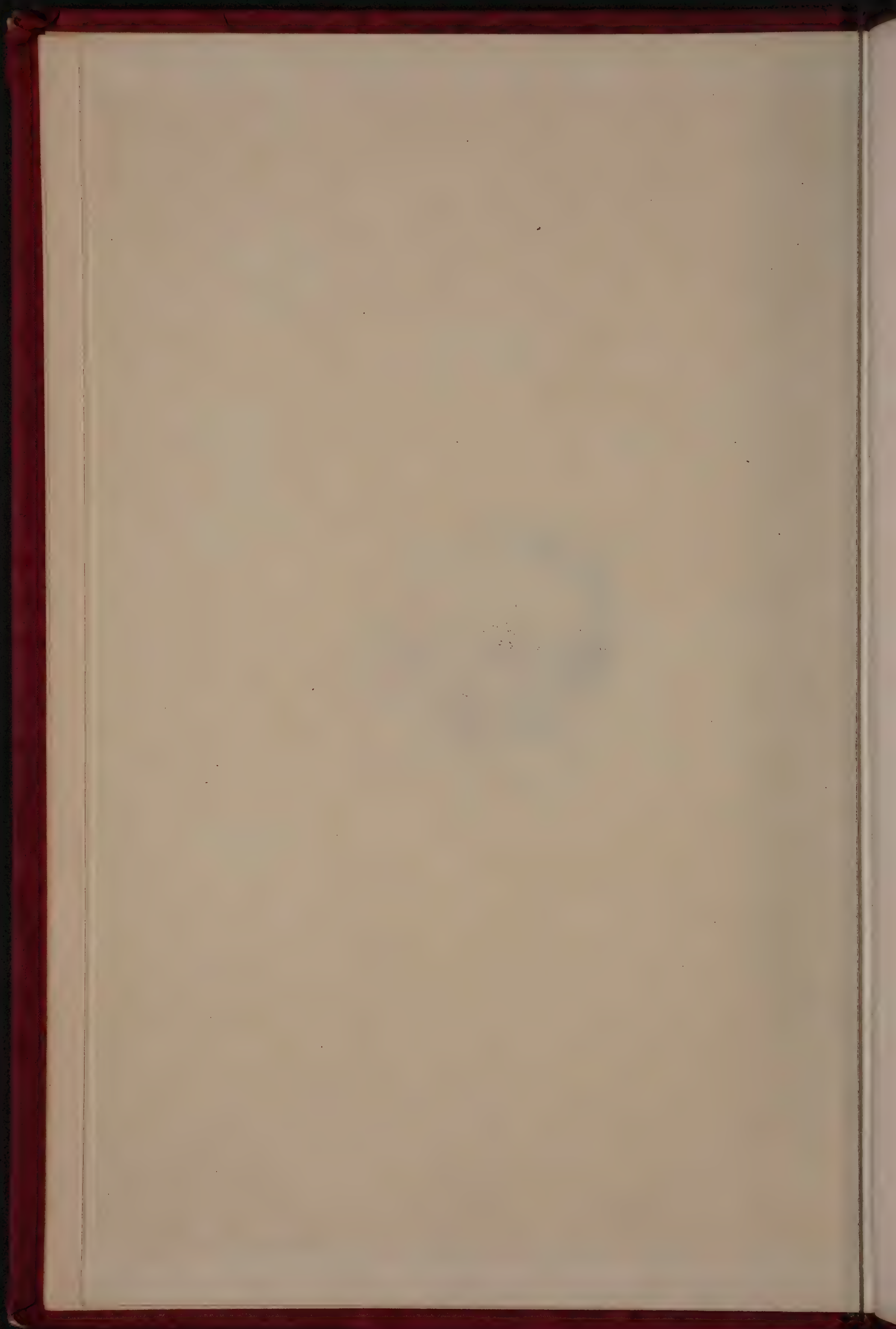


Lucca Pentrice





Painted by J. Stothard R.A.





Painted by Sir Tho.^d Lawrence, F.R.A.

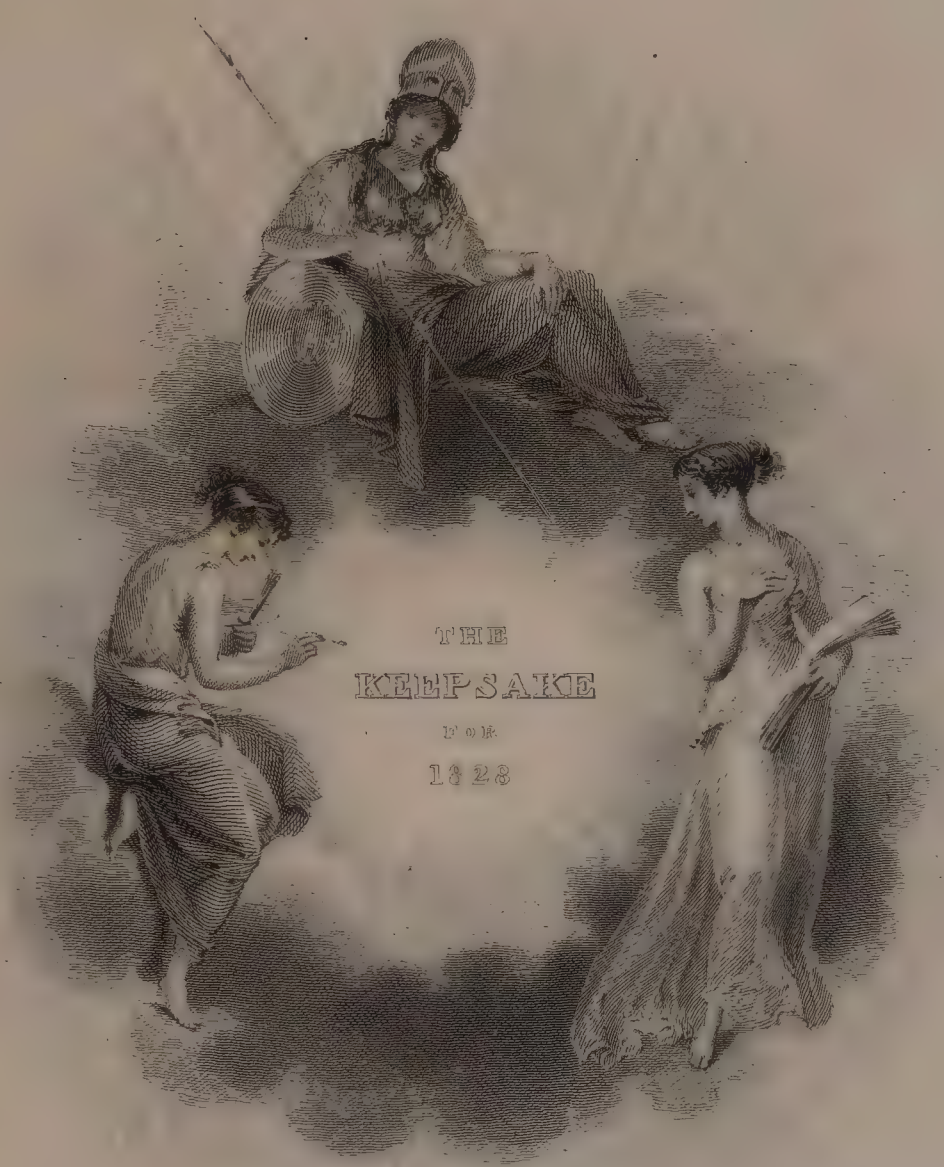
Engraved by Charles Heath

SELINA.

Pub^d by Thomas Hurst & Co. S^t Paul's Churchyard, Robert Jennings, 2, Poultry & William H. Ainsworth, 25, Old Bond St.

Price 1s. 6d.

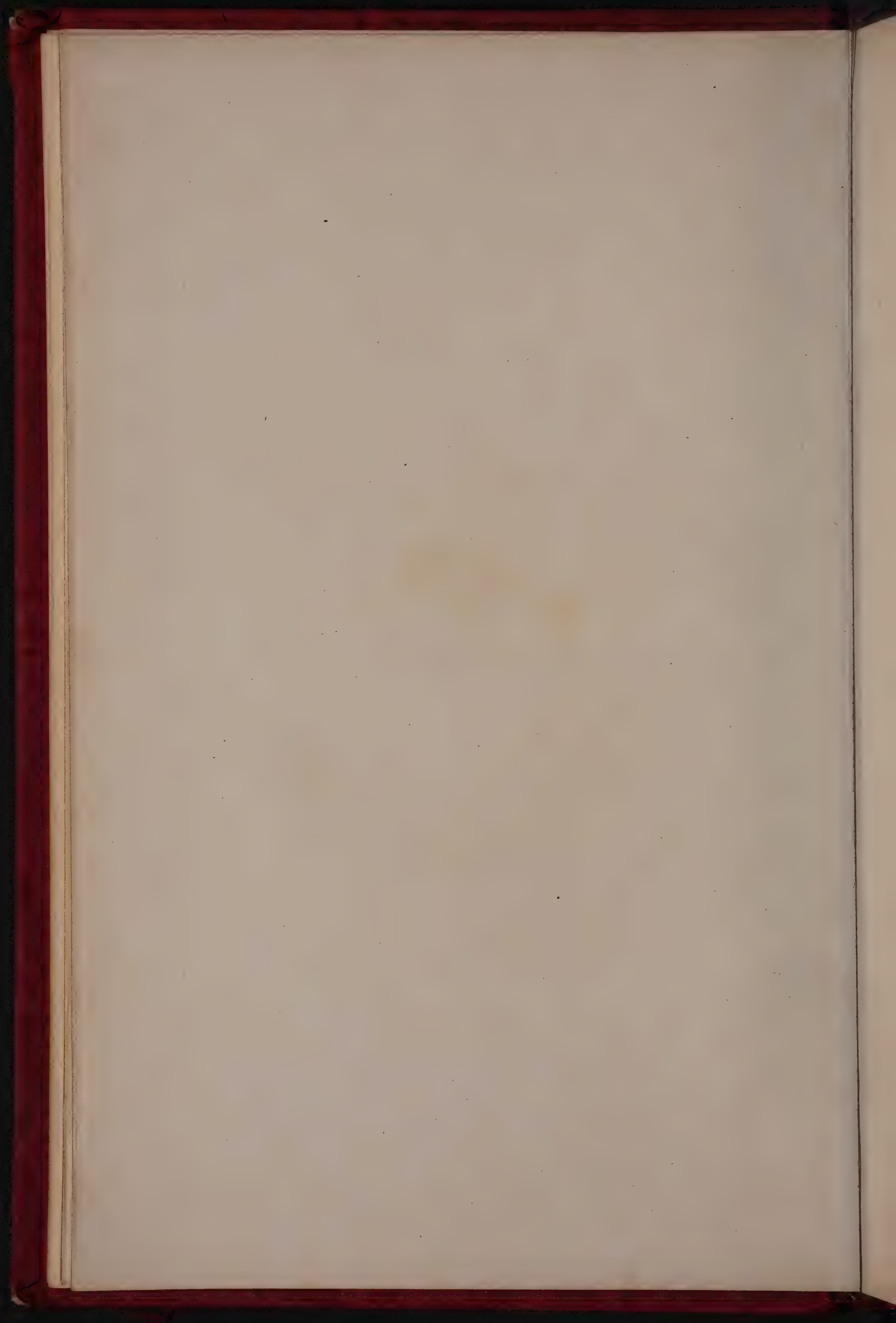




Engraved by Charles Heath from a Drawing by Henry Corbould

London, Nov. 1827. Published for the Proprietor, by Hurst, Chance & Co. St. Pauls Church Yard & Robert Jennings, Foulton

Printed by M. Queen.



THE
KEEPSAKE.

LONDON:
PRINTED BY THOMAS DAVISON, WHITEFRIARS.

TO ———.

I.

WHAT is the aim with which the poet glows,
The recompense of fiction's fairy line,
The hope, that o'er the languid spirit throws
Reviving light, and makes its toils divine?
Is it, to see the smile of beauty shine
Over the fruit of solitary hours,
When fancy's wing, weary, would else decline?
It is, it is; like Spring's life-giving showers,
That smile awakes the germs of song's luxuriant flowers.

II.

Then, because beauty is the soul of song,
We bring to thee (the beautiful), to thee,
The tributary lay of many a tongue;
Acknowledgment of beauty's sovereignty:
And, blended with thy name, prolong'd may be
The swift decaying echoes of our lyre—
The lyre of many strings, that, wildly free,
To harmonize in beauty's praise aspire—
The lyre, that many strike to one whom all admire.

III.

Unto the beautiful is beauty due;
For thee the graver's art has multiplied
The forms the painter's touch reveals to view,
Array'd in warm imagination's pride

Of loveliness (in this to thee allied).
 And well with these accord poetic lays
 (Two several streams from the same urn supplied);
 Each to the other lends a winning grace,
 As features speak the soul—the soul informs the face.

IV.

And if this little offering, brought to thee,
 Shall meet thy sight in life's hereafter hours,
 Perhaps not all unwelcome it may be,
 To wake the sweets of youth's declining flowers—
 Blossoms, as yet unsullied by the showers
 That fall from the pale urn that sorrow rears.—
 Still be it so; and may Time's latter stores
 Unfold for thee sweet memories of past years,
 The KEEPSAKES of the soul, to guard thine eyes from
 tears.

October, 1827.

P R E F A C E.

A PREFACE is often like a trump card, of which the most is made when the hand is weakest. Ours shall be brief, from the presumed strength, not weakness, of our hand ; and because, *unlike* a trump card, a diffuse and cringing preface rarely gains a trick. It must not, however, be dispensed with: to commence our course by sailing against the stream would only be defective policy.

We therefore introduce the KEEPSAKE as a claimant for some portion of the protection freely awarded to other individuals of the family, of which our *debutant* is the youngest, and, we trust, not the least deserving member.

It is unnecessary to dwell on the design and scope of the present work, the leading features of the

class to which it belongs being too generally known to require even an allusion. Competition, the parent of excellence, has already given birth to a crowd of literary annuals, the number of which is still increasing. The deserved popularity of these volumes, united to a persuasion, that an addition to their number, on a similar but enlarged plan, would not be unacceptable to the public, suggested the idea of this new undertaking; the principal object of which will be, to render the union of literary merit with all the beauty and elegance of art as complete as possible.

The list of embellishments in our commencing volume, and of the artists by whom they are executed, inspires a confidence, that leads us unhesitatingly to challenge a comparison with any thing, in this respect, that has hitherto appeared. With regard to the literary department, we have only to state generally, that writers of the most approved talents have enlisted themselves in our cause, and have contributed the aid of some of their

choicest lucubrations. Our desire has been, that its pervading characteristic should be an elegant lightness, appropriate to the nature and objects of the work. If this has been accomplished, without totally precluding subjects of deeper interest, which, like shadows on the surface of a sparkling lake, heighten the brilliancy of the gayer parts and the effect of the whole, we have nothing left to wish for.

It cannot fail to be observed, as a feature peculiar to the *KEEPSAKE*, that the articles are published anonymously. This course was adopted, partly from a regard to the wishes of individuals, which prevented the divulgement of names in some instances, and partly from an inclination to risk the several articles on their own merits, unaided by the previous reputation of the writers. Whether this deviation from custom will meet approval remains to be known; though literary idlers will probably find amusement in tracing the hand of particular authors in their respective contributions.

It is a pleasing office, to render the thanks due

to kindness and liberality. For the liberty of availing ourselves of LESLIE'S picture of REBECCA, we are indebted to the politeness of the MARQUIS OF LANSDOWN; for the portrait of the lady designated as SELINA, to EARL CLANWILLIAM. The engraving accompanying the ENCHANTED STREAM is from a drawing in the possession of B. G. WINDUS, Esq.; and the originals of the PEASANT GIRL and SADAK were kindly imparted by T. GRIFFITHS, and R. LANE, Esquires. We reflect with great pleasure on the favours conferred on us, as well in the instances named, as in many others not less gratefully considered, though circumstances preclude individual acknowledgment.

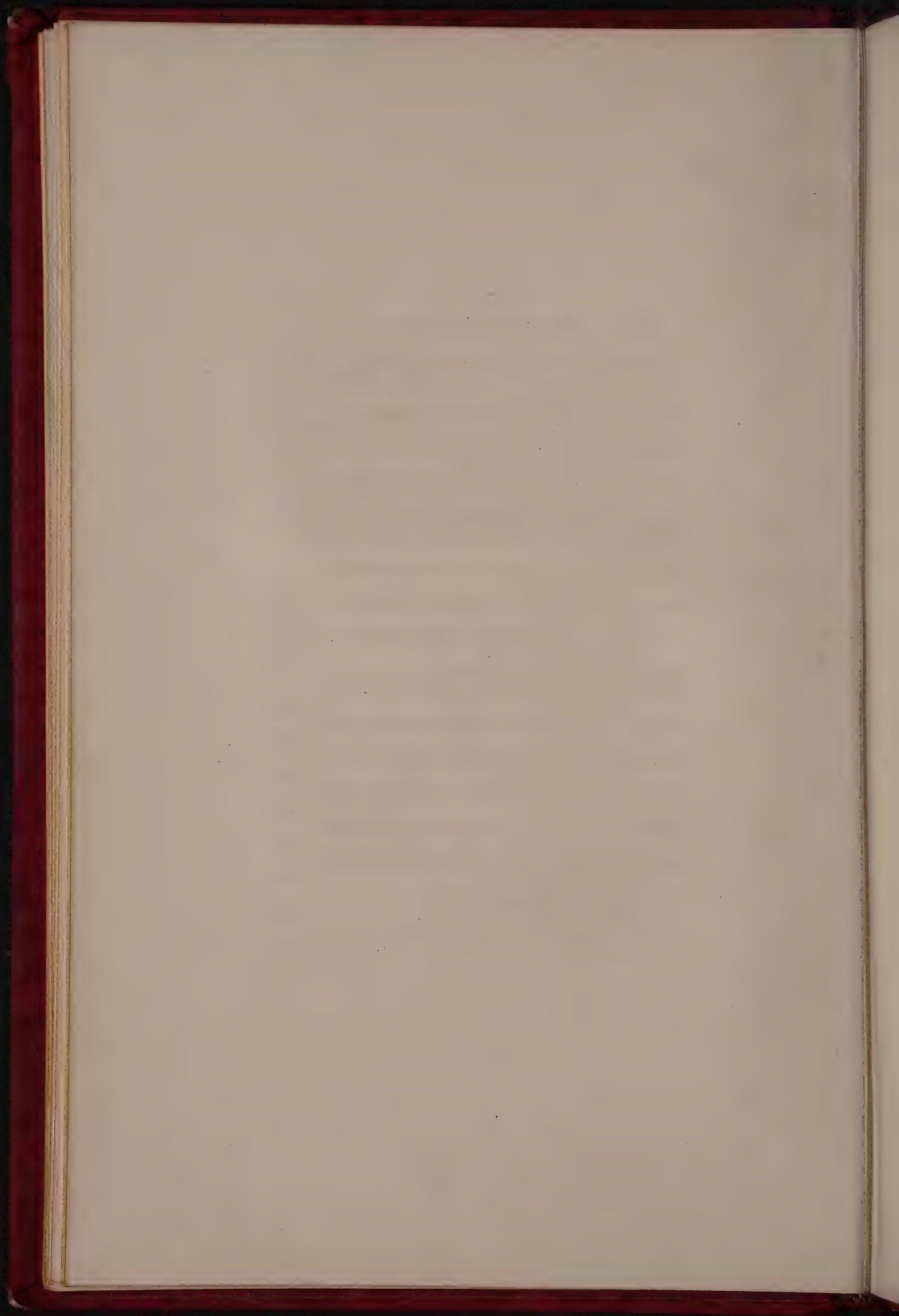
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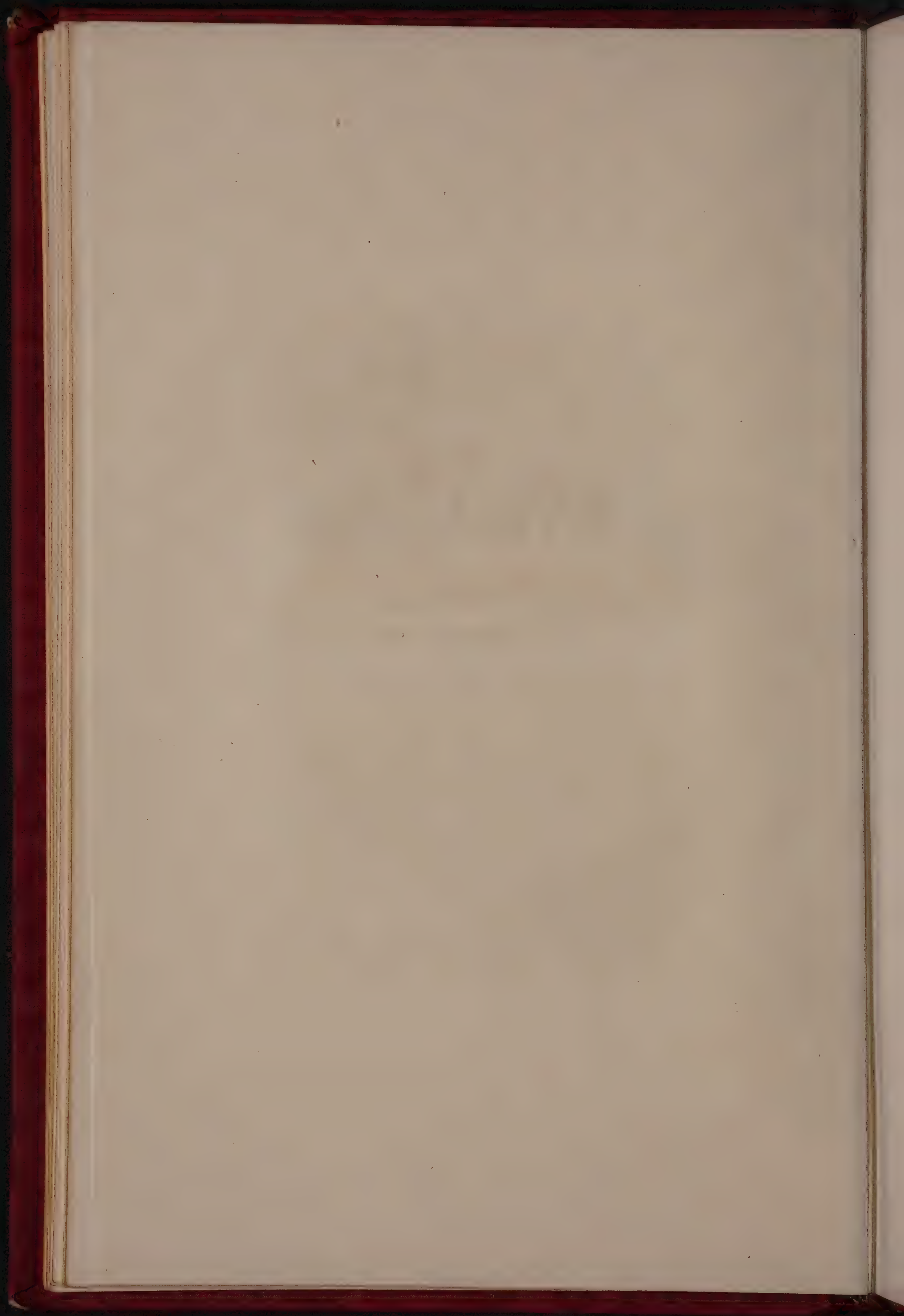
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THE HISTORY OF THE
LIFE OF
JAMES OGLETHORPE
BY
JOHN STURGEON
IN TWO VOLUMES
VOL. I.
LONDON: PRINTED BY J. JOHNSON, ST. PAUL'S CHURCH-YARD, 1784.





POCKET-BOOKS AND KEEPSAKES.

If publications of this nature proceed as they have begun, we shall soon arrive at the millennium of souvenirs. Instead of engravings, we shall have paintings by the first masters; our paper must be vellum; our bindings in opal and amethyst; and nobody must read us except in a room full of luxury, or a bower of roses. As to the proprietor of the work, he will not condescend to be wholesale. He will take up the trade of Keepsakes exclusively; and Pitt diamonds are not to be sold by the lump. The purchaser will bring a casket for his duodecimo, and deposit a gem.

The reader knows that splendid passage in Marlowe, where the rich Jew of Malta, standing amongst his trea-

sures, and scorning his more vulgar gains; riots in contemplation of the mighty concentrated wealth of his rubies and emeralds. The lines tell, one by one, as if they were diamonds themselves. The fellow cuts them, as out of a quarry, with a pleasure amounting to the austere; and, with the same easy sternness and severity of gusto, piles them monotonously before us, insolently magnificent. He should have been a proprietor of pocket-books.

As for those Samnites, and the men of Uzz,
That bought my Spanish oils and wines of Greece,
Here have I pursed their paltry silverlings.
Fie! what a trouble 'tis to count this trash!
Give me the merchants of the Indian mines,
That trade in metal of the purest gold;
The wealthy Moor, that in the eastern rocks
Without control can pick his riches up,
And in his house keep pearls like pebble stones;
Receive them free, and sell them by the weight;
Bags of fiery opals, sapphires, amethysts,
Jacinths, hard topas, grass green emeralds,
Beauteous rubies, sparkling diamonds,
And seld-seen costly stones of so great price,
As one of them, indifferently rated,
And of a caract of this quality,
May serve, in peril of calamity,
To ransom great kings from captivity.
This is the ware wherein consists my wealth;
And thus, methinks, should men of judgment frame
Their means of traffic from the vulgar trade,
And as their wealth increaseth, so inclose
Infinite riches in a little room.
But now how stands the wind?
Into what corner peers my halcyon's bill?
Ha! to the east? yes: see, how stand the vanes?
East and by south: why then I hope my ships

I sent for Egypt, and the bordering isles,
Are gotten up by Nilus' winding banks:
Mine argosies from Alexandria,
Loaden with spice and silks, now under sail,
Are smoothly gliding down by Candy shore
To Malta through our Mediterranean sea.

'Sdeath, sir; nothing but a Pocket-book could have brought him to this pass. Just so will the proprietor of "The Perfection," or "The Ne Plus Ultra," or "The Rapture," or "The Too much," (or whatever else our future publications may be called), stand among his shelves of souvenirs, and talk of his former trade and of his present.

As for those Baldwins, and the men of Long,
That bought my Walter Scotts and cookery books,
Here have I pursed their paltry sovereigns.
Fie, what a trouble 'tis to count such books!
Give me the dealers in the souvenirs,
That trade in volumes worth their weight in gold,
Myself their chief, that with my princely funds
Without control can buy good authors up;
And in my house heap books like jewelry;
Printed with ink with wine in it, and bound
By fellows, as at operas, in kid gloves;
Books bound in opal, sapphire, amethyst,
With topaz tooling, Eden green morocco,
That once was slippers to an emperor;
And full of articles of so great price,
As one of them, indifferently written,
And not ascribed unto a man of quality,
Might serve, in peril of a writ of Middlesex,
To ransom great bards from captivity.
This is the sort of publishing for me:
And thus, methinks, should noble booksellers
Discrepate matters from the vulgar trade,

And as their wealth increaseth, so inclose
 Infinite profit in a little book.
 But now how stands the ledger?
 Into what pockets peer my Christmas bills?
 Ha! to the duke's! and see—how stands the clock?
 Three, and half-past: why then I hope my men
 I sent to Grosvenor Place and Hyde Park corner
 Are gotten up by Mr. Bootle's house;
 My gatherers-in from th' east and Albany,
 Serious with drafts immense, now under button,
 Are smoothly gliding down by Saville Row,
 To Bond Street, through our Hanoverian ways.

We are much tempted to go on with these beatific visions of bookselling, and bring all the luxuries in Spenser and Ben Jonson to bear upon them; but we should fill our pages with quotations. Besides, we should be the death of some worthy Bibliomaniacs who, in addition to their love of old books, are polygamious in their reading, and judiciously fond of the new. There is Mr. Utterson, whom his friend, the Rev. Thomas Frognall Dibdin, describes as “looking with unceasing delight” at the “beauteous and instructive tomes” upon his shelves;—we should fix him in that posture for ever; and as to the Rev. Thomas himself, who cannot bear, as it is, a common sumptuous publication, “tickled up with the enticing tooling of Charles Lewis,” he would fairly be lost and swallowed up in the splendours we should set before him. Frognall, already saltatory, would leap out of his vellum.

The history of Pocket-books and their forerunners, Almanacks, Calendars, Ephemerides, &c. is ancient beyond all precedent: even the Welshman's genealogy, the middle of which contained the creation of the world,

is nothing to it. See Milton's Latin poem, *De Ideâ Platoniciâ* *. The Hydraulic calendars of the Egyptians are things of yesterday; the wooden ones of our Saxon ancestors were *to-morrow* compared with it. We shall therefore decline tracing it from all Eternity (who, according to Milton, was the first person that kept a pocket-book), and content ourselves with observing, that the pocket-book, in the ordinary sense of the word, is the same thing as the table-book or tablets of old, with an almanack attached to it. Tablets (*tavolette*) came to us, like almost every thing else, from Italy; and are still to be purchased, made of the same materials as of old, slate, ivory, &c. There is mention of a table-book so late as the time of Walsh, who has written some agreeable verses on one; and of Swift, whose ridicule of the bad spelling in "A Lady's Ivory Table-book," hastened, no doubt, the reformation that has long taken place in that matter; a fault, by the way, for which, as in other cases, his own sex was responsible, and not theirs: not to mention, that lords as well as ladies could be very heterographical in those days. Swift, indeed, admits the incorrectness of "beau-spelling;" but Pope himself sometimes spelt as badly as his mother †.

* And thou, that in some antre vast
Leaning afar off dost lie,
Otiose ETERNITY,
Keeping the tablets and decrees
Of love, and the ephemerides
Of the gods, and calendars
Of the ever festal stars.

† Here you may read "Dear charming saint!"
Beneath, "a new receipt for paint;"

It was about that time, that books of paper were found to be more convenient to the pocket than tablets, and then the word was changed from Table to Pocket-book. For a long period they partook of the usual unwieldiness

Here, in beau spelling, "Tru tel deth!"

There, in her own, "For an el breth:"

"Madam, I die without your grace—"

"Item, for half a yard of lace."

Written in a Lady's Table Book, 1699.

The following is a letter from Mrs. Pope to her illustrious son:

"My deare,

"A letter from your sister *gust* now is come and gone, Mr. Mannock and Charles Rackitt, to take his *leve* of us, but being nothing in it doe not sent it. He will not faile to *cole* here on Friday morning, & take *ceare* to *cearrie* itt to Mr. Thomas Doncaster. He shall dine *wone* day with Mrs. Dune, in Ducke Street: but the day will be unsirton, soe I *thinck* you had better to send itt to me. He will not faile to *cole* here, that is Mr. Mannock. Your sister is very well, but your brother is not. Heres Mr. Blount of *Massill Durom* is ded; the same day that Mrs. Inglefield died. My *Sirvis* to Mrs. Blounts, and all that ask of me. I hope to here from you, and that you are well, which is my *dalye* prayer, this, with my blessing,

I am, etc."

"It appears from manuscripts of Mr. Pope," says a commentator of the edition in which this letter is found, "that he occasionally indulged his affectionate and amiable mother in transcribing some part of his Iliad for the press; and the numerous corrections made in his own hand sufficiently show, that her mode of spelling gave him more trouble than the subsequent inaccuracy of his printers. The pleasure such a good old woman must have felt in writing over verses, which she justly thought would confer immortality on her son, is more easy to be conceived than expressed; while his willingness to support her in the enjoyment of a fancied consequence affords a glimpse of that filial tenderness, which forms perhaps the most captivating trait in his whole character."

of a first invention. A pocket-book of the time of our grandmothers no more resembles a pocket-book now, at least not the ones in vogue, than a watch of Charles's time, with a leathern case and cat-gut machinery, and as big round as a turnip, resembles the bijoux that are hung at the end of necklaces. But then our grandmothers had pockets! And pockets of what size! Too grateful are we for the apples and home-made cakes which they used to draw out of them, to speak of them with irreverence. At present, a grandmother must call at the pastry-cooks' as she comes along; and reticules hold little, and bundles are not the thing. The muff does something indeed for us, but that is only in winter; and what is a muff to those glorious old dimity paniers, which would have held a feast! We say "us," because we make a point of partaking on these occasions; and though we have no grandmother, we have long had a grandmother-in-law, and law makes no difference in apples. Apples-in-law are very good things. But every thing was on a large, warm, household scale in those days. We remember a series of pocket-books in a great drawer, that, in addition to their natural size, seemed all to have grown corpulent in consequence of being fed with receipts, and copies of verses, and cuttings out of newspapers. The hook of the clasp had got from eyelet to eyelet, till it could unbuckle no further. These books, in the printed part, contained acrostics and rebuses, household receipts for various purposes, and a list of public events. There was love, politics, and eating. It is a pity the readers could not grow as corpulent as their pocket-books, with as little harm. The cosy memorials we speak of lay in a drawer full of crums of lavender, like so many abbots in clover.

Pocket-books, now-a-days, are all for compression and minuteness. They endeavour to contain the greatest quantity of matter in the smallest compass; to which end the little nonpareil types now in use are of great service. We were acquainted once with a painstaking lover of his ease, who would not undergo any trouble whatever, which he could avoid by a shrewd exercise of a greater. He would lay stratagems not to put coals on the fire; and by a series of politic manœuvres contrive to avoid snuffing a candle. This person, when shown a copy of the Literary Pocket-book, which happened to be larger than the usual ones, looked melancholy, and asked how he was to carry it about with him. At the same time he drew his own from his pocket: when it was allowed, that a gentleman, who could carry nothing bigger than that showed his good sense in refusing to bring on himself such a load of responsibility; and we all respected him accordingly. A person may now have the old Pocket-Book, the old Almanack, and the old Tablets (in the shape of leaves of vellum) all confined in a Lilliputian book no thicker than a penny's worth of gingerbread. The diffusion of literature has carried off the verses and stories from pocket-books of this description, now called Souvenirs, Atlases, and Pocket Remembrancers; and as the smallness of the type enables them to afford a great addition of letter press, there have come up, by degrees, all those lovely lists of lords and commons, and household officers, and battle array of Army and Navy, which form the sole literature of many an aspiring youth in employment, and many a lieutenant's sister on a rainy Sunday. Here people read the names of dukes and marquises, till they fancy coronets on their own heads: there the cabinet

ministers and lord-gold-sticks make a noble clatter, the yeoman of the mouth gaping mystery at the conclusion; and there one sees one's cousin Tom mentioned, and knows in what delicious year one's uncle was promoted to a lieutenant-colonelcy. Afterwards come the bankers, with each his pleasing address; and lastly, the hackney-coach fares, so very useful, that every body resolves to lug them out and convict the coachman on the spot: which he never does, because he knows it will be to no purpose.

The pocket-books that now contain any literature are "got up," as the phrase is, in the most unambitious style. The rivalry of the day will probably mend them. Common-places of a certain description will always be saleable, because they flatter the self-love of a great number of readers, who are pleased to find their notions re-echoed, and who think they could write pretty nearly as well. But emulation compels change of some sort. There is room for plenty of novelty in every species of pocket-book. Even lists might be increased to great advantage, and turned in a new manner. In some things, it must be owned, it would be difficult to improve. Those little delicate engravings of landscapes and country seats, at the heads of the pages in the Regent's Pocket-book, were, in particular, a happy thought. The graces of vignettes, however, are endless. Mr. Stothard could turn any pocket-book into a nest of Cupids. Every subject might have its allegory, and every allegory be crammed full of beauties. Flowers, outlines, portraits, antiques, miniature copies of Claude and Poussin, such as have been lately poured forth at Paris, all these, and fifty other things, might be put in greater requisition, and turned to account for all parties.

We are now come, however, to a new and more splendid species of pocket-book, in which a great deal of this is done. There are pocket-books in a new but very proper sense, namely, books for the pocket, without implying that they are to be written in. We speak, in the first place, of those little editions of popular works, which appear in the glass-cases of the booksellers' shops every Christmas, and with their varied and glittering bindings tempt the beholders to make presents. Among these are works now exploded in the circles of literature, such as the Tasso and Ariosto of Hoole, Glover's Leonidas, &c.; but almost any books are better than none. A taste for the very commonest verses, like that for the commonest tunes on a hand-organ, is an addition to the humanities, and serves to keep the best things alive. Other publications of this kind are of the highest order, such as Pope and Milton; and there are many of the intermediate class very good and fitting. A spirited bookseller, however, might make a new and profitable addition to the stock. The bindings are seldom very costly, but they are more so than ordinary, sufficient to render the present graceful; and they are generally in good taste. On opening the book we meet, as in a door-way, the elegant ideal beauties of Mr. Westall, or the interesting women of the junior Corbould; and if we start sometimes to find them in company with Hervey's Meditations, or the Night-Thoughts of Dr. Young, we agree, upon reflection, that nothing can be more natural. Hervey looks as if he presented us with a piece of involuntary candor; and the doctor's nocturnal cogitations are considerably improved. Women are very clerical. Hervey may be band; but woman is gown.

It struck somebody, who was acquainted with the literary annuals of Germany, and who reflected upon this winter flower-bed of the booksellers,—these pocket-books, souvenirs, and Christmas presents, all in the lump,—that he would combine the spirit of all of them, as far as labour, season, and sizeability went; and omitting the barren or blank part, and being entirely original, produce such a pocket-book as had not been yet seen. The magician in Boccaccio could not have done better. Hence arose the Forget-me-not, the Literary Souvenirs, the Amulets, and the Keepsakes, which combine the original contribution of the German annual with the splendid binding of the Christmas English present. Far are those for whom this article is written from undervaluing the works of their predecessors, or the contest with their rivals. It is a contest of sunbeams which shall produce the finest gems; *whose* tree, or *whose* parterre, shall burst out into a flush of more splendid blossoms.

Non nostrum inter vos tantas componere lites. For our part we enjoy them all. We confess we are anxious in behalf of one in particular; and do hope, that as every single copy of all the others may be the best and *unique*st that ever was seen, so every one of ours may be *uniquessement*, so that Messrs. Payne and Foss may not know what to think, and Mr. Thomas Frognall Dibdin may be obliged to be held down, lest he should do himself a *bliss-chief*: mischief it could not be from so ecstatic a cause. We fear he would attempt to devour the book.

To confess a weakness, we must own to a greater sympathy with the outsides of books than our mention of this gentleman might imply. Respecting the insides we sometimes venture to differ with him. We cannot

go so far as to be transported with any thing that he thinks festive in old monkery, or spotless in modern prudery, the immaculate and very profitable Shakspeares not excepted. We cannot consent to doubt with Thomas respecting the merits of Sir Richard Steele, or to admit his comparative nothingness with regard to Addison; albeit we allow that the latter, besides a very great man, was a sort of born clergyman, and a member of the privy council. We are not in the habit, with Frognall, of leaping up to kiss and embrace every "enticing" edition in vellum, and every "sweetly-toned, mellow-toned, yellow morocco binding," calling them "precious," "comforting," "bright," "beauteous," "bewitching," "large and lovely," and "irresistible;" epithets of which we allow the full force in their proper places. But we must say, that in common with Mr. Dibdin, we *have* a penchant for good and suitable, and even rich and splendid bindings; and would fain have the scorching sun strike upon a whole room full of them, with all the colours of a flower-garden or a cathedral window. We confess our hearts misgave us when we quoted the passage about Mr. Utterson, for we are very much of his opinion, and can gaze with delight at a splendid set of shelves. Bonaparte, they say, had a room in which he used to recline on a sofa, and gaze on a window painted with the escutcheons of his vassal monarchs. We could lie in the same manner and gaze on things much better worth looking at,—the souls of great men attired in gorgeous dresses. We would have our library as splendid as the casement in the "Eve of St. Agnes*."

* "A casement high and triple-arch'd there was,
All garlanded with carven imag'ries

Our Milton should be as "richly dight" as any thing "storied" on glass, with organ-pipes clustered on the back. We would have our Chaucer (not an old but an ever young and morning poet) "painted with delight," like his own daisied meadows. Spenser should be in a very Bower of Bliss; and as to our Arabian Nights, we would have them, if we could, bound and lettered by genii, and dazzling with all the wealth "of Ormus and of Ind." They should cast a light upon the carpet.

The genius of binding, we trust, will put forth all its powers on thousands of Keepsakes.

"Sudate, fuochi, a preparer metalli."

Return, Charles Lewis; the feign'd voice is past,
That smok'd thy tools. Return, ye new Du Sueils,
And call the dyers, and bid them hither cast
Their skins, and colours of a thousand hues.
Bring hither all your quaint enamelling men.

Let us behold once again whate'er is seen

Of fruits, and flowers, and bunches of knot-grass,
And diamonded with panes of quaint device,
Innumerable of stains and splendid dyes,
As are the tiger-moth's deep damask'd wings;
And in the midst 'mong thousand heraldries,
And twilight saints, and dim emblazonings,
A shielded scutcheon blush'd with blood of queens and kings.

Full on this casement shone the wintry moon,
And threw warm gules on Madeline's fair breast,
As down she kneels for heaven's grace and boon;
Rose-bloom fell on her hands together prest,
And on her silver cross pale amethysts,
And on her hair a glory like a saint."

On fable or romance of Grallier's hand,
 Begirt with Elzevirs and attic nights;
 And all who now, book-bit or infidel,
 Tool it in calf-skin, or in skin of russ,
 In vellum, or morocco, or what's-his-name,
 Or what the smugglers brought from Gallic shore,
 When Beaumarchais* with all his presses fell
 By fond establishment.

As we had nothing to do with the christening, we may be allowed to express our approbation of the word Keepsake. It is a good English word; cordial, unpremeditated, concise; extremely to the purpose; and, though plain, implies a value. It also sets us reflecting on keepsakes in general, and on the givers of them; and these are pleasant thoughts. We have the pleasure of writing our words, this moment, *with* a keepsake, *on* a keepsake, and of dipping our pen *into* a keepsake. On one side of us are two others, filled with leaves and flowers; and on three sides, books multifarious, comprising many more. Thus are we a gifted writer in one sense, if in no other, and we are very proud of it; because the givers were such as had a right to give, and the receipts were for respect and affection's sake only.

A present, it is said, should be rare, new, and suitable; neither so priceless as to be worth nothing in itself, nor yet so costly as to bring an obligation on the receiver. We know of no such cautious niceties between friends. The giver, indeed, must have the right to bestow; but let this be the case, and a straw from such a hand shall be

* The author of the comedy of Figaro. He was a great speculator, and lost (Mr. Dibdin tells us) a million of livres by his edition of Voltaire.

worth a sceptre from another. A keepsake, in particular, as it implies something very intimate and cordial, is above these ceremonious niceties. We may see what people think of the real value of keepsakes, by the humble ones which they do not hesitate to bestow in wills.

Petrarch, it is true, when he bequeathed a winter garment to his friend Boccaccio to study in, apologised for "leaving so poor a memorial to so great a man;" but this was only to show his sense of the other's merits: he knew that the very grace of the apology supplied all the riches it lamented the want of, and that Boccaccio, when he sat enveloped in his warm gown, would feel "wrapped up in his friend," as Montaigne said of his father*. Something that has been about a friend's person completes the value of a keepsake. Thus people bequeath their very hearts to friends, or even to places they have been attached to; and this is what gives to a lock of hair a value above all other keepsakes: it is a part of the individual's self. Franklin made no apology when he left Washington his "fine crab-tree walking stick, with a gold head curiously wrought in the form of the cap of liberty."

A book may be thought not so good a keepsake as some others, because it is not so durable. In the present instance it may be also objected, that this sort of pocket-book has grown too large for the pocket; and that it cannot be so conveniently taken about with us as it might be. But a book will last us one's life if we choose; and as to carrying it always with us, we do not always have any

* Montaigne, who like Pope was eminent for his filial attachment, used to ride out in a cloak that had been his father's, saying, that it seemed to wrap him up in him; "*Il me semble m'envelopper de lui.*"

friend at one's side. Those who love a book, and especially the giver of it, will not be deterred by a size like that of the present one from taking it into fields and gardens; and in the house the size gives it an advantage over miniature publications, having more to show for itself, and to be adorned with; not to mention that we can make presents of it to our grandmothers, without insulting their venerable eyesight.

But what renders a book more valuable as a keepsake than almost any other is, that, like a friend, it can talk with and entertain us. And here we have one thing to recommend, which to all those who prize the spirit of books and of regard above the letter, can give to a favourite volume a charm inexpressible. It is this: that where such an affectionate liberty can be taken either in right of playing the teacher, or because the giver of the book is sure of a sympathy in point of taste with the person receiving it, the said giver should mark his or her favourite passages throughout (as delicately as need be), and so present, as it were, the author's and the giver's minds at once. We had once the pleasure of seeing a great poet occupied, for this very purpose, in reading the *Fairy Queen*, and marking every verse that pleased him.

For our parts, if friends and lovers chose to set their invention to work, and try how far they could make a literary keepsake the representative of all other keepsakes, we are of opinion that they would realize much more than they are aware of, and find it an agreeable pastime instead of a difficulty. It would be very costly, it is true; and in most cases there is as much good taste in avoiding excessive costliness, as there is in giving princely way to it in others. One precious name, or little in-

scription at the beginning of the volume, where the hand that wrote it is known to be generous in its wishes, if not in its means, is worth all the binding in St. James's. But if our invention were taxed in the style of the Jew of Malta, and we had his rubies and diamonds to pay the cost with, we would pamper one of these keepsakes into such a book, that the beholder of it on a friend's table should not know whether it were the book itself, or the casket that contained it. First, we would have a copy printed on vellum: the cover should be thick with emerald and crystal: keepsakes of all kinds should glitter without and within; hearts in ruby, and fervid letters in opal: there should be illuminations, and miniatures, and crowds of sculpture and arabesque in the smallest compass: a border of the exquisitest flowers on ivory should run round it; and, the easiest thing of all, there should be a crystal with a key to it in the midst, that when the heart was full, the locks of hair might be kissed.

How fortunate for empty hands, that one blessing upon the head can beat all these riches! and yet to imagine it is in some measure to give. The finest new-year's present, that we ever read of, was given by Davenant to the lady of his friend and patron Endymion Porter. See the style in which he makes it, and which Marlowe himself would have exulted to witness:

TO THE LADY OLIVIA PORTER.

A PRESENT UPON A NEW YEAR'S DAY.

GOE! hunt the whiter ermine! and present
His wealthy skin, as this daye's tribute sent
To my Endymion's love; though she be far
More gently smooth, more soft than ermines are!

Goe! climbe that rock! and when thou there hast found
A star, contracted in a diamond,
Give it Endymion's love; whose glorious eyes
Darken the starry jewels of the skies!
Goe! dive into the southern sea! and when
Thou 'ast found (to trouble the nice sight of men)
A swelling pearle, and such whose single worth
Boasts all the wonders which the seas bring forth,
Give it Endymion's love! whose every teare
Would more enrich the skilful jeweller.
How I command! how slowly they obey!
The churlish Tartar will not hunt to-day;
Nor will that lazy, sallow Indian strive
To climbe the rock; nor that dull Negro dive.
Thus poets, like to kings, by trust deceived,
Give oftener, what is heard of, than received.

After all, it is easy to combine with a literary keepsake the most precious of all the keepsakes—hair. A braid of it may be used instead of ribbon to mark the page with, and attached to the book in the usual way of a register. And so, with this return home from our altitudes, we conclude.

TO MY BIRD (ADELAIDE).

I.

PRETTY bird ! O pretty bird !
 Never yet in forest heard,—
 Never where the fawns are leaping,—
 Never where the stream is sleeping !

II.

Never yet on mountains green,
 Or in meadows hast thou been ;—
 Never on the branches clinging,—
 Never in the pine-tree singing !

III.

Never !—Yet, dear bird, with me
 Thou hast flown across the sea,
 Where the winds are ever blowing,
 And the mighty tides are flowing :

IV.

And thy tongue hath sounded sweet
 In the busy city's street ;
 In the silence of the morning ;
 In the night ;—(a gentle warning,

V.

Driving from the darkness themes
 Evil, and malicious dreams :
 And through all the changing hours
 Wreathing every thought with flowers.)

VI.

Thou didst come, a blessing crown'd,
(Thou, who wast in winter found!)
To thy gentle mother's breast
Bearing gentler, softer rest!

VII.

—Can the nightingale, whose tone
Saddens all the forest lone,—
Can the vernal thrush, who sings
Like the gush of silver springs,—
Or the bird who meets the sun,
Ever do as *thou* hast done?—

THE GORED HUNTSMAN.

If thou be hurt with hart,
 It brings thee to thy bier;
 But barber's hand will boar's hurt heal,
 Thereof thou need'st not fear.

Old Rhyme.

THE night was drawing on apace. The evening mist, as it arose from the ground, began to lose its thin white wreaths in the deep shadows of the woods. Kochenstein, separated from his companions of the chase, and weary with his unsuccessful efforts to rejoin them, became more and more desirous of discovering in what direction his route lay. But there was no track visible, at least by that uncertain and lessening light, the mazes of which could guide him to his home. He raised his silver-mouthed bugle to his lips, and winded a loud and sustained blast. A distant echo plaintively repeated the notes. The Baron listened for other answer with the attention his situation required, but in vain.

"This will never do," said he, casting the reins on his horse's neck: "see, good Reinzaum, if thy wit can help thy master at this pinch; it has done so before now." The animal seemed to understand and appreciate the confidence placed in him. Pricking up his before drooping ears, and uttering a wild neigh, he turned from the direction his rider had hitherto pursued, and commenced a new route at an animated trot. For a while the path promised well; the narrow defile, down which it lay be-

tween rows of gigantic larch and twisted oaks, seemed manifestly intended to conduct to some more extended opening. But on reaching its termination the horse suddenly stopped. The glimmering light that yet remained just enabled the Baron to perceive the impervious enclosure of thickly planted trees, that surrounded the little, natural amphitheatre at which he had arrived.

"This is worse and worse, Reinzaum," exclaimed the disappointed rider, as he cast a disconsolate glance upwards. There was not a single star visible, to diminish the deep gloom in which the woods were enveloped. "Guetiger himmel! that I should be lost in my own barony, and not a barelegged schelm to point out my road!"

Weary of remaining in one spot, he rode round the enclosure in which he found himself thus unpleasantly placed. He repeated the same exercise, gazing wistfully on every side, though the darkness was now almost too great to discover to him the massy trunks, under the branches of which he rode. At length he stopped suddenly.

"Is that a light," said he inwardly, "that glimmers through the——no, 'tis gone. Ach Gott! it comes again! If I could but reach it!"

Again he winded his horn, and followed the blast with a most potent halloo. His labour was in vain, the light remained stationary. The Baron began to swear. He had been educated at Wurtzburg, and for a Swabian swore in excellent German.

He was perplexed whether to remain where he was, with this provoking light before him, and the probable chance of remaining all night in the woods; or to abandon his steed, and endeavour to penetrate through the trees to the spot whence the light issued. Neither of these alter-

natives was precisely to his liking. In the former case he must abide the cold air and damp mist till morning ; in the other he incurred the risk of losing his steed, should he not be able to retrace his way to the spot. Indecision however was not the fault of his character ; and, after a minute's hesitation, he sprung from his horse, fastened him to a tree, and began to explore the wood in the direction of the light.

The difficulties he encountered were not few. The Baron was a portly personage, and occasionally found a difficulty in squeezing through interstices, where a worse fed man would have passed ungrazed. Briers and thorns were not wanting, and the marshy ground completed the catalogue of annoyances. The Baron toiled and toiled, extricating first one leg and then the other from the deep entanglement in which each was by turns plunged, while the object of his attention seemed as distant as ever. His patience was exhausted. Many and emphatic were the figures of his inward rhetoric. Of one fact he became convinced, that all the evil influences of the stars had this night conspired to concentrate their power on one unlucky wight, and that this wight was no other than the Baron Von Kochenstein.

But the Baron was not a man to be easily diverted from his purpose, and he laboured amain. His hands were bruised with the branches he had torn down when they impeded his course, and the heat drops on his brow, raised by his exertions, mixed with the chill and heavy night dew that fell around him. At length a desperate effort, almost accompanied with the loss of his boots, placed him free from the morass through which he had waded. He stamped and shook his feet when on dry land with the satisfaction that such a deliverance inspires. To add

to his joy, he perceived, that the light he had so painfully sought was not more than fifty ells distant.

A moment or two brought him to the door of a low dwelling overshadowed by a beetling, penthouse-like roof. As far as he could discern, the building was of considerable antiquity. The portal was of stone, and the same material composed the frames of the windows, which were placed far from the ground, and from which proceeded the light he had sought.

Our huntsman lost little time in applying to the door, at first with a gentle knock, which being disregarded increased to a thundering reverberation of blows. The gentle and the rude knocks were of equal avail. He desisted from his occupation to listen awhile, but not a sound met his ear.

"This is strange, by the mass," said the Baron: "the house must be inhabited, else whence the light? And though they slept like the seven sleepers, my blows must have aroused them. Let us try another mode—the merry horn must awaken them, if aught can move their sluggish natures." And once more resorting to his bugle he sounded a *réveillée*. A jolly cheering note it would have been at another time, but in the middle of the dull night it seemed most unfit. A screech owl's note would have harmonized better.

"I hear them now," said he of the bugle, "praised be the saints." On this as on other occasions, however, the saints got more thanks than their due. An old raven disturbed by the Baron's notes, flapping her wings in flight, had deceived his ears. She was unseen in the congenial darkness, but her hoarse croakings filled the air as she flew.

Irritated at the delay, the Baron made a formal de-

claration of war. In as loud a voice as he could he demanded entrance, and threatened in default of accordance to break open the door. A loud laugh as from a dozen revellers was the immediate reply.

A piece of the trunk of a young tree lay near the Baron; he took it up and dashed it with all his strength against the door. It was a mighty blow, but, though the very building shook before it, the strong gate yielded not.

Before Kochenstein could repeat the attack, a hoarse voice, seemingly proceeding from one of the windows, greeted his ears.

"Begone with thy noise," it said, "else I will loose the dog on thee."

"I will break the hound's neck, and diminish his caitiff master by the head, if thou open not the door this instant. What! is this the way to treat a benighted traveller? Open, I say, and quickly."

It seemed that the inmate was about to put his threat in execution, for the low deep growl of a wolf-dog was the only answer to the Baron's remonstrance. He drew his short hunting sword and planted himself firmly before the door. He waited awhile, but all was silent.

He had again recourse to his battering ram. The door resisted marvellously, but it became evident, that it could not long withstand such a siege. As the strong oak cracked and groaned, the Baron redoubled his efforts. At length the voice he had before heard again accosted him.

"Come in, then, if thou wilt. Fool! to draw down thy fate on thee." The bolts were undrawn. "Lift up the latch."

The Baron troubled not himself to inquire the mean-

ing of the ominous words of the speaker, but obeyed the direction given, and entered. He found himself in a spacious apartment that appeared to comprise the whole tenement. He looked around for the foes he expected to meet, and started back with astonishment.

The only occupant of the apartment was a lady, the rich elegance of whose dress would have attracted admiration, had not that feeling been engrossed by her personal loveliness. Her white silken garment clung to a form modelled to perfection, and was fastened at her waist by a diamond clasp of singular shape, for it represented a couchant stag. A similar ornament confined the long tresses of her hair, the jetty blackness of which was as perfect as the opposite hue of the brow they shaded. Her face was somewhat pale, and her features melancholy, but of exquisitely tender beauty.

She arose, as the Baron entered, from the velvet couch on which she was seated, and with a slight but courteous smile motioned him to a seat opposite to her own. A table was ready spread by its side, laden with refreshments. He explained the cause of his coming, and apologized with great fervency for his rude mode of demanding admission.

"You are welcome," said the lady again, pointing to the vacant seat. Nothing could be more ordinary than these three words, but the sound of her voice thrilled through the hearer's sense into his soul. She resumed her seat, and Kochenstein took the place offered him. He gazed around, and was convinced, to his amazement, that they were alone. Whence then the voice, with which he had held converse? and whence the uproarious laugh, which had first assailed his hearing? There could not,

he felt certain, be another chamber under that roof capable of containing such a number of laughers. The dog too, whose savage growl had put him on his guard, where was he?—

The Baron was however too genuine a huntsman, to suffer either surprise or admiration to prevent him from doing justice to the excellent meal before him, and to which his hostess invited him, declining however to partake with her guest. He ate and drank therefore, postponing his meditations, except an anxious thought on the situation of his steed. "Poor Reinzaum," thought he, "thou wilt suffer for my refreshment. A warm stable were fitter by far for thee than the midnight damps that chill thee." And the Baron looked with infinite satisfaction on the blazing hearth, the ruddy gleams of which almost eclipsed the softer light of the brilliant lamp that hung from the ceiling.

As his appetite became satisfied, his curiosity revived. Once or twice as he raised his eyes he met the bright black ones of his entertainer. They were beautiful; yet, without knowing why, the Baron shrunk from their glance. They had not the pensive softness of her features. The expression was one he could not divine, but would not admit that he feared.

He filled his goblet, and in the most courteous terms drank the lady's health. She bowed her head in acknowledgment, and held to him a small golden cup richly chased. The Baron filled it,—she drank to him, though but wetting her lip with the liquor. She replaced the cup and rose from her seat.

"This room," she said, "must be your lodging for the night. Other I cannot offer you.—Farewell."—

The Baron was about to speak. She interrupted him. "I know what you would say—Yes, we *shall* meet again. Take this flower," she added, breaking a rose from a wreath that twined among her hair in full bloom, though September had commenced, and the flowers of the gardens and the fields were long since dead, "take this flower. On the day that it fades you see me once more." She opened a small door in the wainscoting, hitherto unseen by the Baron, and closed it after her before he could utter a word.

The Baron felt no disposition to sleep, and paced about the room revolving the events of the evening. The silence of the hour was favourable to such an employment, and the soft carpets that covered the floor prevented even his own footsteps from being heard.

Wearied with his fruitless ruminations, he was beginning to relieve himself from his lonely want of occupation, by taking note more minutely than before of the handsome though antique furniture of the apartment, when his attention was claimed by the sounds of a harp. A few bars only had been played, when the music was sweetened by a voice the softest he had ever heard. The words of the song applied too strikingly to himself to escape his ear.

Wo to him, whose footsteps rude
Break my fairy solitude;
Wo to him, whose fated grasp
Dares undo my portal clasp;
Wo to him, whose rash advance
Dooms him to my blighting glance:
In the greenwood shall he lie,
On the bloody heather die.

The voice and music ceased together, leaving the Baron oppressed with unwonted fears. "And I must see her again! would this rose would bloom for ever." He seated himself, and ere long fell into a troubled sleep.

When he awoke, the ashes on the hearth were sparkless, and the morning, casting away her gray mantle, was beginning to dart her gayer beams through the narrow windows. He perceived, with surprise, that the door through which his hostess had retired was ajar, yet she was not in the apartment, and from the situation in which he had sat she could not have passed through the door by which he had entered. He arose, and walked about with as much noise as he could make, with the object of apprising the lady of the dwelling, that the wainscot door was open. After continuing this for a length of time his curiosity increased. He ventured to look through the doorway. It opened only into a small closet, which was entirely empty.

He had already witnessed too much to feel any great additional astonishment at this discovery. "Besides," said he to himself, "her words spoke but of a meeting at a future day. Why therefore should I expect her now?" —

He opened the entrance door, and found his horse, which he had left tied in the wood, ready for departure, and apparently in excellent condition. "Woman or witch," he exclaimed, "I owe her a good turn for this—Now, Reinzaum, keep up thy credit." And springing on his horse's back he pursued a track, that seemed to lead in the direction he wished; and without aid of whip or spur was at Kochenstein in an hour.

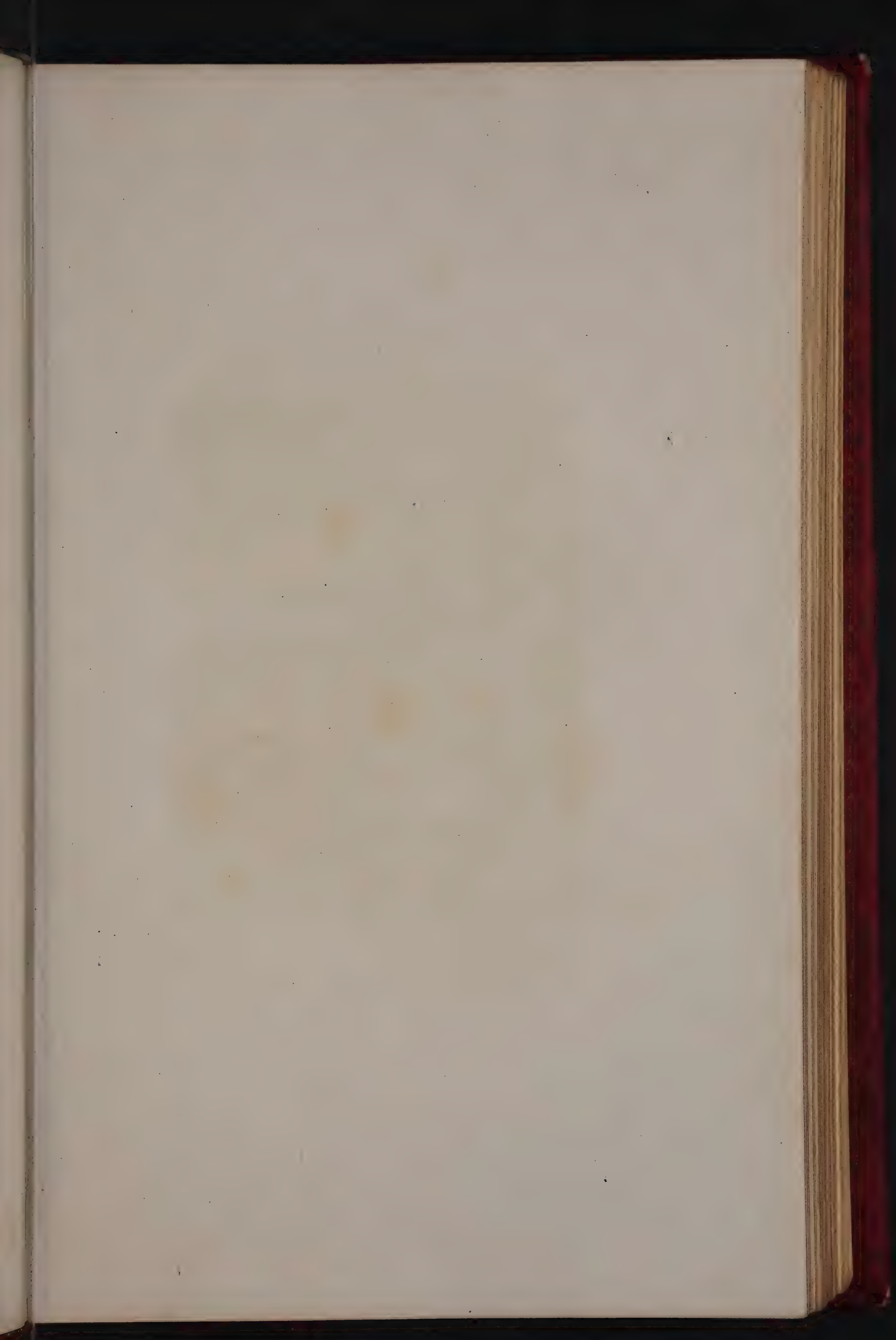
His first act was to place the rose in a vase of water. Day by day he visited it, and found its bloom unabated.

Three months passed away without any visible alteration in the beauty of the flower. The Baron became less sensible of the remembrances connected with it, and gazed on it with indifference. He even displayed it to the inmates of his castle, and among others, to his only daughter, the death of whose mother had left Kochenstein a widower. Frederica was in her seventh year, and within a few days of its completion. To her earnest intreaties for the flower, her father promised it should be hers on her birthday. The child was overjoyed at the idea of a present, to which much importance was attached in her eyes, for the ever-blooming rose was the talk of the whole castle; and every human creature in it, except its lord, offered many conjectures respecting the flower, all very ingenious, and all very absurd.

On the morning of his daughter's birthday the rose was dead. The Baron Von Kochenstein, though a man of courage and thirty-two quarterings, changed colour when he beheld the faded flower. Without speaking a word he mounted Reinzaum, and galloped off at the rate of four German miles an hour.

He had ridden some half hour, when he saw before him a stag, the finest he had ever beheld. It was prancing on the frosty ground, and throwing aloft its many-tined antlers in proud disdain of the meaner brutes of the earth. At the approach of the Baron, it fled. In pure distraction of spirits, and in that dread of his own thoughts, which prompts a man to any thing to avoid himself, Kochenstein pursued, though unattended by a single hound. The stag seemed wind-footed. Reinzaum followed like a noble horse as he was.

Through glade and copse, over hill and plain, the Baron





Painted by R. Cooper, R.A.

Engraved by W. Finden

THE GORED HUNTSMAN.

Published by Thomas Hurst & Co. St. Paul's Churchyard, Robert Jennings, 2, Poultry, & William H. Ainsworth, 23 Old Bond Street.

Printed by M. Owen



chased the lordly stag. At length it abated its speed near the side of a transparent pool, in the midst of which a fountain threw up its beautiful column of waters. The stag halted, and turned to gaze on its pursuer. For the first time Kochenstein applied his spur to the quivering flank of his steed, and grasped his hunting sword. A moment brought him to the side of the quarry: ere another had elapsed, a stroke from its branching antlers brought him to the ground. The steed fled in dismay. In vain did Kochenstein endeavour to avert his impending fate. With all the strength of terror he grasped the left horn of the stag, as it bended against its prostrate victim. The struggle was but for an instant, and a branch of the other antler pierced the Baron's side.

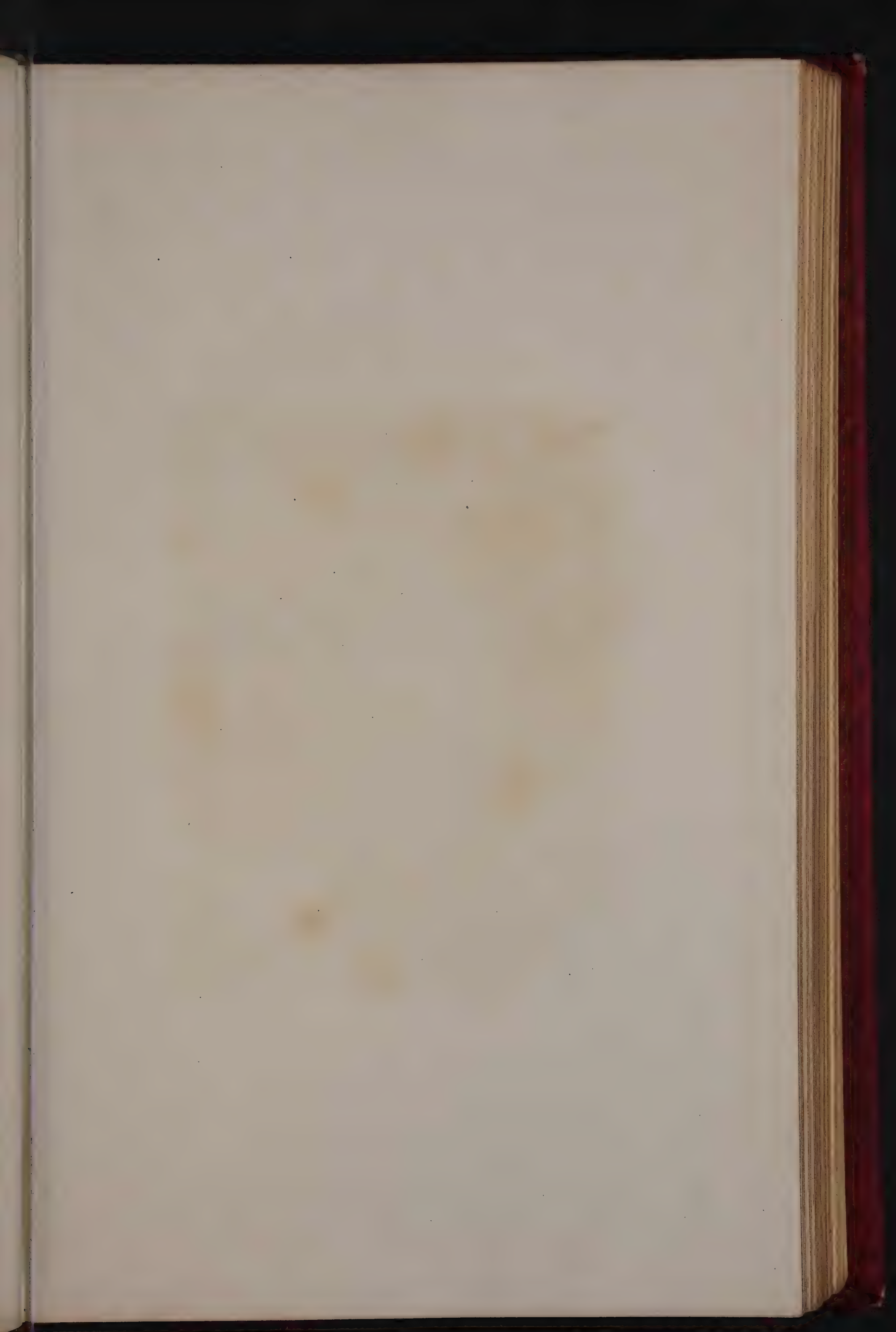
No sooner was the stroke inflicted, than the rage which had possessed the stag seemed wholly abated. It offered not to trample on the defenceless man, or to repeat the blow. Gazing awhile on its work it turned away, plunged into the waters of the fountain, and was lost from sight in the overwhelming flood.

Enfeebled as he was, for the blood gushed in torrents from his side, the Baron half raised himself up to look on the closing waters. Something in the stag's gaze awoke associations, that carried his mind back to the events of a few months ago. While he gazed on the fountain, the column of its jet divided, then sunk, and ceased to play. A figure appeared from the midst. It glided across the pool and approached the Baron. A lady stood beside him. She was clad in robes of white, and her head was girt with a wreath of faded flowers. Her left brow was spotted with recent blood. The Baron

shuddered at her glance, still more at her voice, for he knew too well the soft tone in which she sang these lines:

To my plighted promise true,
Once again I meet thy view ;
Now my garland's roses fade,
And thy rashness' debt is paid.
Sad the fate, and dark the doom,
That led thee to my secret home :
In the greenwood thou art lying,
On the bloody heather dying !

The last sounds mingled with the rush of the fountain as it rose again, when, retreating on the waters, the songstress sank into their embrace. Her last notes had fallen on the ears of the Baron. The rush of the waters was unheard by him ; for when the song ceased, he was no more.





Painted by R. Marshall, R.A.

HEBREW MELODY.

Engraved by Charles Rolfe.

Pub^d by T. Hurst & C^o, St Pauls Churchyard, R. Jennings & Poultry, and W.H. Atterworth, 23, Old Bond Street.

Printed by W. Queen.



HEBREW MELODY.

I.

IN Judah's halls the harp is hush'd,
 Her voice is but the voice of pain ;
 The heathen heel her helm has crush'd,
 Her spirit wears the heathen chain.
 From the dark prison-house she cried,
 " How long, O Lord ! thy sword has slept !
 Oh quell the oppressor in his pride !"—
 Still Pharaoh ruled, and Israel wept.

II.

The morning breezes freshly blow,
 The waves in golden sunlight quiver ;
 The Hebrew's daughter wanders slow
 Beside the mighty Idol River.
 A babe within her bosom lay,—
 And must she plunge him in the deep ?
 She raised her eyes to Heaven to pray ;
 She turn'd them down to earth to weep.

III.

She knelt beside the rushing tide,
 'Mid rushes dank, and flow'rets wild ;
 Beneath the plane-tree's shadow wide,
 The weeping mother plac'd her child.

“ Peace be around thee—though thy bed
“ A mother’s breast no more may be ;
“ Yet he that shields the lily’s head,
“ Deserted babe, will watch o’er thee !”

IV.

She’s gone ! that mourning mother ! gone—
List to the sound of dancing feet,
And lightly bounding, one by one,
A lovely train the timbrel beat.
’Tis she of Egypt—Pharaoh’s daughter,
That, with her maidens, comes to lave
Her form of beauty in the water,
And light with beauty’s glance the wave.

V.

Oh ! woman’s heart is like the rose,
That glows beneath the tropic’s flame,
That blooms as sweet ’mid northern snows,
For ever lovely—and the same.
Whate’er her rank—whate’er her lot,
Where’er her gentle influence ranges,
The art to bless is ne’er forgot,
The will to comfort never changes.

VI.

The monarch’s daughter saw and wept—
(How lovely falls compassion’s tear !)
The babe that there in quiet slept,
Blest in unconsciousness of fear.

'Twas hers to pity and to aid
 The infant Chief, the infant Sage;
 Undying fame the deed repaid,
 Recorded upon heaven's own page.

VII.

Years pass away—the land is free!
 Daughter of Zion! mourn no more!
 The Oppressor's hand is weak on thee,
 Captivity's dark reign is o'er.
 Thy chains are burst—thy bonds are riven—
 On! like a river strong and wide:
 A Captain is to Judah given—
 The babe that slept by Nile's broad tide.

CAVENDISH,

A FRAGMENT OF ENGLISH LIFE.

Dangle. So, here we have it.—THEATRICAL INTELLIGENCE EXTRAORDINARY! *We hear there is a new tragedy in rehearsal at Drury Lane Theatre, said to be written by a gentleman well known in the theatrical world; if we may allow ourselves to give credit to the report of the performers, who, truth to say, are in general but indifferent judges, this piece abounds with the most striking and received beauties of modern composition.*

The Critic.

CAVENDISH was a man of birth and fashionable society. Master of a handsome estate, polished by travel, and at the age of five-and-twenty, he seemed to possess all the elements of popularity with the high world; yet his popularity was by no means decisive.

On his return from travel, which had been long, and through rarely visited regions, he had certainly applied himself with due vigour to the habitual pursuits of his rank and time. He played at the clubs, he quadrilled at Almack's, and he drove a four-in-hand. Yet he had rapidly found his vigour flag; and began to think, that he had discovered in himself a peculiar inaptitude for the essential purposes of first-rate existence. He had been a Meltonian in the height of the season, rode the most expensive horses, and was in at the death in some of those fox-hunts, which will never be forgotten round a Meltonian table. He began at length to grow weary of the classics of the stable, and involuntarily to ask him-

self, with Chesterfield, "Does any gentleman ever hunt twice?" He sold his hunters, and took leave of the finest sporting country in Europe.

At Newmarket he had won a cup, and might have gone on in a career of plates and honours; but of this too he grew weary, and abandoned the standhouse, to the astonishment and very considerable contempt of his right honourable fellow jockeys. Literature seized him in this interregnum. He gave up the day to his pen, and the night to his meditations, lived for a month among visions of beauty and dreams of sentiment, wrote a tragedy, and enraptured himself into a nervous fever. On this production his afterhours enabled him to look with a cooler eye; and it was probably the only effort of his mind, on which he ever looked a second time. His honest opinion of it was, that it was unnatural and impossible, a compound of extravagant language and extravasated feeling. It was accordingly sentenced to death, and thrown into a heap, to be hereafter dealt with according to the rigour of law.

Jack Touchstone was a gambler; a loose liver through the clubs, and who might have been hanged without the inquiry of any human being. But he had been a neighbour of Cavendish at Oxford, and on the strength of his contiguity he had established himself as a regular borrower.

On the morning of a general execution of condemned papers, Jack paid his visit, and begged the loan of a few cool hundreds, for "just twenty-four hours." Cavendish on this morning was firmer than usual, and Jack was retiring with a popular air on his lips, and ruin in his heart, when his eye was caught by "*FLORANTHE*, a tragedy,"

laid upon the top of a pile of letters, bills, and newspapers, palpably intended for an immediate *auto da fê*.

Jack had been a poet at college, and written such verses as men write at college. Hurdis had allowed, that, "*favente Minervâ*," he might, in *time*, write as good heroics as even himself; and a Sapphic ode on Dr. Parr's wig, the habitual peg to hang junior genius upon, had shook the common room with inextinguishable laughter, from Jackson down to Kett, from the pope of Christchurch down to harmless Horseface, or, more orientally, from the cedar of Lebanon even to the hyssop that groweth on the wall. He now took up the MS., turned over a few pages lightly, was apparently struck, "found himself engrossed," drew a chair, and sat down to a steady perusal.

Cavendish, who had been busy with some arrangements in his bookshelves, that he might avoid the official ceremony of turning Touchstone out of the room, was awakened by—"Who wrote this tragedy?"

"Psha! nobody! it is foolery, waste paper, going to expiate its absurdities in that fire," said Cavendish.

Touchstone rose with the tragedy in his hand. "My dear fellow, I have a request to make of you; it is not to trouble you about your 'shining ducats, good my lord!' Confound all money-matters! they ought not to be thought or talked of out of the infernal dens where stock-brokers and Jews hatch them. But, in sober earnest, will you let me take this MS. with me till to-morrow; a short loan, my boy, and to be returned with interest; ay, compound interest, when you will."

Cavendish laughed at him, and attempted to get possession of the tragedy. But the resistance was more fortunate than the attack.

Jack read fragment by fragment, as for his life, was charmed, affected, enraptured, and finally plunged the treasure into his pocket.

Cavendish had been too long acquainted with Touchstone under his character of living by his wits, to be altogether secure, that this poetic fascination was of the most sincere order.

But, let no poet be of my privy-council; let no secret of my soul or body be trusted to the keeping of any man who has ever "invoked the nine." If there had been a poet among the priests of Ceres, St. Jerome would not have had to bewilder himself in the inextricable labyrinth of the Eleusinian mysteries, or bishop Warburton to make his unwieldy wisdom ridiculous, or Gibbon to laugh at both, and blunder deeper than either. The "mysteries" would have been, ages ago, mysteries no more. The insidious praise of some sonnet of the Hierophant would have melted its way to his heart, and thawed out the whole rigid secret in return. All men have their weakness, but, as Cicero says of country, "*Omnes omnium imbecillitates Poesis sola complectitur.*"

In short, Cavendish, contemptuous as he was of the world's opinion, and resolute in his conclusions that he had no "art of poetry" within him, was not altogether insensible to the effect of his tragedy upon his unfortunate and reckless friend. It was now also too completely in Touchstone's possession to be withdrawn, except by that manual force, which it would be unbecoming to employ. But he felt within himself a sudden regret, that "this man, capable of so much better things," should be running the road to ruin with his eyes open. In the course of this inquiry, which Jack acknowledged as a proof

that kindness was not yet fled with Astrea from the earth, and that the "noblest feelings were naturally to be found in company with first-rate poetic inspiration;" Cavendish proceeded to discover, "that it was an infinite pity to see a man of Touchstone's taste, native powers, and peculiar susceptibility of poetry," suffering those qualities to be exhausted in the hopeless career of the clubs. Jack was affected to the very depths of his sensorium by this overflowing of the soul of "a friend and man of genius;" and lamented that he had not received such advice before, couched as it was in language, of which, "he must say, with whatever fear of offending, that the wisdom was equalled only by the kindness and the eloquence."

He now rose to take his leave, and, incapable of speech, was, with a squeeze of the hand and irresistible conviction in every feature of his dejected visage, slowly walking out of the room; when Cavendish, who felt that he could not suffer him to depart to a cheerless meal, or possibly to no meal at all, insisted on his remaining to dinner.

They dined together: the banquet was worthy of the hotel: the claret and champagne were better than the hotel ever gave but to established connoisseurs. Cavendish was prevailed on, between the third and fourth bottle, even to let his friend read aloud some of his fragments. College remembrances quoted with pleasure, an infallible evidence that the brain is not in the state in which it ought to be; club anecdotes, things equally leaden to the ante-dinner ear; and the tracasseries and involvements of fashionable life, tales to which nothing but a surcharge of Chateau Margot could give freshness or flavour; made the moments fly till an hour even too late

to dress for the duchess's evening party. At two in the morning the friends parted more friends than ever; Cavendish plunging himself into bed with a dizzy eye and a boiling brain, and Jack walking off with a programme of a new epic, added to his tragedy, and a cheque on Coutts's for five hundred pounds.

Cavendish saw no more of his rapturous critic for a fortnight, and then came a hurried note from Bath, apologizing for the non-repayment of the loan; but "business of the most pressing and painful order, family deaths, &c. had hurried him out of town, and the arrangements consequent had detained him at a reluctant distance from his excellent and valued friend."

Cavendish felt that the money was gone, but money was not among his idols; and he was more disposed to laugh than be angry at Jack's dupery. Accidentally casting his eye over a Bath paper on the same morning, he saw a panegyric in the most professional style upon the peculiar elegance of a "curricie just launched by Mr. Touchstone," with liveries that threw all the *beau monde* into the shade: into this phenomenon had been melted his five hundred pounds. As the loan was hopeless, he made no effort to reclaim it; but unwilling to trust his name into such hands, he wrote a cool and direct demand for his tragedy. A week after he saw a vision of Jack by the light of a lamp hung over the door of one of those minor hells, which probably give as true a portrait of the greater one as can be given here.

He went up to him: Touchstone found escape impossible, and without a moment's hesitation came forward open handed, and perfectly rejoiced to see "the very best fellow in the land of the living."

Cavendish demanded his papers. Touchstone acknowledged, that relying on his friend's kindness, and actually unable to suppress his own delight, he had talked of the work at some *soirées* in Bath. "The report had got wind, as every thing does in Bath, and finally had induced a particular request of a London manager, a man of very sufficient tact in matters of the kind, to be allowed to look over the MS."

The permission had been at length unluckily extorted, and the result was, that "the manager had felt such unquestionable certainty of its electrifying the public," that he could not be prevailed on to return it! "It is now," added Jack, "I fear, actually in rehearsal. I know your opinion upon the subject, and having no excuse to make for letting it out of my hands, I will own, that I rather avoided the *eclaircissement*. However, I am right glad that it is now over."

Touchstone had directed his friend's steps towards his hotel, and had brought up the detail of his regrets accurately to the door. Cavendish was angry, but his nature was forgiving; the misdemeanour was, after all, only one of zeal, and what was more to the purpose, it was now beyond remedy. He asked Jack to supper.

The rehearsals went on, and Touchstone's visits were more frequent, as slight alterations were suggested by new ideas of the manager, or, what every one knows to be of the first import in these matters, as the principal actors and actresses thought proper to command.

Cavendish was amused by his introduction to the *gens de comédie*. He found more good humour than he could have conjectured among the rival sovereigns of the empire before and behind the curtain. No man had a more

sentient eye for beauty ; and he found beauty in abundance round him. But he kept his soul in patience, and walked through the fiery ordeal, which has scorched the fine gold of so many coronets, with the coolness of a philosopher. The brightest eyes or the most pathetic lips of syren or soubrette left him heart-whole ; and it was soon voted by the whole body of those fair runners at the ring, that there was no chance of adding the Cavendish plate to the Craven and the Derby.

The rehearsals went on. Touchstone was active, and every day brought up his report of progress from the theatre ; generally, like reports in a higher house, accompanied by a proposition for a Supply.

The tragedy was at length announced : it flourished on post and pillar in gigantic characters ; it made brief pilgrimages on poles, in company with the Solar Elixir and the Balm of Gilead ; it took its place with British boldness upon walls, where placarding was denounced " with all the rigour of the law ;" it covered a share of the chalked renown of patent blacking and British coffee, and flamed in the very gaslight of Pall-mall and royalty.

Cavendish was a firm-nerved man ; but he was not more than man. He felt the agitations of authorship, and when Touchstone came, with glee on his countenance and congratulation on his lips, to announce this approach to consummation, the author could have wished, that his pen had been like that of the famous magician Xarifa Abdoul, which no sooner touched the ink than the bottle blew up like gunpowder. This business hung on his mind, and fretted him into perpetual irritation. He by instinct avoided the more crowded resorts, those Rialtoes of men, where he should have found his offspring impaled before

the eyes of the multitude. By dexterous detours he evaded the sight; and, notwithstanding Touchstone's rival dexterity, he had one evening made his way to the steps of Brookes's unassailed by placard, when, as he stopped for a moment to speak to some passer by, he was approached by a miserable object with a parcel of printed papers in his hand. He was about to repel the man, but he saw Touchstone's eye upon him, and in a fit of forced resolution snatched one of the papers. It was not a play-bill. He felt suddenly relieved, and threw down a guinea. The mendicant gave him in return a profusion of benedictions and bows, and was turning away, when his back showed an enormous sheet covered with every colour of the rainbow, and bearing in Patagonian letters—"FLO-RANTHE—A NEW TRAGEDY!"

Cavendish shrank within the hall, and in after moments has been heard to acknowledge, that he then first could conceive the feelings of Regulus in his barrel. His name had been kept secret under the strictest injunctions: yet, he "dreaded in each bush an officer," thought every eye in the club fixed on him in full recognition of his crime, and shrank home by the darker and more solitary streets for an hour, doubling, till clear of populace or placard he could dart into his hotel.

Let no man, sitting in tranquillity over his bottle of port and his County Chronicle, far from the world and the things of the world—but this is too humble a comparison—let no honest prebendary, unperturbed and imperturbable as his own stall, awaking to work but like his parish bell, when some whiteheaded son of toil has gone to sleep among the thorns and thistles grazed on by the vicarial steed; or when its hebdomadal tongue sum-

mons him to the use of his own ; let no county member with a dissolution of parliament still six years in futurity, or commissioner of woods and forests, or retired statesman, forced to save his country at the rate of three thousand a year, or judge advocate-general, imbedded in peace and five thousand British pounds, exacted duly as the Turk's tribute ; let no human epicurean deity, thus cushioned in slumber and sleek prosperity, none of the prize cattle of our unfeathered two-legged rationality, penned and pampered for the mere purpose of showing the depth of *adipocire*, which can be nurtured round the heart of man, deny the existence of this nervous misery. He may be incapable of feeling it ; he may be incapable of any thing on earth beyond scribbling his name in hieroglyphics on the back of a frank, or signing a receipt for his salary ; he may think, that there is no other use of the art of Cadmus ; but, if he be not of this mind, let him write even a farce, and he shall forthwith know "the nerve where agonies are born." Of all the appeals to nerves, of all the irritations that vex our mortal nature, of all the stings that at once awake and fever human sensibility, the most nervous, stimulant, and feverish, is the having any thing whatever to do with the authorship of the stage.

The last rehearsal had passed, and the awful night was announced in a note from Touchstone, followed by the presence of that most active and enthusiastic of all *prô-neurs*, to arrange a dinner of *friends*, where he should take it upon himself to relieve Cavendish of all trouble, speak to the landlord, and order the *particular* Burgundy. This *partie* was altogether of Jack's selection ; a little knot of incomparable persons, "deeply interested in every thing

that could interest the world of letters," remarkably delicate in their tastes, and, above all, anxious in the extreme to have the gratification of Mr. Cavendish's acquaintance.

The proposal was easily acceded to ; and a dozen names were invited by Jack, not one of which their entertainer had ever heard before : but it was no time for question. The eventful night hurried on as if time had mounted double wings. Answers of the most obliging kind had been received from all the guests ; a morning note from Jack announced, that he had engaged a private box, to which the *partie* should adjourn after dinner ; and that the whole *corps dramatique*, from the manager down to the most minute appendage that wore a petticoat, were all alike rapturous in their opinion of his "incomparable Floranthe."

The day passed on dully, drearily, with a leaden retardation unaccountable. Time, which had rushed through a fortnight with feverish velocity, seemed to be taking its final rest. Cavendish acknowledged, in after days, that he never looked so often at his watch, never yawned so consecutively, and never envied with such thorough contrast the light steps of the waiters and chambermaids as they went humming up and down stairs.

Yet "Time and the hour run through the roughest day." The *maitre d'hotel*, a grinning Frenchman, was summoned, and announced that "*dans une heure*," all would be ready *à merveille*. Exactly thirty minutes before the appointed moment came a note from Touchstone. It deeply regretted, that he must deny himself the pleasure which he expected in attending his valued friend's dinner ; but, as the note expressed it, "Why should there

be any reserves between them now? The fact is, my dear Cavendish, that a scoundrel holder of a slight security of mine, probably observing my visits to your hotel, has had me followed; and at this most unlucky crisis, when all my feelings were embarked in your cause, and when I should have willingly sacrificed half a life to be present at your triumph to-night, I am in the officer's hands for a sum that, after my friend's generous sacrifices, I actually could not bring myself to name." A postscript, however, saved his blushes, and named the sum, which was three hundred pounds.

Cavendish, in supreme scorn, tore the billet into a thousand fragments. He knew his correspondent by this time, and was satisfied that the arrest, if it existed at all, was a mere arrangement to extract the money from him. He left the application unanswered, and ordered his carriage, that he might escape all further appeals at least for the day. But he had scarcely congratulated himself on his fortitude, when the successive ringings at the hotel door told him what he had utterly cast out of his mind, that he had a dinner party, and that it was arrived.

His irritation had now reached its height. What was he to do with a dozen people, every soul of them strangers? To get rid of them was now out of the question; yet to receive them, to do the honours, even to sit out dinner among them, was, in his present vexed and nervous state of spirits, an utter impossibility. There was but one alternative. The cheque was despatched, and in a quarter of an hour in came Jack in full dress and good humour, anticipating the evening's triumph for his friend with a buoyant zeal, which was re-echoed by the company, until

even the frowning brow of Cavendish was smoothed. The progress of a first performance has a peculiar interest to every amateur ; but how infinitely keener must it be to the author. As Touchstone led the way into the private box, Cavendish felt as if he were making an entrance on the scaffold. Every eye of the two thousand that filled the handsome and crowded theatre seemed flashing criticism on him ; and he involuntarily whispered to Jack, that he thought he had never seen so sullen and angry looking an assemblage.

"Merely a little of the nervousness of authorship, my dear fellow," was the reply. "To be sure, the town is capricious, and tragedy is not supremely popular ; but, between ourselves, I have adopted a first-rate contrivance to deprive fortune of her fickleness, for which I must have your pardon." Cavendish listened. The explanation proceeded *sotto voce*. "I ordered a hundred pounds worth of tickets," said Touchstone, with his glance perusing the countenance of the listener. "With what imaginable purpose?" asked Cavendish. "Hah!" was the reply: "I knew you would not suffer it, customary and even absolutely necessary as it is on all similar occasions ; you would talk in your high strain about forcing public opinion, packing an audience, and so forth ; so I determined to volunteer the affair, and in consequence supplied the house with well-wishers to us and to our tragedy." He had gradually drawn a fragment of paper from his pocket. "This," said he tardily, "is the memorandum of the transaction." It was a formal account of tickets to the number assigned. Cavendish bore this demand better than the rest: the agony of being driven off the stage

haunted him. No price could be too high for security : he placed the hundred pounds in the hands of his indefatigable friend.

The tragedy went on amid the bustle of opening and shutting doors, the calling for places, and the clamour of the gallery. "This is always the fate of the first act," was the unanimous consolation of the group in the box, and the author was partially comforted. With the progress of the play, however, the clamour did not die. Bursts of boisterous applause, mingled with roars of disapprobation, kept up the anxiety of the night ; yet the tragedy showed the work of a man of genius, though of unpractised theatrical skill. Passages of unquestionable beauty started forth from time to time. A deep interest was stirred for the leading characters, and Cavendish was silently pleased with his own labour. Yet the errors of the design, brought out by the strong light of performance, struck him with tenfold force, and made him pronounce a great tragedy the most difficult exploit of the poetic mind. The fifth act at length came ; it fought its way through contending applause and censure ; and the fall of the curtain was attended with a battle in the pit between the admirers and the opponents of the " virgin muse." In the private box, however, there was the most admirable unanimity. Every voice was in favour of the brilliancy, the force, the originality, the whole countless sum of excellences, that " must raise the author to the highest pinnacle of fame." Cavendish listened, doubted, denied, yet the honied stream stole into his heart ; his opposition was silenced, and the whole party returned with him to supper.

Touchstone's congratulations knew no bounds ; he pro-

posed healths immeasurable: yet even wine palls in time. Cards were called for: Cavendish looked on: he was at length induced to sit down. Morning found them at play, and their host paid for his initiation into the illustrious science of criticism one thousand pounds.

Evening found him in bed, weary, headached, and irritated by the consciousness of his having been an open dupe. A newspaper lay on his dressing-table; his eye wandered over it till the word "theatre" at the head of a long file of closely printed paragraphs irresistibly fixed him: he found an account of his tragedy. Never was pen less dipped in the milk of human kindness. The fair "Floranthé" was treated with the direct reverse of gallantry. "Feeble dialogue, improbable situation, impossible character," were the gentlest description. He flung the paper from him with a muttered curse upon the art of printing. The critique closed with some palliative acknowledgments of occasional poetic beauty, striking thought, sudden interest, and so forth; but winding up the whole by the unequivocal opinion of the critic, that it must have been the "worn-out work of some veteran scribbler for the stage, who trespassed on the impunity, that had suffered his success hitherto, and in whom it would be a matter not less of common gratitude than of common sense never to molest the public again."

Cavendish, already fevered by the night, felt his brain boil. It might be weakness to give way to a verdict so often lightly brought in, but he was new to the trial; and his first order, on starting from his pillow, was for horses to whirl him from the city and the land, where newspapers could put a man on the rack, and where every living soul that he met read newspapers. His valet

answered the bell, bringing in a note from his friend Touchstone. The note contained an extract from a newspaper. Cavendish shrank at the sight. He, however, summoned his fortitude, and prepared for a repetition of the bitterest draught that he had ever tasted. The extract was a superb panegyric. The fair "Floranthé" was exalted to the third heaven. "Situation, story, character, language, all incomparable. The whole, though not free from some minor deficiencies, yet giving promise of the most splendid day since the golden times of the old English drama."

But the panegyric came too late. The bitterness could not be washed away; and even the sweet but added to the disgust of the disastrous author. He had spared the satire, but he tore the panegyric, flung it into the fire, and was about to fling its envelope after it, when his eyes absolutely flashed at its contents; a request that he "would pardon the sincere admiration that had induced Touchstone to put the MS. into the hands of a distinguished publisher, who was about to give it to the world in the course of the next day."

This was the accumulation. To have seen his blunders brought out before an audience was mortifying enough; to have been reviled even anonymously for them through every province and region where an English newspaper can penetrate, was high offence and vexation. But all this was ephemeral, trivial, air and vapour, to the cold detail of them in publication, the perpetual memento, the food for undying ridicule; the weekly, monthly, quarterly, annual pillory of his crimes against the muse and mankind. The partial suppression of his name was nothing. "It would be found out, it must be disclosed

by some accident; nay, he would scorn to suppress it. He disdained to throw upon the head of another even the contempt that was determined for his own." Yet there was one resource still: the publisher might be propitiated by money. He despatched his servant with orders to get the MS. out of the profane hands, in which this nestling of his honour lay. The man found it still in Touchstone's possession, who "regretting, as he most sincerely did, the effects of his too hasty zeal, yet had it not now in his power to retract." The valet closed the negotiation by forcing a hundred pounds, the declared *douceur* to the refractory publisher, into Jack's hands. "Floranthé" was brought back, and instantly committed to the flames. Cavendish fled his country, and traversed Swisserland north and south, east and west, for six months to come. Jack hired his original curricule, drove down to Bath, scattered the story among the clubs with infinite pleasantry, and scattered after it the more than two thousand pounds which he had netted by the help of the fair "Floranthé." The first salutation to Cavendish on his return to England was a note from his "most sincere and unfortunate friend, Jack Touchstone," dated "King's Bench," and begging the *loan* of five guineas.



Printed by H. Howard, R.A.

Engraved by Chas. Heath.

HYLAS.

Pub^d by T. Hurst & C^o 5² Pauls Churchyard, R. Jennings 2, Paultry, and W. H. Ainsworth, 23 Old Bond Street.

Printed by M. Queen



HYLAS*.

“ LOVELY river, lovely river,
 Oh ! to slumber by thy stream,
 Oh ! to float on thee for ever,
 Life, a long delicious dream.

“ There are blooms around me wreathing,
 Ne’er by sighs of mortal fann’d ;
 There are lyres around me breathing,
 Ne’er awak’d by mortal hand.

“ There are forms around me winging,
 Far too bright for mortal eye ;
 There are thoughts within me springing,
 That would make it sweet to die.”

Where the crystal sparkling waters
 Shot in sunlight from their cell,
 Couch’d on rose, the fountain-daughters
 Watch’d the working of the spell.

“ Hylas, hark ! the breeze is gushing
 Through thy gallant vessel’s sail.
 Hylas, hark ! the surge’s rushing ;
 Hark ! the seaman’s parting hail !

* Hylas was a beautiful youth, one of the companions of Hercules in the Argonautic expedition. Going on shore in Ionia for water, he was fabled to have been borne away by the water nymphs. Hercules, in grief for his loss, abandoned the expedition, and sought him throughout Asia.

" But a nobler fate has found thee,
Than was e'er by valour won ;
But a deeper spell has wound thee,
Than was e'er by man undone."

O'er the mystic waters bending,
Slow he dipp'd the marble urn ;
Thoughts of home and anguish blending
With the dreams that round him burn.

Still the chain is closer stealing ;
Shapes of beauty crowd the shore,
Till his brain and eye are reeling,—
In he plunges, all is o'er.

In the Naiad's bosom ever,
Vainly now by hill or grove,
Ocean marge, or crystal river,
Shalt thou seek him, Son of Jove !

THE SPIRIT'S MYSTERIES.

THE power that dwelleth in sweet sounds to waken
Vague yearnings, like the sailor's from the shore,
And dim remembrances, whose hue seems taken
From some bright former state, our own no more ;
Is not this all a mystery ? who shall say
Whence are those thoughts, and whither tends their way ?

The sudden images of vanish'd things,
That o'er the spirit flash, we know not why ;
Tones from some broken harp's deserted strings,
Warm sunset hues of Summers long gone by ;
A rippling wave—the dashing of an oar,—
A flower-scent floating past our parent's door ;

A word—scarce noted in its hour perchance,
Yet back returning with a plaintive tone ;
A smile—a sunny or a mournful glance,
Full of sweet meanings now from this world flown,—
Are not these mysteries when to life they start,
And press vain Spring-showers from the blighted heart ?

And the far wanderings of the soul in dreams,
Calling up shrouded faces from the dead,
And with them bringing soft or solemn gleams,
Familiar objects brightly to o'erspread,
And wakening buried love, or joy, or fear—
These are Night's Mysteries—who shall make them clear ?

And the strange inborn sense of coming ill,
That sometimes whispers to the haunted breast,
In a low sighing tone, which nought can still,
Mid feasts and melodies a secret guest ;—
Whence doth that murmur come, that shadow fall ?
Why shakes the spirit thus ?—'tis Mystery all !

Darkly we move—we press upon the brink
Haply of unseen worlds, and know it not !
Yes ! it may be, that nearer than we think
Are those whom Death hath parted from our lot.
Fearfully, wondrously, our souls are made—
Let us walk humbly on, yet undismay'd !

56 THE PORTRAIT ON MY UNCLE'S SNUFF-BOX.

Humbly—for knowledge strives in vain to feel
Her way among these marvels of the mind;
Yet undismay'd—for do they not reveal
Th' immortal nature with our dust entwin'd?
So let us deem! and ev'n the tears they wake
Shall then be bless'd, for that high Nature's sake.

THE PORTRAIT ON MY UNCLE'S SNUFF-BOX.

AN ANECDOTE.

WE were sitting over our wine one winter's evening (about six or seven years ago), in the old oak parlour, at my uncle's house in Cheshire. We had drawn our chairs round the hearth, upon which some crackling faggots were blazing; and formed a semicircle of merry hearts, as well disposed to enjoy ourselves and our host's twenty-years-old port, as perhaps had ever met together. The chesnuts were hot; the claret (true Lafitte) was just uncorked and breathed out its delicious odours like a liquid nosegay: the Madeira, which had been tossed about in the Indian seas till it had grown as old as a nabob, had made one circuit of the company. In short, we had just settled ourselves comfortably; and were beginning to compliment the Colonel upon the flavour of his mutton (his own killing), when one of the party took notice of a portrait upon the family snuff-box, that was performing the usual course round the table.

“ 'Tis the portrait of my grandfather, Walter Bethel,” said my uncle.

"It wears a clever, lively look," observed the other.

"True," replied my uncle: "nevertheless, in his youth, he was subject to great fluctuation of spirits; and indeed, at one time, was in a state of despondency. This, as will readily be imagined, was owing to—love. Love! the urchin! the god! the theme of poets! the scorn of philosophers! after conquering Cæsar and Antony, and converting popes and priests to the religion of the laity, suddenly stooped from his altitudes, and pounced upon the heart of Mr. Walter Bethel!"

"There is a family story," said I, "connected with the old gentleman's love-suit. You have once or twice threatened to tell me the particulars, if you recollect, and stopped only because there was a dearth of listeners. Why not let us hear them now?"

The company seconded my suggestion as clamorously as could be desired; whereupon my uncle, after the due number of excuses expected on such occasions, detailed to us the following facts. I shall take the liberty of using Colonel Bethel's own words; so that the reader will imagine, that he hears him speaking.

"The parents of my grandfather" (he began) "were stout Hanoverians. Their professions of loyalty and protestantism were not merely lip-deep matters. They were loyal and protestant to the backbone—to the core of the heart—to—wherever else the recess is, where integrity (or rather falsehood) is supposed to lurk. They drank the health of king George and the protestant ascendancy in endless bumpers of stern March beer: they propagated their principles among their friends; they whipped them into their children; they taught them to their servants.

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Little tottering urchins, a foot high, who were learning their 'duty to their neighbour,' learned, at the same time, to hate a Jacobite with all their heart, and with all their strength. Their first lesson, when they got into three syllables, was to cry, 'D—nat—n to the house of Stuart!' In other respects, their education was not conducted on a strict plan. In regard to my grandfather, who was in his later years (I am sorry to say) an occasional swearer,—he always traced his infirmity to his having been encouraged at three years old to bawl forth, 'C——e the Pretender!' He derived this small accomplishment from the stable boy, and it was considered dangerous to attempt to extinguish it by reproof. 'We may pull up the flower and the weed together,' said his father:—so my grandfather remained a swearer.

"In the year 1746, his parents dwelt and had dwelt for some years at the small town of Calne, in Wiltshire. At present, this place is remarkable for little else than certain clothiers' manufactories, which supply fashionable tailors and ambitious beaux with the bluest and best of cloth. A little purling, brawling rivulet (called the Marden) intersects the town, and assists in turning various fulling or clothing mills; which, in requital for its services, bestow upon it huge quantities of deep blue dye, putting to shame not only the skies above, but even the brilliant water-colour drawings of which young ladies (and their parents) are sometimes so justly proud. The inhabitants of Calne are quiet industrious people. They talk politics but little; play at whist capitally; and have the best strong beer in the world. I do not know who is the parson, or the doctor, or the

lord of the manor ; but the lawyer (Mr. A———n) is one of the best hearted and clearest headed men, that even the law can boast of.

“ Circumstances, which it is unnecessary to trouble you with, transferred our family from Wiltshire to Cheshire, about fifty summers ago. But in the years 1743, 4, 5, and 6, they dwelt ‘on the banks’ (as novelists say) of the Marden, within the township of Calne. At that day politics ran high ; and in Calne they ran higher than in other places. The tailor, the butcher, the baker, were afflicted with the epidemic. The less people had to do with the matter, the more furious they became. A leash of tailors, and a brace of bakers (stitched and kneaded up together, and called ‘The Club’), determined to settle the question in favour of the house of Hanover. A bunch of gardeners opposed them on the Stuart side. Each man was for ‘the right ;’ and for that reason they all neglected their business, and in twelve months were supported at the expense of the parish. This they called suffering for their country. They suffered on *both* sides for their country ; which was odd enough. Yet their country never knew it till this moment, when I (unwillingly) proclaim its ingratitude. However,—there were some more efficient adherents to the houses of Stuart and Hanover, as will be supposed. Among these was a Mr. Campbell, a Scotsman by birth, a lawyer by education (he had retired from the bar on a small fortune), and as completely cased in Jacobitism as the king of Denmark was in steel, namely, ‘from top to toe.’

“ It is a little singular, that this gentleman should have become the intimate friend of a loyal protestant ; but so it was. Matters of opinion, to be sure, interfered

occasionally with this intimacy, and political jars sometimes even threatened to shake the foundations of their friendship; but on the whole, they went on pretty smoothly, and had a most sincere respect for each other.

“As Mr. Bethel, the Hanoverian, had a son—(my grandfather), who was heir of his acres: so Mr. Campbell, the Jacobite, had a daughter, as fair as Eve, and the sole stay and solace of his home. What was to be expected in such a case? My grandfather fell over head and ears in love. He was at the mature age of sixteen; so he declared himself, and was—refused! If the river Marden had been deep enough, the line of Bethel had perhaps been extinct. Fortunately, it is only a little rippling stream, and being (thereabouts) not more than four feet deep, was insufficient for the purposes of the most desperate of lovers. My grandfather probably felt this; for, after a week's deliberation, he postponed his intended suicide to an indefinite period; or, as the parliamentary reporters say, ‘*sine die*.’ In the interim, he set seriously to study, and after two years of unflinching reading, he was sent abroad to travel, and remained in foreign countries two years more. Some time after his departure, Mr. Campbell was also called suddenly to Scotland, upon some private business; relating, as he intimated, to a small patrimony which he possessed in that country.

—“It was about this time (viz. in 1745) that the chevalier, Charles Edward, made his unsuccessful attempt upon the crown of England. I am not about to fatigue you with the particulars of this expedition; they are known to every one now, since the publication of the memoirs of Mr. Fergus Mac Ivor, and the celebrated Baron of Bradwardine. I must tell you, however, that among the ad-

herents of the house of Hanover, there was not one so indignant at this invasion of the country as the father of Mr. Walter Bethel. He strapped his sword (a huge Toledo) round his loins; furbished up a horrible, wide-mouthed blunderbuss; stuck a brace of huge, brass-mounted pistols in his belt; and swore frightfully, both by St. George and the Dragon, that he would cut off the ears of the first rebel, who dared to violate the sanctity of the county of Wilts. Had he lived farther northward, there must have been bloody noses between Mr. Stephen Bethel and the Jacobites. As it was, his anger exhausted itself in words; a fortunate event for the heroes in phillibegs and tartans, and not altogether unlucky, perhaps, for my great-grandfather.

"During the absence of Campbell, his daughter lived in the house of Mr. Bethel. My grandfather being at that time absent on his travels, there was no objection to this arrangement on her part; and the young lady being a protestant (the religion of her deceased mother), Mr. Bethel felt no apprehension, that his sober family could be tainted by the scarlet principles of the woman of Babylon.

"When Mary Campbell rejected the hand of my grandfather, he was, as I have said, some sixteen years of age, and she herself, being as old within six months, looked down, naturally enough, upon the pretensions of so young a lover. Two years, however, spent in studying books at home (during which time he forbore to see her), and more than two years devoted to the study of man abroad, converted Mr. Walter Bethel into a promising cavalier, and made wonderful alterations in the opinions of the lady. At the time of my grandfather's return, Mary

Campbell was a resident in his father's house ; and when the old gentleman, after embracing his son, led him up to his fair guest with ' You remember my son Walter, my dear Miss Campbell ? ' Miss Campbell was ready to sink with confusion. A little time, however, sufficed for her recovery, and she received my grandfather's courtesies as gracefully as any body could be expected to do who had ' never seen the Louvre.' Walter Bethel felt this. He saw a distinction—a shade, indeed, between his former favourite and the pretty Madame la Comtesse de Frontac, and la belle Marquise de Vaudrecour ; but, on the whole, he was well satisfied, and, it must be added, not a little surprised also. For time, which had been so busy in lavishing accomplishments on the head of Mr. Walter Bethel, having had a little time to spare from that agreeable occupation, had employed it very advantageously in improving the mind and person of Mary Campbell. Perhaps this might be for the purpose of once more entrapping her lover's heart. Perhaps—but it is not easy to speak as to this. The result of her improvement, however, was very speedily seen. My grandfather fell over head and ears again in love : and *this* time he was destined to be a conqueror.

" He had not been four-and-twenty hours at home before his ' Miss Campbell' expanded into ' My dear Miss Campbell.' This, in a week, dwindled into ' Mary ;' which in its turn blossomed out into half a dozen little tender titles (such as are to be found in any page of Cupid's calendar), with very expressive epithets appended to them. I have heard him tell the story of his offering his hand and heart to my grandmother, while the good old lady sate with smiling, shining eyes at his side,

listening to his rhapsodies, as pleased, I verily believe, as she could have been when the offer was actually made to her forty or fifty years before.

“ ‘When I was between sixteen and seventeen,’ he would say, addressing my grandmother, ‘you would not hear me attempt a single compliment.’—‘Oh! pardon me,’ replied she, laughing; ‘I heard many attempts; the objection was, that you never succeeded.’ ‘Tut! tut!’ retorted the old gentleman; ‘old age has injured your faculties. You must not believe her, grandson,’ continued he; ‘for, besides composing two long sets of hexameters in her praise, I turned at least half a dozen compliments (to as many distinct perfections) in the manner of Ovidius and Horatius Flaccus. But it all would not do. I verily believe, that I should have made no impression upon her, had I actually proposed to her in Latin. Yet, observe, my dear Walter,’ said the old gentleman, impressively, ‘when I returned from France and Italy, things wore a different aspect. If I sighed, *she* sighed too. If I spoke softly, *she* looked down and answered piano. If I pronounced an opinion, *she* acquiesced. In short, from the very hour of my return, till the morning that I kissed her behind the parlour door, and forced from her a confession, that she returned my regard, I was a happy, impudent, thriving lover.’

“ I could tell you fifty anecdotes of his wooing time; for he loved in his old age to dilate upon it, and in fact sent me to sleep times infinite with his stories; seldom perceiving, in his exultation, how indifferent a listener he had, until he arrived at the conclusion of his tale. I do not, however, mean to inflict even one of these stories upon you.

"My grandfather had been returned about three months from his travels, and was absolutely basking in the sunshine of Mary's eyes, when Campbell (who had been long absent) returned suddenly and unexpectedly from Scotland. He had formerly been a tall, ruddy, athletic man; but he came back worn to the bone, pale, attenuated, and drooping. He had never given up the idea, that one day or other the house of Stuart would be restored to what he called 'its rights;' and when the invasion of the Pretender, which had excited such mad expeditions, ended in the utter discomfiture of himself and his adherents, Campbell could scarcely bear up against his disappointment. It was asserted (and not contradicted), that his journey to Scotland had been a mere pretext; that he had been actually in the thick of the fights of Falkirk and Preston, and had been forced to flee for his life, and to hide in caves, and brakes, and desert places, from the insatiable fury of the English troopers.

"He escaped at last, however, and arrived at Calne; not free from molestation, indeed, for within four-and-twenty hours of his return, news also arrived of the approach of a detachment, sent, as it was said, to scour the country of rebels, and charged with particular instructions to seize upon our unhappy Jacobite. The soldiers were luckily less eager than their government for the apprehension of rebels. They had already made a glorious march from Oxford to Marlborough without opposition, not an enemy daring to show himself; and, content with the bloodless victory, they 'sate down' before the Dolphin, at Marlborough, as though they would take it by regular siege. The landlord, however, yielded up his barrels

without even a parley. His beer ran like a river: the soldiers drank it gallantly, and all thoughts of the Jacobites were speedily dismissed. This could not last for ever; and, indeed, so thought the government; for they despatched a peremptory mandate for their heroes to break up their quarters and proceed to business; and the unwilling heroes now prepared to obey.

“ Meantime the state of Calne was in commotion. As soon as the news arrived, that a file of red-coats were about to quit the tap at Marlborough, where they had been nourishing their valour for a week, by drinking success to the Duke of Cumberland (whose campaigns were over), all the good people of Calne were presently in full debate. Some were indignant, because they were Jacobites; others, because they were constitutionalists; some were indifferent, because they were ignorant; and some, because they were philosophical. The most of them, however, were what the government circulars call ‘ animated with the best intentions ;’ and all were inclined to talk. Mr. Stephen Bethel would, no doubt, have been among the foremost and the loudest of the place, had he not at that instant been otherwise occupied. The news reached Mrs. Bethel instead of himself, and the consequence was what the lawyers call a ‘ stoppage *in transitu*.’ She was unlike other women. She had no care for news; but was content with being a fat, good-humoured, old fashioned lady, who made the best gooseberry wine in the county. Her husband, Mr. Stephen Bethel, derived the only joke, that he was ever known to possess, from her virtues. ‘ She was the only belle,’ he said, ‘ that he had ever known *without a clapper*.’ So he talked enough for both.

"But, when the news actually *did* come to his ears, nothing could surpass his indignation. A rebel! a Jacobite! He resolved to make one in the chase, and if possible to be in at the death. He called to John and Thomas, to William and Harry, and the rest: he loaded his great blunderbuss; he strapped on his large sword; he even went so far as to have his horse's tail clipped especially for the occasion; when my grandfather, who had taken things more quietly, inquired of him, in a whisper, if it were likely, that the person whom the red-coats were in search of could be—Mr. Campbell? Mr. Stephen Bethel actually bounced from the ground at the suddenness of this question. Fat as he had long been, he positively jumped up with alarm. 'It is impossible!' said he to my grandfather: 'What! Mary's father? It can't be, Walter!' But Walter thought otherwise.

"Mr. Stephen Bethel and his son were therefore at issue. This had happened not unfrequently before; but in former cases the father always conquered. If he were not the stoutest in argument, he was, at least, the first in authority, and he never failed to back his words by some indications of his power. His commands were added to his arguments, and his son (as dutiful sons should do) generally acquiesced. Besides, Mr. Stephen Bethel could be a little vituperative at times. He did not excel in panegyric; but in abuse he was as strong as a tempest. His flowers of rhetoric flew about, on such occasions, with a violence that nothing could equal, save the blast of anger that produced them. At present, indeed, he was not inclined to be so peremptory, or his son to be so obedient. In short, notwithstanding the denial of the former, he

felt, that his friend Campbell was in danger; and now came the question, how to act? He could not betray his friend? No; his whole soul rejected such base treachery. Neither could he betray his sovereign to Mr. Campbell? No, his loyalty cried out against that also. Nevertheless if there *was* to be a struggle between these rival feelings, he began, for the first time, to fear, that friendship might turn out predominant.

“ ‘Well, Walter, my boy,’ said the father to his son, after a long pause, and looking somewhat sheepishly, ‘what *is* to be done?’

“ ‘I think,’ replied Walter, ‘we had better send him off to my aunt’s, at Hilmarton. If he were well covered with one of your wigs, sir——’

“ ‘Eh? what? zounds!’ exclaimed the other, ‘do you think *I’ll* be accessory—do you think that I (*a Bethel!*) will help to conceal one of King George’s rascally enemies? Do you think——?’ Mr. Stephen Bethel was lashing himself up with words as the lion does with his tail; and there was no knowing how long he would have gone on with his ‘do you thinks?’—or, in fact, whether he ever would have stopped—had not my grandfather very naturally (and at the same time a little ingeniously) exclaimed, ‘Poor Mary! what will she not suffer?’

“ Mr. Stephen Bethel was calm in a moment. We have heard how a cannon ball will suddenly put an end to the most violent discussion; how the ducking-stool will all at once quell the else untameable tongue of the scold: but ‘Poor Mary!’—it was oil upon the ocean of his wrath. He was conquered and quiet in an instant.

“ ‘To be sure,’ said he, faltering, ‘poor Mary!—poor girl!’ added he, almost whimpering, ‘’tis a pity, that

such a creature should suffer for the errors of her father. As to *him*,—a foolish, obstinate, headstrong Jacobite! But King George is at his heels—King George or King George's men; and *now* we shall hear whether he'll sing *The Cammels are coming*; or cry, *King James and Proud Preston* again!

“And so the old gentleman veered about, from pity to wrath, from loyalty to friendship, and back again. Friendship, however, got the better at last; and he set about helping Campbell in good earnest. Walter was allowed to convey to Campbell an intimation of his danger; not that the father desired this in so many words, but, as he did not absolutely prohibit it, his son interpreted his silence to his own purposes, and proceeded to the house of the unlucky Jacobite.

“The first object that struck his sight, on entering Campbell's house, was Mary herself, evidently in deep distress. ‘My dearest Mary!’ said he, putting his arm gently round her waist.

“‘Oh, Walter!’ replied she, sobbing—‘my father! my poor father! That unfortunate expedition of the prince——’

“‘Of the Pretender?’ said Walter inquiringly.

“‘Do not carp at words,’ replied she: ‘what matter whether he be Prince or Pretender, now that the soldiers are coming for my dear father? Oh! he will be taken! he will be taken!’ continued she, weeping and wringing her hands.

“‘I came to save him,’ said Walter. ‘Be comforted. Where is he? Is he within?’

“‘He is gone,’ answered she. ‘He received the news from a friend, and had just time to escape.’

“ ‘Tell me where?’ said my grandfather hastily.

“ ‘I cannot—I must not!’ said she. ‘He charged me to keep his secret; and I must do so—even from you.’

“ ‘He will be found,’ replied Walter in distress. ‘He will be hunted by these rascals, and found. Let him trust himself to me. I know a place where he may hide for a time, and our well-known principles will assure his final safety. If the storm be once blown over, my father and uncle shall exert their interest with the duke, and all will be well. So take heart, my dearest, and tell me, without more ado, where your father is. Tell me, as you value his life.’

“—And she told; and she did well to tell: for, besides that Campbell’s hiding-place was speedily searched, and that nothing short of the character of the Bethels would have been sufficient to ward off the strict inquiries that were elsewhere made, it was well that the honesty of love should not be rewarded with distrust. Mary Campbell confided in her lover—not only her heart, but her father’s life; and well was the confidence repaid.

“ ‘I must now give up the task of historian,’ said the colonel, “and let my grandfather tell you the rest of the story himself. It was one of his thousand and one anecdotes, and it was in these words that he was accustomed to tell it.

“ ‘—The day (he used to begin) on which the soldiers came on their man-hunt to Calne, was memorable for many a year. Both men and the elements seemed quarrelling with each other. The scornful loyalist, the desperate Jacobite, stood front to front, in flaming open defiance. The thunder muttered; the wind went raving about; and the rains (which had been falling heavily all

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night and glittering in the lightning) now came tumbling down in cataracts and sheets of water. The little runnels had grown into brooks; the brooks were formidable rivers. The Marden itself, usually so unimportant, had swollen and panted long in its narrow bounds, till at last it burst over its banks, and went flooding the country round. Notwithstanding all this, the hunters prepared to pursue their prey.

“ ‘ It is a fearful thing to chase even a beast that flies for its life; but to hunt the great animal, Man, must surely thrill and strike an alarm into the heart of his pursuer. What!—he whom we have smiled upon, whose hand we have clutched, whose cheer we have enjoyed! Shall we—if he do a desperate deed which some law forbid—strip our hearts at once of all sympathy, and track him from spot to spot, through woods, and lanes, and hollows, and lonely places, till he fall into the toil? and then go home, and be content with the abstract principle of justice, and forget, that we have lost a friend for ever!—

“ ‘ I had got the start of the red-coats by almost a quarter of an hour; but I found, that I had to encounter impediments that I had not foreseen. I had set off with scarcely any determined idea but that of saving Campbell at all events. I took the ordinary road to the brake, where I knew that he lay concealed; striding onwards at my best pace, sometimes running, sometimes toiling up slippery ascents, sometimes plunging along the plashy meadows, till my breath grew short and painful from excess of exertion. I still kept on my course, however, and had contrived to attain a lofty ridge of land, not very distant from the place of refuge, when all at once my eyes fell upon a broad waste of water, a vast turbid

stream running at random over the country, and above which nothing appeared but an occasional tree, and the long narrow slip of wood and copse, which crowned the elevated land, and in which, as I concluded, my friend was hid.

“ ‘ If ever I felt real despair, it was at that moment. I stopped for an instant (a dreadful instant) to think—I could not be said, strictly, to deliberate. I thought quickly, intensely, with a pain piercing the very centre of my heart. In three or four seconds of time, I had, with the rapidity which fear produced, considered half a dozen methods of passing the water. At last, I recollected a sheep-path, traversing a narrow neck of high land, on the opposite of the inundation, which (although apparently quite covered by the floods) might nevertheless still enable me to reach the wood ; but to arrive at this path it was necessary to retrace three parts of the space which I had already travelled. I turned my steps backward instantly, and with great efforts arrived at the bridge (on the skirts of the town), just in time to hear the roll of the drum hard by, which called the soldiers to duty. I fancied that I could almost hear the click of their firelocks as they examined them, previously to their setting out in pursuit of Campbell. ’Twas then I forgot every thing. My legs were no longer cramped ; my breath, pent up and labouring in my breast, seemed suddenly relieved ; and I ran forwards with increased speed for almost a mile, when the footsteps of a person (about the size of Campbell) which had made deep impressions on a piece of soft soil, arrested my attention. I saw from the direction, that this person must have left the high road at that spot, and taken to the fields. I erased the marks as

well as I could ; thrusting the spike of my leaping-pole into the gravel of the road, I cleared the hedge at a bound, without leaving a single trace of my course, and took my way across the fields in pursuit of Campbell.

“ ‘ For some time no steps were discernible, for my route lay over grass on which the rain was still incessantly falling. At last, indications of a footmark encouraged me, and I continued to track it, sometimes readily, sometimes with difficulty (for it frequently disappeared), until it led me to the very edge of the flood. The man, whoever he was, must have plunged right through the waters. Perhaps he had been carried away? But there was no time for guessing ; so feeling my way with my pole, I took to the water myself. To my surprise, it was shallow enough for awhile, scarcely reaching above my knees. I got on, therefore, readily enough, till I had arrived within a few yards of the wood (the object of my labours), when the land suddenly dipped, and I found myself in upwards of four feet water. A few more steps would, I knew, place me on dry ground ; so I strained onwards across the current, which now ran with considerable force, and after a struggle or two reached the skirts of the wood in safety.

“ ‘ I had just caught hold of some long grass to secure my footing, when my attention was arrested by a noise at some distance. I threw myself on the bank for a single minute's rest, and heard distinctly the withered leaves and brambles crackling under a heavy tread, and the hoarse, thick breathing of some creature apparently in the last stage of exhaustion. The horrid guttural sounds, which it gave out in its pain (I heard them at the distance of a hundred yards), ring in my ears to this

moment. I remembered to have heard, that in Indian or African hunts the enormous beasts which they pursue will sometimes thus breathe out their distress before they stand at bay and die. But no such creature could be here—so I determined to follow. After a few steps, I called out, 'Who goes?'—All was still in an instant.

" 'My way now lay across the middle of the wood to the dingle, where I hoped to find my friend. In my course I had to pass by a deep hollow, which was usually filled with water, and which was the haunt of the water-rat, the lizard, and the frog, who kept their court among the flags and rushes there. I had reached this place, and was passing on, when a slight noise induced me to turn my head. The sound was like the cocking of a pistol; so I made haste to proclaim myself. 'It is I—'tis Walter Bethel!' called I out lustily. The words were scarcely out of my mouth, when uprose, from amidst the rushes and the green stagnant water, a phantom more hideous than Triton or Nereus in his most terrible mood. Covered to the chin with the green mantle of the pool, his clothes soaked and saturated with water, arose—with a cocked pistol in each hand, and a mouth wide open and gasping for breath—my father-in-law, Campbell! He stared like a man bewildered. 'Well!' said he at last: 'twas all he could say. 'I am come to save you,' replied I: 'the soldiers will be here in a few minutes. Come along with me.' 'No,' replied the other: 'I'll go no farther. I *can* go no farther. I may as well die here.' 'By ——!' said I, 'you shall *not* die. Rebel or not, you are Mary Campbell's father, and while I have a sinew left you shall not be taken.' With that I took him upon my back (for I was a lusty fellow then), and carried him—I know

not how—but by several efforts, I believe—to the extreme side of the wood. I was just congratulating myself on my success, when suddenly I heard the measured tramp of soldiers coming along a lane, which wound round the skirts of the copse. I had mistaken the way. I stopped immediately, and heard the word ‘Halt!’ uttered in a tone that struck to my heart. ‘They are upon us,’ whispered Campbell, ‘and the only thing is to die boldly! Go, therefore, my dear Walter; and may God bless you! Tell poor Mary—’ but here his voice faltered, and he could only sigh out deeply, ‘God bless my dear child!’

“‘There was no time for talking, as you will imagine. I therefore motioned him to silence, and drew him, with the least possible noise, away from the point of danger. He was now able to walk slowly; and that was fortunately sufficient, for the soldiers had stopped to deliberate. We kept on, at a steady quiet pace, along a sharp angle of the wood, which terminated at a point near the Bath road. Behind us, the voices of the soldiers were occasionally heard; and once the report of a musket-shot a little disturbed our tranquillity. We succeeded, however, in attaining the extreme point of the wood, and were just about to emerge into the road, when a heavy plunge was heard near us, like that of a person jumping from an eminence; and the whistle of a pistol-bullet through the leaves, which quickly followed, reduced us to instant silence. Without uttering a syllable, I pulled Campbell down beside me, amongst the fern and rank grass that grew all about, and there lay for two or three dreadful minutes, till our enemy had passed onwards. I had flung Campbell so completely prostrate, that, he averred, he was obliged to make no inconsiderable meal of fern

and dock-leaves before he could breathe with comfort. However this was, we soon rose up, as soon as prudently we could do so—contrived to drop a fragment of Campbell's dress on the Chippenham road—and after seeing our pursuers take the bait and proceed southwards, we turned our backs upon danger and the detachment, and reached Hilmarton in safety.' ”

—My uncle now took up the conclusion of the tale, the latter part of which he had told in the words of Walter Bethel.

“ Campbell,” resumed the colonel, “ was saved. A little time sufficed, as my grandfather had predicted, to put an end to the hanging of the Jacobites. General Bethel, a firm and loyal friend of the existing government, was won over, after some entreaty, to petition for the pardon of Campbell; for he was one who had been excepted out of the list of those forgiven.

“ ‘ He is a flaming, furious Jacobite,’ said General Bethel to his favourite, Walter, in reply to his request; ‘ a troublesome fellow is he, Walter, and deserves to suffer.’

“ ‘ He is Mary's father, my dear uncle,’ said my grandfather, insinuatingly.

“ ‘ You are a fool, Walter,’ replied the general, tartly. “ At *your* age you ought to be marching at the head of a file of grenadiers, instead of toying and making love, and—Pshaw! I am ashamed of you.’

“ ‘ But, my dear uncle,’—Walter was proceeding in extenuation.

“ ‘ Why don't you come up to town, sir?’ inquired the general, with some sternness: ‘ I have no doubt but

that I can get you a commission in a couple of months, and a company—before you deserve one.'

" ' My dear general,' said his nephew once more, calmly, ' I thank you for the interest that you take in me ; but *my* ambition is for the toga—the gown ! *I* am for civil, while you are for military fame. In the former, perhaps, I may become the first of my house ; but in the latter I must for ever remain eclipsed by *your* greater reputation.'

" ' You are a goose, Walter,' replied his uncle, laughing, and pinched his ear :—and Walter laughed merrily too ; for by that compliment Campbell obtained his pardon."

MUSIC'S MISHAP.

I.

CELESTIAL Music ! soul-pervading power !
 How wide the chain thy soft enchantments throw !
 The infant lips, in childhood's earliest hour,
 With pride essay the whistle shrill to blow ;
 While the glad mother feels her bosom glow,
 Loving the sounds which careless ears despise.
 When years, advancing, now to boyhood grow,
 On a tin horn the urchin makes a noise,
 Which gentle souls dislike, and rough anathematise.

II.

In manhood, nobler aims inspire the soul ;
 The clarionet, or misplay'd bugle, jars :







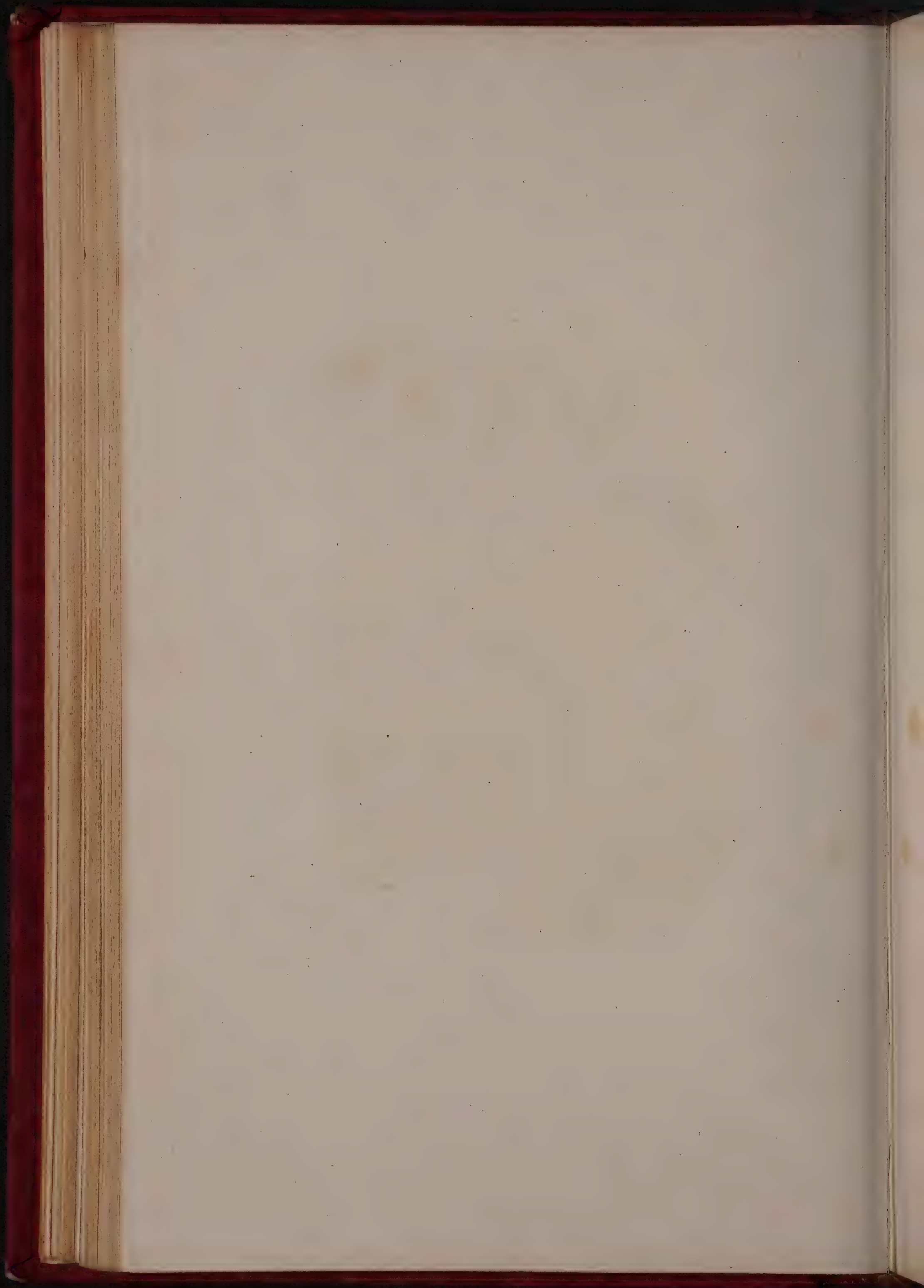
Painted by J. M. Wright.

Engraved by J. Goodyear.

MUSIC'S MISHAP.

Published by T. Hurst, & Co. St. Paul's Churchyard, & R. Jennings, 2. Poultry.

Printed by W. G. Wood.



Then mail-coach guards their echoing music roll,
Forgetting turnpikes while they count the bars.
The apprenticed lover, play'd on by the stars,
With crotchets fills his mistress' heart and ears,
Till the harsh father all his music mars :
The avenging whip, or wrathful foot, he rears ;
While the impassion'd nymph evaporates in tears.

III.

Matter is musical ; and Trees *have* sung—
(Not Orpheus' trees, who merely ran about,
Like standing corn, all ears without a tongue).
Horse-tails engender music—souls, like trout,
By most insidious horsehair are drawn out.
Death's musical—a great composer grown,
Whose overtures we can't well get without
Incessantly he marks his notes in stone ;
And, though no harpsichord he plays, performs in bone.

IV.

The parish-clerk, the village music-master,
Master at once of music, and her slave,
Of late I saw—(not Dan Apollo touch'd
The horsehair faster)—seeking souls to save
By teaching Sunday scholars the true stave ;
And much it pleased me, in my unseen station,
To watch the efforts of the tutor grave
To modify the heathenish squallation,
To gods and columns both a sheer abomination.

V.

Upon his eyebrows sat authority,
And at his feet his dog ; before him stood

The neophytes of sacred minstrelsy,
Cecilias in reversion : the sweet wood,
The handle of his viol, not too good,
He held with gentle hand to guard from harm ;
For much he prized it, more than flesh and blood.
With resin, magic drug, to aid the charm,
The master arm'd his bow, and then he bow'd his arm.

VI.

At once uplifting voice and instrument,
He led the way—a lamentable sound
(Whose name was Legion, being many) went
Forth from the throats of all that stood around ;
Discord, that did all harmony confound.
Louder, and louder, did the master bawl ;
In philosophic quiet sat the hound,
Worthy of praise, amid that Babelish squall
Of notes not flat, not sharp—certes not natural.

VII.

His patient ears hung down upon his face,
Curtaining out the noise, perchance, in part ;
All as unmov'd, behind the master's place,
There stood his better half, his life, his heart,
Who, partner of his cares, would not depart :
With arms across, and face demurely still,
Unmoved she watch'd the triumphs of his art ;
While he with might and main, and toilsome skill,
With love of music strove untuneful souls to fill.

VIII.

In vain ! no bars restrain th' impatient crowd ;
Notes are unnoted, limping time forgot :

Yet still the treble discord grows more loud,
And would abate the master not a jot,
With music and impatience waxing hot.
More fiercely did he bid the resin move ;
Voice, hand, and foot in unison were got :
The urchin choir inspir'd to follow strove ;
His dame more sweetly smil'd—for music melts to love.

IX.

In ecstasy the minstrel rock'd his chair ;
His tail in approbation Tray did bend ;
(For in grave souls, whose praise is slow and spare,
Approval comes but in the latter end).
But why did cruel fate that motion send ?
Oh hapless tale, and yet more hapless tail !
The chair, not charily, did swift descend.
That thou wert a grave dog did not avail,
Oh Tray ! nor did avert what I must needs bewail.

X.

Then rose from earth to sky the mighty yell ;
Fled Polyhymnia with psalmodic groans :
With chair inverted, straight the master fell ;
His stronger head preserved his weaker bones.
Ah ! much the wounded tail the Muse bemoans,
And sad mischance of this disastrous day
(Day to be mark'd for ever with black stones),
Where triumph did to overthrow betray :
So clouds and storms succeed a too resplendent day.

TO SELINA.

I.

I 'VE worshipp'd woman—saints, forgive my folly!—
 In every colour, and in every clime;
 The Spanish dame, all love and melancholy;
 La Portuguesa, not quite so sublime,
 But every atom passion, Cupid's wholly,
 The Columbine of Love's long pantomime:
 As well *he* knows who makes her bone of his bone;
 As well *you* 'll know in your first week at Lisbon.

II.

What made the fuss, that banish'd the Hussars
 From Hounslow and the Horse Guards, in the season
 When London routs were sparkling thick as stars,
 To broil in Lisbon barracks? The true reason
 Was, the sweet prisoners within convent bars,
 Pined for their old Peninsular *liaisons*;
 The *blues* were quite essential to the *yellow*s.
 In short, they long'd to see our handsome fellows.

III.

Yet that same Lisbon—give the devil his due—
 Is pleasant in its way. Its summer nights
 Are thick with sighs, that shoot you through and through,
 And glances keener than mosquito bites.
 The river's sheeted silver, sky stone-blue;
 The moon a chandelier of pearly lights;
 You take a barge, guitar, your white-wine negus,
 And sip, and sing, and sleep along the Tagus.

IV.

And I have knelt to black Parisian eyes,
 Orbs in whose liquid lustre Cupid dips
 His cureless arrows ; and have sigh'd the sighs
 That tender travellers pay to Grecian lips :
 Nay, ev'n where Love has more than tender ties,
 Bowstrings, and so forth, I have made some trips ;
 Laugh'd at, O Istamboul ! thy beards and sabres ;
 And found the She Turks—very like their neighbours.

V.

But, after all, as I'm no epicure,
 I love the loveliest women much the best.
 The hazel eye, love's most resistless lure ;
 The bosom, stately as a wild swan's crest ;
 The sunny smile, the skin as ivory pure ;
 The step that scarcely seems on earth to rest.
 So, sweet SELINA ! at thy feet I fall,
 And own thy women, Britain, queens of all !

FROM THE SPANISH.

TURN thine eyes, O King Rodrigo !
 Gaze upon thy ruin'd Spain !
 See how, through thy love for Cava,
 All its hopes are slain !
 See how all thy people brave
 Let loose their blood upon the plain,
 Thou scourger of the innocent !
 Alas, alas, for Spain !
 All—(alas the bitter cost !)
 All for Cava's kisses lost.

* * * * *

PLACE DES ROSES,

OR, THE LADY'S DREAM.

While my lady sleepeth,
 The dark-blue heaven is bright;
 Soft the moonbeam creepeth
 Round her bower all night.
 Thou gentle, gentle breeze,
 While my lady slumbers,
 Waft lightly through the trees,
 Echoes of my numbers,
 The dreaming ear to please.

Spanish Serenade.

"VENUS and Minerva, both visible at once! this is an extraordinary pleasure," said Lord William Fitzwater, smiling as he spoke, partly in admiration of his wit, partly of his teeth; and he bowed, and passed on.

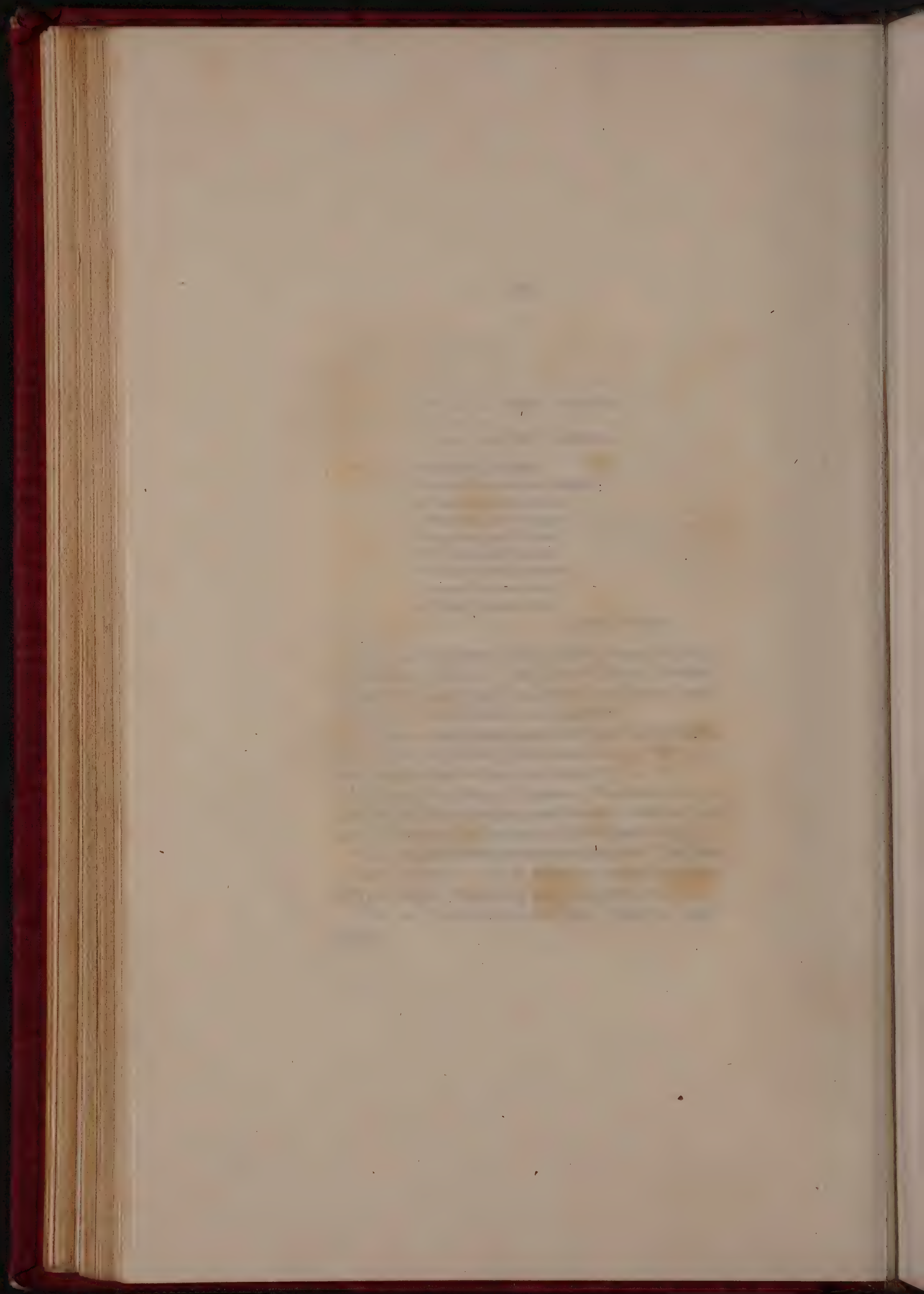
"What an insufferable coxcomb!" said Lady Matilda Vaux to her *confabulaire*, Miss Mont Clair. "What can have brought him to Place des Roses?"

"Mamma's invitation, of course. You know he is related to the Gillardins, her great friends. Besides, he is quite the fashion, and mixes in the very best society."

"An excellent recommendation of solitude. But who is here? Mercy on me! is there no escape—no possibility of flight? Quick, my dear Julia, run."

"No, no," replied Julia, laughing, "she has caught my eye."







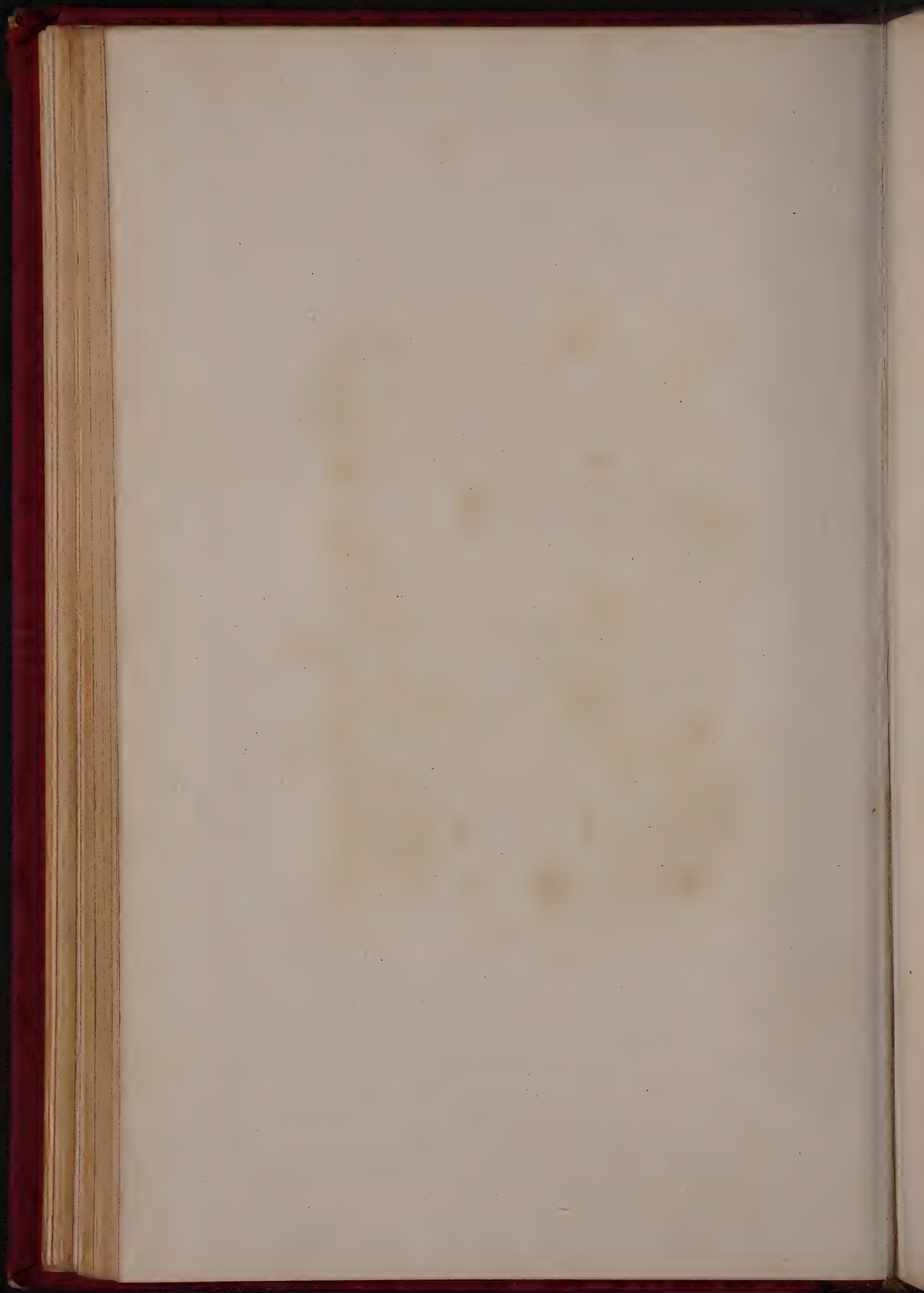
Painted by Tho.^o Stothard R.A.

Engraved by Charles Heath.

THE LADY'S DREAM.

Published by T. Hurst, & C^o St. Paul's Churchyard, & R. Jennings, 2, Poultry.

Printed by M. Allen.



"But not your ear yet. Ah! well, if it must be so."

"Miss Mont Clair, my dear, I have been looking for you: well, I protest, you look charmingly. Lady Matilda, glad to see you; as grave as ever? Well, well, I like sobriety in young people, there is too little of it in our day. O dear! I have not half recovered, do you know, from my yesterday's journey. I do think I never did know such shocking roads. I protest my poor head is all in a jumble."

"Very natural," said Lady Matilda.

"Why, yes: the motion of a carriage never agrees with me, and—but where is your beautiful poodle, Miss Mont Clair? Ah, here he is, pretty creature! Kiss me, Junon. Now apropos: have you heard of poor Lady Tablet's terrible accident?"

"Accident! terrible accident! no, indeed: what is it?" asked Miss Mont Clair with eagerness; but Lady Matilda only said "no," with something like a smile.

"Amazing that you hav'n't heard; I'm quite happy that I can tell it you, for you must know her ladyship is my particular friend. Well then, she was informed that a peasant, or some of those people near Brussels, had a breed of dogs, perfect angels, with long tails and ears, and white—yes, as snow. Now Lady Tablet, you know, has quite a passion for beautiful dogs; so on hearing this, she gets her brother, the Earl of Powderdust, to write to a portrait painter then at Brussels to paint her one of these dogs; and to be sure she got the picture, and a loveliness it was: and what was best, she got the picture for nothing; only an old painting of her grandfather or grandmother by some Dutchman, that this painter wanted to have in exchange."

"And was this the terrible accident—losing her grand-

mother?" asked Lady Matilda, with a side-glance at her companion.

"Oh dear, no! but you shall hear. Not knowing how to get one of these dogs safely over, and as they are wonderfully delicate, she determined to send over an old servant of the family, whom she kept to please her brother; she determined, I say, to send over this old man to fetch one of the beautiful dogs. So he went, and, as she has since learnt, procured the dog after a world of trouble, for he could not speak a word of French. But he did get him, and took a place in a vessel for himself and the dog to come to England."

"Was the dog a cabin passenger, I wonder?" said Julia.

"That I can't tell, I'm sure; but I'll ask Lady Tablet when I see her next winter. Well, the ship had not half crossed the channel, when by some accident or other it caught fire, and for all they could do it could not be quenched. So the crew got out the boats, but they were too small by far to hold all the people, and one of them was upset by the crowding, and every soul drowned."

"Dreadful!" exclaimed Mrs. Clackfidget's auditors. "But the people on board the ship?"

"Oh, they were forced to stop there of course, and the old man and the dog amongst them, poor, beautiful creature! Lady Tablet went into hysterics the moment she heard of the dear animal's fate."

"But the old man? Do, pray, go on."

"Oh, he was blown up, of course, with the rest of the sailors and those people. But only think, how provoking to lose the sweet dog after so much pains: a shocking thing it was. And so I hear, Miss Mont Clair, that—ah! well, don't blush! I say nothing."

"I was perfectly unconscious of my blushing, as I am of your meaning."

"Oh! yes, of course, young ladies are of those sort of things."

"Pray, Lady Matilda, can you tell what Mrs. Clackfidget alludes to?"

"Not I, indeed."

"Lady Matilda, perhaps, has not heard that Mr. Beaulieu is coming."

"Mr. Beaulieu!"

"To be sure. I heard of it at Lady Tablet's, and speaking of her ladyship brought it to my mind. But good bye, my dear; I must go and ask Miss Hyacinth how her new moss-roses go on. Do you know she fancies herself a great florist: such ridiculous vanity! I question whether she knows a poppy from a carnation. But don't say it again for the world, for Miss Hyacinth is my particular friend."

"I thought as much," said Lady Matilda, as Mrs. Clackfidget hopped away. "Her friends generally figure in her conversation. Her friendship and her feeling are equally refined. But who is this Mr. Beaulieu, Julia?"

"Oh, a wretch! but do not ask me now, my love. I must go and ask my mother if he is coming. Slip out with me after dinner into the grounds, and I will tell you."

Dinner came, and also passed, to the infinite regret of the gourmands then abiding at Place des Roses. Lady Matilda was serious, for she saw that her friend was uneasy; but for Lady Matilda to be serious was nothing new. Mrs. Clackfidget was very full of talk and scandal, but neither was that new; and Lord William Fitzwater

talked a vast deal of nonsense, which was any thing but new ; and the Reverend Peter Botherby announced a discovery, that Robert Ward was not the author of Tremaine, which was very old. But Sir Marmaduke Trot, an immense booby, and the owner of two boroughs (one of which returned Mr. Augustus Mont Clair) did *not* overturn his plate into his lap, or throw his wine on Miss Hyacinth's beautiful gros de Naples ; and this *was* new, and the only novelty on record.

Dinner over, Lady Matilda hastened to meet her friend. Julia was not come, but joined her in a few minutes. To the watchful eyes of her companion she appeared paler than usual ; and when she spoke, it was with a rapidity that betrayed some anxiety.

" This Mr. Beaulieu was a companion of my brother when very young. I saw him often when a child ; but since we were eight years old I have never beheld him. He is now a man, and—"

" And what, my dear ?"

Julia was silent for a few moments. " They have fixed on him for my husband."

" For your husband !" exclaimed Lady Matilda with surprise.

" Yes : but it may not be."

There was a short pause, which was broken by Lady Matilda.

" What are your objections to this proposal, Julia ?"

" How can you ask ! Is it not sufficient to be deprived of all choice and freedom in a matter on which the happiness of one's whole life depends ?"

" Undoubtedly, my dear ; although what many, very many of our sex submit to, not only without complaint,

but without an inclination to complain. To you I know it must be a severe hardship ; but I think you increase it beyond its necessary limits. For instance: he may have all those qualities which you would yourself have chosen and valued in such a companion."

"Oh no, no indeed!" replied Julia in a low voice: then suddenly raising her tone, she added, "And if it were so, would that reconcile me, Matilda? I love these roses, but could I do so in obedience to another's taste?"

"Passing over for the present your last objection, my dear," said Lady Matilda, "how is it that you know so perfectly, that Mr. Beaulieu is devoid of the qualities I have supposed? for you say you have not seen him since he was eight years old."

"True; but he was a horrid child, and cannot be altered much. Now don't interrupt me," she continued, perceiving that a protest was about to be issued against this proposition. "Picture to yourself a great fat overgrown booby of a boy, with thick lips and ruddy cheeks, staring blue eyes, and a mouth from ear to ear, and his manners more disgusting than his person."

"Certainly no very prepossessing picture of his childhood; but I cannot agree with you, that he may not be altered."

"Perhaps he may; but if he be, it avails not."

"Nay, nay, Julia, now I must scold you: this is worse than prejudice. At all events see this Mr. Beaulieu, and give him his fair chance. In justice to yourself you should do this."

"I cannot, Matilda."

"Why not?"

"Because—" Julia hesitated, and her colour changed.

"Because what, my dear? Surely you are not afraid to intrust me with this secret, if there be one."

"Oh no! but—"

They had approached a garden seat, and Lady Matilda seating herself, drew Julia beside her. "Now surely you can tell me all under this great canopy of honeysuckles," looking up as she spoke to the shady arch that luxuriated above them; "and here, you know, you may blush or grow pale by turns, without my ever knowing any thing of the matter."

"Matilda, I cannot love Mr. Beaulieu! I cannot marry him!"

"So you say. But what is this secret cause, that you just now hinted at?"

Julia grew pale again; her breathing, short; and her friend felt her hand tremble within her own. She put her arm affectionately round her neck, and drew her closer to her breast. "Julia, you are in love."

As she spoke she felt Julia's heart throbbing with sudden violence; in another moment she had burst into tears, and, hiding her face in Lady Matilda's bosom, wept and sobbed without restraint.

Lady Matilda's attentions to her friend were kind and soothing; and when the agitation of the latter had somewhat subsided, her friend renewed the subject.

"And who is it, dear, that has taken hold of your heart so adroitly, that even your best friends have to owe their knowledge of the theft to your own free confession?"

"Nay," replied Julia, looking up and smiling through the drops that yet hung on her eyelids, "I have not confessed."

"That excuse, my love, is like the man's in the fable,

who pointed to where the poor stag lay, without speaking, and claimed thanks for his silence. Now, my love, muster courage and speak boldly—who is it?"

Julia's countenance fell. She attempted to speak—stopped, trembled, and made a fresh effort.

"I do not know," she said at last.

"Not know! I was not aware you had been all along jesting."

"Do not—pray, do not be angry, my dear Matilda. I am *not* jesting. I tell you true, indeed." Then with a strong effort to command herself, she added: "He of whom you ask me I do not know, I have seen him but in a dream."

"In a dream!" The first moment Lady Matilda was inclined to laugh, in the next to weep, for she trembled for her friend's intellects. That a dream should cause such agitation was so extravagant, that she felt at a loss how to receive such a communication.

After a brief silence she addressed Julia, and with much gentleness endeavoured to combat the idea, that seemed to have engrossed her thoughts. She rightly judged, that to treat the subject with ridicule, or to insist against it with any approach to harshness, would equally tend to strengthen the impression she was desirous of removing. They would, too, inevitably destroy all confidence, and confidence in the fullest was necessary to enable her with success to war with the fancy-born enemy, that had usurped a rule over Julia's heart.

The conversation that ensued was however little satisfactory to either. The particulars of this dream Julia seemed unwilling to disclose. All that her friend could learn was, that the pleasant seat, on which they now rested,

was dignified by the name of "the *Dreaming-Chair*"—why, was unknown; and that Julia, having sat there when a little fatigued, had been overpowered with slumber, and like the patriarch of old had "dreamed a dream."

"And now, Matilda," said her companion, as she finished her imperfect narrative, "leave me awhile. I will join you in your dressing-room in half an hour; I shall then be more composed."

"*Adieu donc, ma petite,*" said her friend: "in truth I am not unwilling to leave this haunted spot, for I am even more attached to free will than you, and do not choose to have a husband forced on me even in a dream."

Julia remained involved in her own painful thoughts. She was not unconscious of the strangeness of her situation, and felt keenly that singular and uneasy loneliness, that afflicts a timid disposition when influenced by motives alien from those by which the many of the world are governed. She weighed all that her friend had said to her, reconsidered all that her own mind had presented in the endeavour to shake off the thralldom that oppressed it. But if her judgment were convinced, her feelings were not.

Every one has felt the soothing power of nature's quiet scenes under the pressure of deep anxiety. To Julia this cool fragrance and sweet retirement of the place came with much of this influence; and the song of those thrilling choristers, the birds, that filled the surrounding branches, would at times win her attention from her sorrows.

Such was the repose of the place, that it speedily communicated itself to her senses. Her reveries became less impressive, and her feelings less distinct. External objects

lost their definite outline, and the song of the birds sank dimly on her hearing. Presently she ceased to see and to hear. A gentle sleep weighed on her eyelids, and wrapped her in forgetfulness.

She was awakened from her dream by the pressure of a hand on her own, and the sound of Lady Matilda's voice. She blushed as she started from her sleep, and shunned the eye of her friend.

"I was alarmed," said the latter, "at your prolonged absence; and besides it is remarked by the company in the drawing-room. I perceived on my entrance, that Mrs. Clackfidget was anxious on our account."

"How I hate that woman!" said Julia: "were she to be absent for a year, I am sure I should never inquire after her; and why she should after me, I cannot tell."

"Very true; but it is her occupation—her food likewise, which she must enjoy or die. But your looks are wandering, my dear: surely you have not had a return of your dream?"

"I have."

"And it still leaves the same impression?"

"Undoubtedly! so remarkable a repetition of the same dream is——"

"The most natural thing in the world," interrupted Lady Matilda.

"Natural! how so?"

"Merely because your mind being wholly engrossed with one subject at the time when you fell asleep, you, I may almost say of course, dreamed of it. *Quelle merveille?*"

Julia could not deny the force of this simple argument, but it produced no effect on her state of mind. They

walked on in silence, and entered the drawing-room together.

Wishing to shun observation, Julia seated herself near a large screen, and in appearance busied herself in examining a heap of new prints. She had not however been there long before she regretted her choice of a seat. On the other side of the screen a small knot of talkers had taken their station, and Julia ere she was aware of it was in full possession of their conversation.

"I certainly think it very odd," said Miss Hyacinth, "that she should perpetually cut every one's society for that Lady Matilda. I wonder what she can find in her."

"Is she amiable?" inquired Lord William Fitzwater.

"Who? Lady Matilda? oh! dear, no—she does not like poetry, to tell you the truth, though you must not say it came from me."

"If he do you will both lose your characters," said Mr. Wycombe, who had just joined them.

"Heavens! Mr. Wycombe—and why?"

"You for communicating a truth, and he for reporting that you had done so."

"Ah! you are in one of your quizzical humours, I see; but, as I was saying, I really think she does not like dancing."

"Ah!" exclaimed Lord William Fitzwater. The interjection was accompanied with a sigh suitable to the extent of Lady Matilda's depravity.

"But is it true," asked Mrs. Amarynth, who had just lighted a match at Hymen's torch, "that Miss Mont Clair is going to be married?"

"I'm sure, I don't know," replied Miss Hyacinth; "I never trouble my head about such matters."

"True," said Mr. Wycombe, "it is generally understood, and I in common with all the world must lament it, that Miss Hyacinth has determined to keep her heart, that sweet citadel, free from all invaders."

"You don't say so, Mr. Wycombe?" exclaimed the object of this speech, completely thrown off her guard by this report of a celibacy which was far from her wishes: "who can have spread such a malicious report?"

"I protest I am quite ignorant of its origin," replied Mr. Wycombe, "nor did I inquire, having heard it at Lady Margrave's, where it was mentioned as an understood thing, with the view, I conceived, of preventing Colonel Delmar from forming any hopes inconsistent with your determination, and of course with his own happiness."

The success of Mr. Wycombe's invention was complete, and Miss Hyacinth was unable to speak for mortification. Colonel Delmar, a man of the first fashion, the owner of Delmar Castle, in Kent, and of fifteen thousand a year, and all lost through a groundless report—how groundless—Miss Hyacinth felt.

To her great relief the arrival of Mrs. Clackfidget at this moment took away from her the attention of her companions, with the exception of Mr. Wycombe, who could not sufficiently enjoy his achievement.

"Make way! make way!" exclaimed the new-comer in triumphant tones; "let me see—Mr. Wycombe, Lord William, Miss Hyacinth—why you are out of spirits, my dear?—Mrs. Amarynth: ah! well, I can trust you all even with a great secret."

"What! who! how! when! where!" burst from all the tongues, Miss Hyacinth's included.

"Be patient and you shall hear. Miss Mont Clair and Lady Matilda Vaux, you know, are great friends."

"Oh! every body knows that," said Miss Hyacinth. Julia for the twentieth time looked for some way of escape, but in vain.

"Well," continued Mrs. Clackfidget, lowering her voice to a mysterious whisper, "it will not last long."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Miss Hyacinth with exuberant delight.

"Indeed!" said Lord William Fitzwater, opening his dull eyes till they looked like two green gages with the skins peeled off.

"So it is," continued the oratrix, "and now, will you all be silent in what I am going to tell you?"

"As the grave," said Mr. Wycombe, with an affected gravity.

"Well, then; Miss Mont Clair and Lady Matilda are both in love—and with one person!"

There was a burst of astonishment from all the coterie, except Mr. Wycombe.

"The man I know," said he.

He was instantaneously devoured by eyes which turned upon him; Mrs. Clackfidget's in resentment at having the pith and marrow of her story thus forestalled—the rest in curiosity.

"Lord William Fitzwater."

There was a general laugh, and Mrs. Clackfidget recovered her good humour, while the object of the joke coloured, and very gravely disclaimed the honour imputed to him.

"But who *is* the gentleman?" interrupted Miss Hyacinth.

"Mr. Beaulieu," replied Mrs. Clackfidget.

"Mr. Beaulieu!" exclaimed Mrs. Amarynth, "I did indeed hear something of the kind whispered as to Miss Mont Clair; but how came Lady Matilda to be concerned?"

"Nay, I cannot tell you the hows and the whys; but that it is so, I know. But you will not, of course, mention it again, as it may be all a mistake—possibly, you know; and besides one would not wish such a story to get abroad, at least to be known as having reported it. So you'll promise me?"

All promised the most inviolable secrecy, and immediately set off in quest of their particular friends, to whom they might communicate the story. All except Mr. Wycombe, who, though an idler, was neither a fool nor a busy body, and strolled away in a half reverie; and Mrs. Amarynth, who being Mrs. Clackfidget's most particular friend, stayed with her, to extract, if possible, the kernel of the sweet fruit of scandal.

Mrs. Clackfidget's foundation for her story consisted in some words of the conversation between Lady Matilda and Julia, which she had overheard in the honeysuckle walk, had as usual misunderstood, and with her customary invention worked into a story. For it was that lady's pride, that nothing was ever lost with her or upon her.

It was no little gratification to Julia, to be able to leave her hiding-place, for such it had been, though unintentionally, to her. As to the nonsense she had heard, it gave her little concern. Julia was not yet fully imbued with the spirit of the world, and cared little for the ill-nature of people whom she disliked and despised. Besides

heavier cares pressed upon her, and left her no time for more trifling, though perhaps not less imaginary discontents.

In a few days all the guests had left Place des Roses. Lady Matilda was the last to depart, and the parting was, if not so ostentatiously, more sincerely felt as a privation than the separations of lady-friends usually are. When Lady Matilda was gone, Julia felt herself alone.

Mrs. Mont Clair was an affectionate mother, and perhaps an estimable—certainly an irreproachable woman. Still she was a woman of fashion and of the world, and had been too long so not to have had the susceptibility of her feelings hardened by collision with the multitude. Her daughter loved her, but did not quite place the confidence in her, to which a mother—a good mother I mean—is entitled, and the withholding of which is no little loss on both sides. I am not sure, that I make myself understood: my language on this subject may, to ears polite, seem aboriginal; the expression of ideas long since *fadés* and worn out. I shall be intelligible, I hope, in the statement of this simple fact, that Julia never imparted her dream to her mother.

But in expressing her reluctance to have Mr. Beaulieu introduced to her, Julia was less reserved than in disclosing her motives. On this subject she was earnest in her remonstrances—her persuasions.

“I do not wish, my love,” said Mrs. Mont Clair, “to compel your inclinations, though, perhaps, they are more in your own power than you imagine. But I surely cannot appear unreasonable in pressing you to see Mr. Beaulieu, to hear his representations. With your feelings I do not wish to intermeddle farther than with advice and sug-

gestions ; but in all those things, in which it is my province and duty to consider for you ; I mean, the rank, expectations, and general opinion in society of Mr. Beaulieu ; he is unexceptionable."

" I do not doubt it, my dear mamma ; but——" and Julia broke off and coloured, as she had before at the very same word a hundred times.

" Well, Julia, I would not distress you ; but if you can with happiness receive Mr. Beaulieu on the footing I have mentioned so often, it will give me great satisfaction. At all events you are quite free ; but do see him."

" Immediately, mamma ?"

" No—that is not absolutely required : you shall fix your own time."

" I wish then, *particularly* wish, that this meeting might be delayed till the thirteenth of the next month is past."

Mrs. Mont Clair fixed her piercing eyes on her daughter. " This is a strange request, Julia—so long a period ; and why that particular day ? Were you as some daughters, whom I have known, I should fear ; but *you* I do not suspect : you will not, I am sure, deceive me."

" Mamma, I will not. After the time I have mentioned, I am willing to receive Mr. Beaulieu's visit."

Time fled, and Julia counted his hours and his minutes—a weary occupation to the gay mind ; but worse, far worse, to the sorrowful. And Julia was sad and anxious ; full of fears, and hopes that took the semblance of fears.

The day which she had mentioned to her mother was that, on which her last dream had taught her to expect

the decision of her fate. As it approached, she grew more anxious and more fearful: she had wished for it fervently; but when it drew nigh she felt a not uncommon revulsion of mind, that almost induced her to wish it might be blotted out, and she escape the possible happiness or wretchedness it might bring. Two days only were to intervene: her agitation was at its height. One had passed, and her over-excited mind subsided into an unnatural quiet—almost apathy. The day itself came.

Though the change in her daughter's temperament did not escape the vigilant observation of Mrs. Mont Clair, she refrained from noticing it, and only strove by unobtrusive kindness to allay the inquietude, which she rightly judged inquiry would serve to irritate and increase.

But on this day Julia's indisposition was so great, that her mother begged her to retire to her room. At first she was unwilling, but bodily weakness compelled her to follow the advice. She had passed two sleepless nights, and now, a little after noon, she sank into a disturbed slumber, from which she was aroused by a voice in the house as of some new arrival.

She rang her bell. "Buxton," said she, as her woman entered, "what is all this confusion—have company arrived?"

"Yes, ma'am, a gentleman. I haven't heard his name. I'll inquire, and ——"

"Stay a moment. Let mamma know I wish to see her when at liberty."

This message was anticipated by Mrs. Mont Clair's knock at the room door, followed by her entrance.—

"Buxton, you may go."

"So," said Mrs. Mont Clair, with a smile, "you are

more of a schemer than I thought. Your secret is out now, it seems ; though I do think you have made an odd choice. I suppose this letter will convey no new intelligence to you ; however, you can read it."

It was from Mrs. Mont Clair's uncle, a rich old Indian, containing a brief proposition of alliance between a relation of his own, Mr. Frederick Barron, a gentleman of considerable property, and Miss Mont Clair. The letter had been brought by Mr. Frederick Barron in person, who for that purpose came express in a post-chaise and a storm.

Julia cast her eye over the letter, and trembled. Her mother endeavoured to inspirit her. "You have certainly made a prudent match, Julia ; though I should have thought Mr. Beaulieu the more eligible one, in all respects. But will you see him?"

"Not till to-morrow, mamma."

"Very well, we will be patient ; and to-morrow, my love, try to assume a rather less melancholy aspect, or the poor man will have reason to judge himself as unwelcome, as I should have expected him to be."

We shall not attempt to describe Julia's state of mind that night. In all probability we should make nothing of it ; and if we did, no one would thank us.

To-morrow came, and came also Mrs. Mont Clair into her daughter's room. First ensued inquiries after the invalid, and these were answered satisfactorily. "And now, Julia, do you know it is almost three o'clock?"

"Three o'clock!"

"Yes, and as the morning is going on, had you not better be introduced to Mr. Barron? He is all impatience,

I assure you. So call Buxton, and in two hours Mr. Barron and I will come to you in the library."

And two hours were all between Julia and her destiny! Hitherto all had corresponded with the indications of her dream; the time, the manner of his arrival, were all true to her vision. It must be he—the same in all things. The amiable, the accomplished youth, whose idea, wafted by some sylphite power to her sleeping mind, had conquered her heart.

Having dressed and swallowed a single cup of coffee, she betook herself to the library. As she expected, she found it empty. She sat down and struggled with her emotion. The door opened, and her mother entered, along with some one, upon whom she did not dare to look.

"Julia, my love, this is Mr. Barron—Mr. Barron, Miss Mont Clair."

Julia rose, but did not venture a glance. Her mother withdrew, and the lover, approaching her, spoke.

His mistress started as he did so. The voice of her lover *should* have been soft, and melancholy sweet: Mr. Barron's was harsh and grating. His language was, even to the ears of a mistress, one so prepossessed too, to say the best, commonplace. Her confusion grew less, and was succeeded by a feeling of disappointment. She raised her eyes, and beheld him.

He was five feet in height; a little handsomer than the Black Dwarf or the Veiled Prophet, but not much: more literally, his complexion was of a dry brown; his mouth wide; he had one eye.

Julia felt inclined to faint; then to ring the bell. She did neither, however, for unwillingness to give pain was

part of her nature ; and she compelled herself to listen, with sad civility, till the arrival of a pause in Mr. Barron's harangue. Then she got up, and excusing herself, said she should make her mother the depositary of her sentiments on the proposal, with which Mr. Barron had honoured her ; and wished him a good morning.

She retired hastily to her chamber, and, giving way to all her feelings, wept profusely. That a dream so loved as this should thus have deceived her, that her hopes should thus be blighted when seemingly bursting into flower, could not but occasion her pain. But when the first transport of disappointment and grief was over, she was herself surprised, to find how much lighter her heart and spirits were ; how much less was her pain than she would have anticipated, had the idea of such a chance been presented to her before it actually occurred.

Now this, though strange to her, was but very natural. Her loss was merely the loss of an imagined prospect of happiness, which she now saw never to have had existence. She half smiled at her own credulity ; and though the wound could not so suddenly heal, she felt a placidity, to which she had for some time been a stranger.

Her next step was to send to request her mother's company. " Well, my love," said the latter as she entered, " is every thing arranged ?"

" Quite, mamma ; and you may send for Mr. Beaulieu when you like : I am ready to see him."

" Why, Julia, how is this ? I did not suspect you of caprice. Mr. Barron, I thought, was your own choice."

" Mamma ! how could you ?"

" Nay, ask yourself, and the circumstances will answer

for me. But if you do not mean to encourage his addresses, what answer shall I give him?"

"Any thing, dear mamma; you know best: only let him know I cannot receive his attentions."

"You are quite decided?"

"Quite."

"Very well; I will undertake your commission."

The next morning Julia rose refreshed, and almost at ease. She looked through the window: all nature seemed happy and *riant*. She threw open the window, and inhaled the fresh breezes as they came laden with the fragrance of the garden and of distant hayfields.

The loveliness of the scene tempted her, though the breakfast hour had not yet approached, to dress and descend to the garden. She did so, and walked about with a pleasure the more delightful for its novelty. She wished but for Lady Matilda Vaux, to share the happy feeling that began to break in upon her mind.

She was stooping to pluck a hyacinth, when she heard the sound of a footstep, and, looking around, saw a gentleman cross the bottom of the walk. Unwilling to be seen, she threw her veil over her head, and crossed into another walk, in order to return to the house. Her intention was defeated; for instead of avoiding, she by this proceeding directly met the person she had seen, and who, unwilling to intrude, had himself changed the direction of his walk.

It was impossible not to pass him. He raised his hat as she approached; she acknowledged the act by a slight inclination of her head, and in so doing caught a glimpse of his features. She started and shrieked, and but for his

intervening arm would have fallen. It was the lover of her dream.

She speedily recovered, and would have passed on, but her feet refused their office. The stranger was conscious of her inability, and with some diffidence offered his arm, and to accompany her to the house.

"Oh no, no! I would not for the world my mother should see you!" exclaimed Julia, thrown off her guard by the surprise.

The stranger seemed puzzled by her words. "I have the happiness of addressing Miss Mont Clair?"

She motioned assent.

"You do not, of course, retain any remembrance of me; but —"

"Oh! yes, yes!" she exclaimed with emotion: "can I have forgotten already?" Julia spoke with her dream present to her remembrance. The stranger was bewildered, and felt relieved by the approach of Mrs. Mont Clair.

On seeing her mother, when yet at some distance, Julia sprung forward to meet her, and clasping her hands with earnestness, said, "Forgive me—I cannot now see Mr. Beaulieu."

"Julia, you alarm me. Not see him! How can this be, or what can it mean? But command yourself; you must be introduced to him." And drawing her daughter's arm within her own, she advanced towards the stranger. "Accident," she said, "seems already to have partially introduced you, Mr. Beaulieu, to my daughter."

"Mr. Beaulieu!" exclaimed Julia: "is *this* Mr. Beaulieu?"

"What is your name, N. or M.?" said Mrs. Mont Clair.

I hate an author whose microscopic pen leaves nothing to the imagination of his readers ; who greedily monopolizes all scenes, thoughts, and speeches. It is an odious egotism. So the rest of this scene, and indeed of my story, the reader may make out for herself or himself : I wish him or her much pleasure in the occupation.

Mrs. Clackfidget was absolutely worried when it was known, that Miss Mont Clair was to be married to Mr. Beaulieu, and that Lady Matilda was to be bride's-maid. All who on her authority had reported her story were taxed with their incorrectness, and revenged themselves in reproaches on her.

" I wonder," said Lady Matilda to her friend, " how you could think of marrying Mr. Beaulieu !"

" Matilda !"

" Yes : you know *he was a horrid child*, and, as you correctly supposed, not altered much now."

" Matilda, I beg—"

" *A fat overgrown booby—*"

" Nay, now, this is not kind !"

" *With great thick lips and staring eyes—*"

" I certainly think, Matilda—"

" *And his manners as disgusting as his person, you know.* Well, I will not be malicious !"

" Ah, but you are ! I was right in my dream, however. He came at the very day and hour, though I did not see him till afterwards."

" Oh certainly ! You remember Mr. Barron, of course ?"

" There is the second bell," answered Julia : " we must dress for dinner."

THE DRACHENFELS.

I.

FAREWELL, proud cliff! From Cologne's gothic door
 Slowly emerging o'er her boundless plain,
 Or bounded but by thee, my eyes once more
 To catch one parting glimpse of thee I strain:
 It may be long ere thou and I again
 Shall be acquainted. If there be a spell
 In fancy's store; if memory hold her reign,
 On thee, in all its power, that charm shall dwell,
 Lord of seven subject hills, high Drachenfels, farewell!

II.

Not that a mightier master of the rhyme,
 Wrapt by thy beauties, linger'd on his way,
 Struck but one chord, and to all future time
 Hallow'd those beauties with his passing lay.
 It is not that the Rhine's broad waters stray
 Beneath thy height to reach the distant sea;
 Nor many a wild tale of thy earlier day,
 How dear soe'er those olden tales to me;
 'Tis not for these I pour my parting strain to thee.

III.

But when my spirit, dull and stagnant now,
 Was buoyant as the stream which sweeps thy strand,
 In rapture gazing on thy giant brow,
 On yon opposing shore I took my stand;

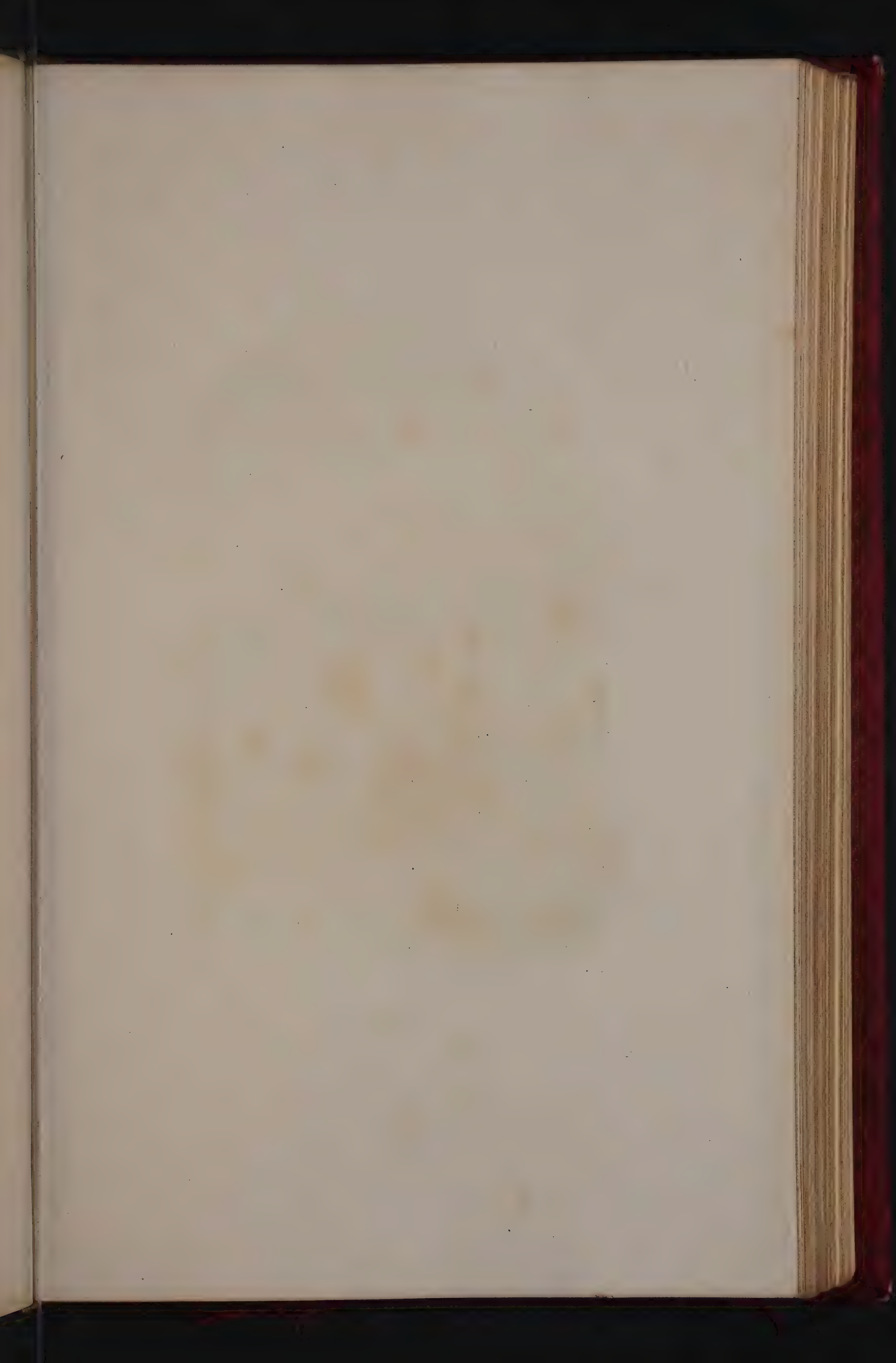
And there, with wavering line, and trembling hand,
First I essay'd fair Nature's forms to trace;
Thy fortress in its undisturb'd command,
The precipice, the mountain's sweeping grace,
The rock, the vine, the copse low feathering to thy base.

IV.

Improvement comes too slow, but change too fast;
My skill is what it was, but not as then
I gaze upon the wrecks of ages past,
The works of nature, or the haunts of men;
The mouldering gateway, or the mountain glen,
Were rapture to me. Such if now I prize,
'Tis that they were so. If I seize the pen,
To consecrate the feeling ere it dies,
'Tis Memory's power alone can bid that feeling rise.

V.

And would that Memory's power could do no more!
Would there were nought to mingle with and spoil
The embalmed sweets of recollection's store!
But suns which vivify the vernal soil,
Bid, too, the adder in his brake uncoil.
Unchanging Nature's charms make us compare
The brow deep furrow'd by the world's long toil
With her unwrinkled front—the hues of care
With her fresh glories—all we are, with all we were.





Painted by J. Cristall.

Engraved by Charles Heath.

THE PEASANT GIRL.

Pub^d by T. Hurst, & C^o S^t Paul's Churchyard, R. Jennings, 2, Poultry, and W. H. Ainsworth, 23, Old Bond Street.

Printed by M^o Queen.



THE PEASANT GIRL.

Aye beautiful, thou dark blue sky !
With thy white clouds wandering by,
Fill'd with those sweet showers, that take
Summer by surprise, and wake
Lovelier life in every flower
Drooping with noon's southern hour.

There are stately trees, whose shade,
On the pleasant green grass laid,
Makes a cool and lonely home,
Where the youthful bard might come
Dreaming dreams, the bright, the brief,
Flitting with each falling leaf.

On yon wild and distant heath,
Thousand buds have bloom and breath ;
Cowslips, with their golden chime,
Where the bee rings summer time ;
Violets, the deep, the blue,
Like the soft eyes wandering through
Shadowy lash, and drooping lid,
But too lovely to be hid ;
And that wilding rose so fair,
As those fleeting blushes are
Waken'd by some gentle tale
On a cheek which else were pale.
Singing its own sweet low song,
Runs yon rippling brook along ;

Like the far-off echo dying
Of some wind-lute's lonely sighing.

Well, fair Peasant Girl, dost thou,
With thy clear and open brow,
Thy fresh cheek, and happy eyes,
Suit the scene that round thee lies.
Well may those, whose forc'd content
Is in crowded cities pent,
Envy thine, and wish to be
Free on the free heath with thee.

Oh for birdlike wings to bear
To some lonely valley, where
I might dwell from all apart,
Brooding over mine own heart !
Bygone festivals should be
Fairy pageantry to me.
In the waving of the flowers,
In the light of starry hours,
I would see the lighted room,
With the young cheek's burning bloom ;
And the bright hair's sunny curls,
Or the darker bound with pearls ;
And the white and meteor hand
Gleaming in the saraband.
Then a falling leaf should break
My fair dream, and I would wake,
Musing over all I know
Of such vain and outward show :
Where the youngest lip is seal'd,
And the beating heart conceal'd ;
Where each word 's a meteor-ray,
Meant to mislead or to betray,

Oh ! farewell to scenes like these !
Hopes that lure, and truths that freeze !
Give me that wind's fragrant breath ;
Careless range o'er yonder heath ;
Short and dreamless slumber made,
Where yon hill-side casts its shade
Mid the small flowers blossoming,
Lull'd by music from the spring.
Why, oh why, may this not be ?
Peasant Girl ! I envy thee.

LOVE IN A MIST.

IN the village of Cripplesingleit lived Miss Bridget Sibthurdle, and Miss Dorothy Marchmyrtle. The villagers were apt to call them, when speaking of them, *Mrs.* ; but in retaining the prefix Miss I have the sanction of their own invariable custom, and surely they had a right to decide on their own appellation.

These two old maids had long been the stockfish of the village. They were a sort of landmarks, and were supposed by the juvenals of the place to be coeval with the market-cross. That this however was not the case appeareth from the register of the parish church of Garryminster, wherein is recorded the baptism of Bridget, daughter of Humphry and Bridget Sibthurdle, baptized, May 3, 1765 ; and of Dorothy, dau. of John and Sismunda Marchmyrtle, April 10, in the same year.

We can most truly and seriously assure our readers, that the sin of oldmaidenhood did not lie at the door of

either of these ladies. On the contrary, their efforts to divorce themselves from celibacy had been numberless. The learned professions had encountered the full display of their charms. Two successive vicars had obtained dispensations, and left to their curates the cure of souls. Two curates were married men. Two succeeding ones had resigned their situations. The Ollapods and Briefwits were besieged in vain. One by one the apothecaries evaporated, and the attorneys would not plead, though there was every chance of an "O yes" from the respondents.

Fate at length directed to the village Jonah Elderberry, Esquire, a younger son's younger son, who retired in his fifty-ninth year to Cripplesingleit, on a gold-headed cane, and a life annuity of one hundred and nineteen pounds, odd shillings, odd pence, the bequest of an old aunt, for whom Jonah had invented a tooth powder equally choice and cheap.

Jonah Elderberry, Esquire, was a little man and a great beau—(on his arrival in the vicinity of the two spinsters he was called the beau with two strings). He wore a little wig, very neat, and always appeared in a cinnamon-coloured coat and a faded apple-bloom complexion. He carried age well; he also carried, on damp days, a small silk umbrella with an ivory handle. He wore silk stockings with long clocks, and being inside of the clocks he was sometimes called Bell-hammer, which accounts for his striking harmony with the two spinsters. They heard of the name given him, and changed it to Bel-amour.

To Mr. Elderberry accordingly both ladies laid siege. They besieged him, in hopes that he would beseech

them, or one of them; but each flattered herself with the hope of being the lucky she, and of disappointing the other. This was a powerful by-motive, for they were bosom friends.

However, Mr. Elderberry's conduct was sufficiently ambiguous, not that he failed in paying the most decided attentions to either lady; on the contrary, he was equally assiduous to both, and here was the mischief. So equally did he divide himself, that he ran a chance of being cut dead, a catastrophe which was only prevented by the great scarcity of bachelors in the village. To recur once more to the simile of the clock (which is making the most of time), he was like a pendulum, so impartial were his vibrations between "the two parties."

At length, however, it appeared, that things were coming to a crisis.

Miss Dorothy Marchmyrtle had had certain supernatural indications, that *something was going to come*. For three several mornings the coffee grounds had given mysterious hints; bride-cake appeared in her dreams, and cradles bounced from the fire. The rind of an orange, thrown over her shoulder, arranged itself into a true love knot. That of a turnip, to be sure, had represented an H: and why might not Elderberry be spelt with that letter? and even if it were not the first letter of Elderberry, it was certainly the last of Jonah.

On the morning of the fourth day came a little flourish on the knocker, at the door of Miss Dorothy's dwelling; and a small single knock by way of peroration, a sort of miniature town knock, or London rap in a consumption.

The door opened, and Miss Marchmyrtle's handmaiden announced Mr. Elderberry. So "enter Jonah."

There was somewhat more of constraint in Miss Dorothy's manner than usual, as she motioned Mr. Elderberry to a chair; a degree of consciousness which looks very well at sixteen; but is perhaps reversed when the figures are reversed. This something, it has no name in the living tongue, was not however exclusively confined to the spinster. It seemed even still more to occupy and overwhelm the bachelor.

Several ahems.—Information given and received on that recondite subject, the state of the weather. Lapdog very well?—Lapdog not very well, sick of a surfeit, occasioned by eating too many stewed oysters, poor dear thing.—Friend Miss Sibthurdle well?—Miss Sibthurdle quite well.—

So passed half an hour. At the expiration of this period the conversation, after a sort of Rubicon-like pause, was renewed. A new key was touched, and a mystery unlocked.

"I have ventured to wait on Miss Marchmyrtle in consequence of—of—" a period or full stop.

"No need of assigning any cause. Mr. Elderberry's visits always acceptable!"

"Very good—very kind—very kind indeed. But the occasion of my present visit is one of so peculiar a nature, one in which my happiness is so materially a subject, that my dear Miss Marchmyrtle must excuse any want of connexion in the detail of what it is impossible, perhaps, explicitly to detail."

"I believe, I think, I imagine, I understand, your meaning, sir. Beg you will compose yourself."

"Then, madam, this—this—the attachment of which I would speak, you are acquainted with?"

"I confess, Mr. Elderberry, to show you the frankness, with which I mean—with which it is my wish to speak, *I own I have* suspected it. Be quiet, Cupid."

The last words were spoken to the lapdog, and not to Mr. Elderberry.

"And may I then venture—may I dare to hope—that this too, too tender penchant of my heart for one of the most deserving of her sex merits Miss Marchmyrtle's approbation? If so, my happiness will be complete."

"Sir, I protest, I am not prepared. Cupid, I say, how you tease me! I am not at this moment capable, my agitation is such; pardon me, sir."

"How kind," said Mr. Elderberry, "how compassionate! Yet, forgive me, if I cannot leave this place without knowing the sentiments of one whose judgment is so paramount."

The maiden sighed, sidled, bridled, looked amiable, said; "Sir, if I must answer—if you will take advantage of my agitation, I do own, your merit requires it. Your proposal has my concurrence."

"I am the happiest of men," exclaimed the lover. "Your approbation only was wanting to perfect my felicity; without that, I could not have ventured to complete the union, dear as it is to my heart."

"Of course not!" said the lady, whom this singular truism rather amazed.

"Forgive me, madam, if now I leave you—you know a lover's feelings, and I must hasten to expedite matters." And the gentleman vanished, leaving Miss Dorothy astonished, that he should be in such haste to procure the license before the day was fixed.

An hour had not elapsed when Miss Bridget Sib-

thurdle was announced. She was introduced to her friend's dressing-room.

"My dear Dorothy, who do you think has just left me? Ah! I see you guess! But of course you must, he told me he had just left you."

"If you mean Mr. Elderberry, my dear friend, certainly it is not long since he was here."

"Yes, I know he has opened all to you; he told me he had."

"Indeed! He was in a vast hurry to impart his tidings. Yet he seems so happy one cannot but pardon him."

"Well, but my love, you know I have a favour to beg, which I am sure you will not refuse; our friendship will ensure its being granted."

"I think I guess," replied Miss Dorothy; "well but speak, my dear."

"Why you know there must be a bride's maid on this occasion."

"Precisely what I was thinking of."

"Now I should be very happy, my dear Marchmyrtle——"

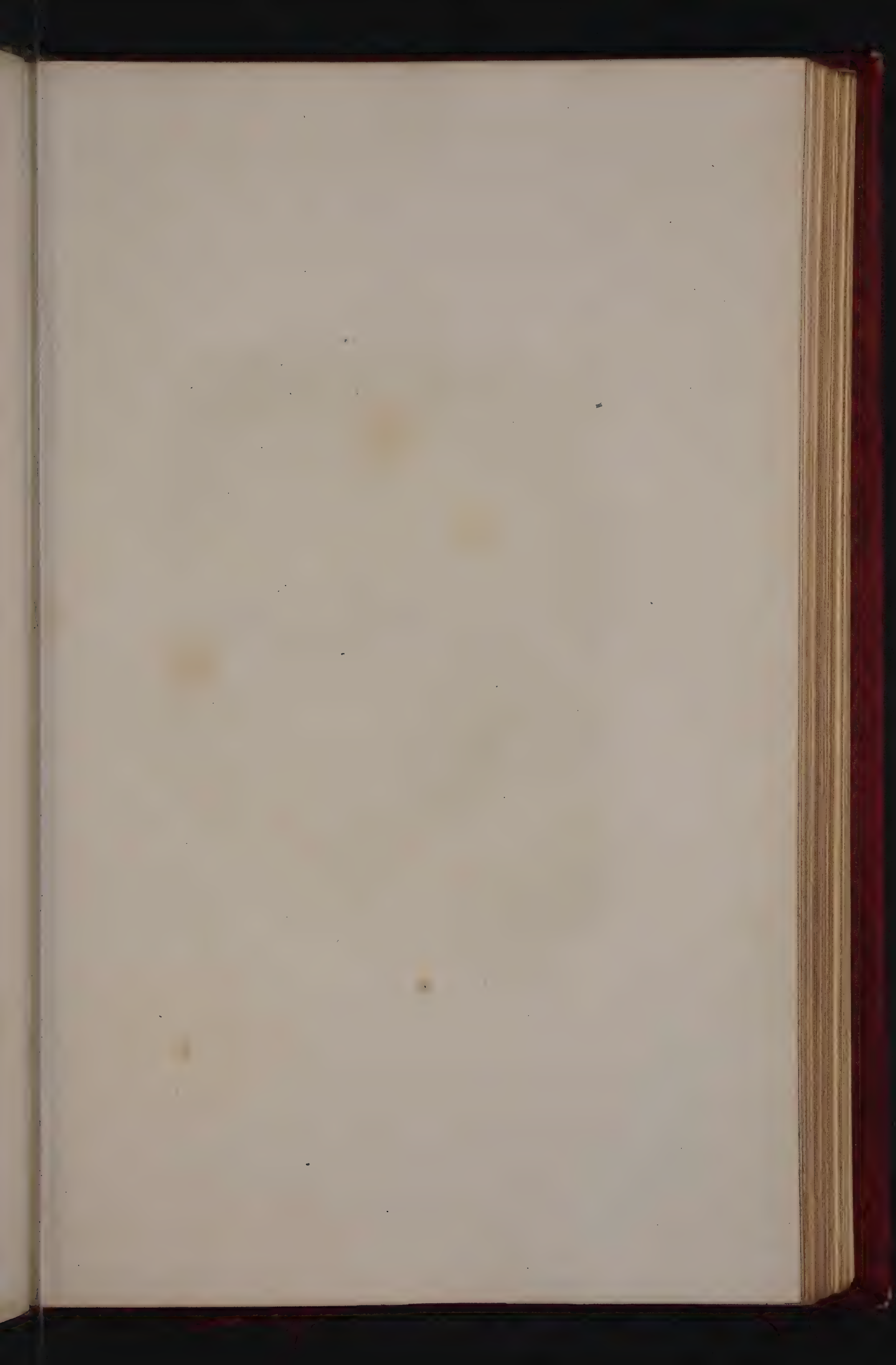
"Ah! I understand you; yes, my dear friend, you certainly in preference to every other shall be my bride's maid."

"*Your* bride's maid! Miss Marchmyrtle!"

"Certainly, I promise it you."

"Oh! that is when *you* are married: yes, then, certainly, you shall return me the compliment!"

"*When I* am married! My dear Bridget, you are bewildered. Did not you just ask to accompany me as my bride's maid?"





Painted by R. A. Smirke, R.A.

Engraved by William Foulton.

THE RIVALS.
OR LOVE IN A MIST.

Published by Hurst & Co. St. Pauls Churchyard, & R. Jennings, 2 Poultry.

Printed by



"When! where! what *do* you mean?" cried the bewildered Bridget.

"Madam, this is no jesting matter, I assure you, I look on your conduct as unfriendly."

"Miss Marchmyrtle, your conversation is unintelligible—is strange—unaccountable. In a word, do you wish to appear as my friend on my approaching union with Mr. Elderberry, or not?"

"*Your* union, ma'am!"

"Yes, ma'am! Mr. Elderberry has, as you know, this morning made proposals——"

"Yes, to me," interrupted Miss Marchmyrtle. Did not you this moment say he had told you of it?"

"His affection for me, he certainly told me he had, though without consulting me, informed you of; a liberty which I overlooked in him at the time. Had he known, that I was to be thus insulted, he would have placed his confidence elsewhere."

"Woman! it is false!" exclaimed Miss Marchmyrtle, unable to suppress the torrent of her rage.

"*You!* marry *you!*" retorted the other, "you old—you ugly wretch!"

"Come along! this instant, come along!" screamed Dorothy, and seizing her quondam friend by the arm, she dragged her away. The chair in which Miss Bridget had arrived was at the door, into it they both got; they were not very corpulent, and the vehicle was of easy dimensions.

"To Mr. Elderberry's!" and to Mr. Elderberry's they were carried.

The honour of this visit not a little surprised the

gentleman in question, who was arranging a quantity of white kid gloves, with which his table was covered.

"Mr. Elderberry, you did me the honour of a visit this morning," said Miss Marchmyrtle, smoothing down her features as much as in her lay.

"I had certainly that felicity, and never, madam, did a visit at your dwelling confer more pleasure."

"You spoke, sir, of—of—an intended—a desired,—on your part, I say,—desired union."

"Desired, ma'am; I trust, nay, I know, on both sides."

"*Indeed*, sir!" with a toss: "may I inquire, for the satisfaction of my friend and myself, the present name of the future Mrs. Elderberry?"

"Are you not acquainted with it!" exclaimed the astonished bachelor. "I understood as much this morning, when I waited to gain your approval of the intended event; that is, of my marriage with my beloved Mary Murray."

"Mary Murray! vile deceiver," exclaimed Miss Sibthurdle.

"Mary Murray! you basest of men," cried Miss Marchmyrtle.

"Oh, Dorothy! oh, Bridget! deceived, betrayed, undone!" wept, sobbed, and said both ladies in concert.

"Mr. Elderberry, did you not this morning ask me, if I were acquainted with your attachment?"

"To Mary, I did: I went to acquaint you, and afterwards Miss Sibthurdle, with the circumstance; by each I was told, that you were already acquainted with it."

The ladies were dumbfounded. The question of ap-

probation they had construed as a question of acceptance. Their hopes were ruined, and the bachelor lost.

They departed—were reconciled, and joined in hatred to the new couple. They went home, Miss Sibthurdle to fondle her cat; Miss Marchmyrtle to vent her spleen upon Cupid.

SADAK THE WANDERER.

A FRAGMENT.

* * * * *

HE through storm and cloud has gone,
To the mountain's topmost stone;
He has climb'd, to tear the food
From the eagle's screaming brood;
By the turbid jungle tide,
For his meal the wolf has died;
He has brav'd the tiger's lair,
In his bleeding prey to share.
Hark! the wounded panther's yell,
Flying from the torn gazelle!
By the food, wild, weary, wan,
Stands a thing that once was man!

Look upon that wither'd brow,
See the glance that burns below!
See the lank and scatter'd hair!
See the limb, swart, wither'd, bare!
See the feet, that leave their mark
On the soil in bloodstains dark!
Who thus o'er the world doth roam,
With the desert for his home?

Hath he wander'd with the brand
Of the robber in his hand?
Hath his soul been steep'd in crime
That hath smote him in his prime?
Stainless as the newborn child,
Strays this wanderer through the wild;
Day by day, and year by year,
Must the pilgrim wander there;
Through the mountain's rocky pile,
Through the ocean, through the isle,
Through the sunshine, through the snow,
Still in weariness, and wo;
Pacing still the world's huge round,
Till the mystic Fount is found,
Till the waters of the Spring
Round the roofs their splendours fling,
Round the pearl-embroider'd path,
Where the tyrant, Amurath,
Leaves the haram for the throne:—
Then shall all his wo be done.

Onward, Sadak, to thy prize!
But what night has hid the skies?
Like a dying star the sun
Struggles on through cloud-wreaths dun;
From yon mountain's shelter'd brow
Bursts the lava's burning flow:
Warrior! wilt thou dare the tomb
In the red volcano's womb!

In he plunges: spire on spire
Round him shoots the living fire;

Rivers round his footstep pour,
Where the wave is molten ore ;
Like the metal in the mould
Springs the cataract of gold ;
O'er the warrior's scorching head
Sweeps the arch of burning lead ;
O'er the warrior's dazzled glance
Eddying flames of silver dance ;
By a thousand fountains fed
Roars the iron torrent red ;
Still, beneath a mighty hand,
Treads he o'er the fiery land.
O'er his head thy purple wing,
Angel spirit of the Spring !
Through the flood, and through the field,
Long has been the warrior's shield.

Never fell the shepherd's tread
Softer on the blossom'd mead,
Than, thou man of anguish ! thine,
Guided through this burning mine.

Hanging now upon the ledge,
That the precipice doth edge ;
Warrior ! take the fearful leap,
Though 't were as the ocean deep :
Through the realm of death and night
Shall that pinion scatter light,
Till the Fount before thee lies.
Onward, warrior, to the prize !
Till thy woes are all repaid :
Thine, all thine, young Kalasrade !

THE END OF THE YEAR.

I.

HARK! the winter wind is singing,
 And the spirit of the year
 Snowy flowers white is flinging
 Gently far and near
 (Such as lie on a maiden dead)
 On the hoar December's head.

II.

Yet another winter day,
 And the snowy flower is flown:
 Yet another morning gray,
 And the year is gone!
 Gone, where all have gone before,
 To the sea without a shore.

III.

Time—that endless, endless river,
 Floweth still through joy and bale,
 Leaving all that liv'd for ever—
 All the seasons pale,
 Deed, and thought, and purpose high,
 Where Oblivion's people lie.

IV.

Kings, who dwelt in clouded power,
 Conquerors, crown'd with murder'd foes,
 Wits and sages of an hour;
 Even Beauty's rose
 Faded is, and lost at last;
 Gone where all the world hath pass'd!

LOVE'S MEMORIES.

"There's rosemary, that's for remembrance; pray you, love, remember: and there's pansies, that's for thought."

SHAKSPEARE.

No—we may strive to deceive ourselves as much as we please—we may endeavour to harden our hearts into profligacy, and pamper our senses into vice—but one touch of true Nature shivers the delusion into atoms in an instant; one flash of passionate recollection makes the soul writhe under its influence, and floods the eyes with gushing tears, from a spring which, do we what we may, will never become dry.

First love?—No. None but romantic boys and maudlin misses ever talk of such frippery. With a woman, it may perhaps be something; but what *man* ever had the fate of all his feelings strangled by his first love? Scarcely a man, indeed, can lay his finger upon what actually was his first love. He was in love at fifteen—at twelve—at ten—at eight: which merits the name of his first love? He has been in love with his sister's playfellow, and his schoolmaster's daughter, and his washerwoman's niece: were any of these his first love? Is it the precocious gallantry of the urchin in his mother's drawing-room; or the novel-reading, rhyming sentiment of the boy at his first school; or the dawning effect of physical development; that is to be called by that title, which is supposed to denominate all that is fervent, and fresh, and passionate, and pure—first love? It is sheer nonsense to

talk of it; and where it is not nonsense it is something worse. No, it is not the first love, but *the* love—the great passion of our existence—the *one* chapter of our heart's history—the date to which we refer every thing, from which we count every thing—which is never absent from our mind, and yet which we shrink from contemplating—it is *this*, which truly *is* what first love is vainly fabled—it is this, from which now we strive madly to escape, to which now we revert with enthralling fondness—it is this, which has burnt in upon our heart its brand, and which, be it for good or be it for evil, never can be effaced.

It is folly to say, we never can love but once; the *truth* is, we never can love but once *thus*. Like the rod of Aaron, it swallows all minor attachments; but they have existed nevertheless. And afterwards? Alas! we may rush into the thick of the world; we may seek women, and excite our senses, and inflame our imaginations, till we almost think we love again; but there *are* moments, when we are alone, when the thoughts of other days are revived by something which strikes upon the eye or the ear, by something we stumble upon in a book, or by the unaided and spontaneous act of memory itself, when we find how poor, how vapid, how false are all the factitious feelings we have been fostering within us: the sudden pang shoots across the breast; the choking sensation fixes on the throat; the *ache* which precedes tears is felt behind our eyes, and we grind our teeth in agony, as we “lift up our voice and weep aloud.”

Oh! it is at such moments, that we feel the vanity, the folly, the wickedness of the excitements, we seek, at ordinary times, so ardently! What is the feverish heat

produced by these mental dreams, in comparison with the fine, generous glow of early passion? what are these exotics, forced in the hotbed of society, when thus brought into contrast with the fresh and fragrant flowers of unassisted nature? We feel their worthlessness, their nothingness. Our hearts, for the time, are made purer by their suffering; for the time we are better men. Alas! can many say that the effect is lasting? The first sting of recollection passes away. We exclaim, "This is folly!" We dash the tears from our eyes, and we rush into the Charybdis of excitation and vice, to shun the Scylla of accusing conscience.

Bitter, bitter indeed, are such hours, when they recur. Yet who would resign the memory of that passion? who would resign that heart-throb, though it shakes the whole frame to agony? When a man lulls finally to rest, if any man ever *can* do so, the feelings springing from that love, he becomes at once callous, jaundiced—not misanthropic, but worse—indifferent to all mankind, inaccessible to all emotions. This is not the calm of peacefulness; it is the cold, frozen, stonelike sullenness of indifference. If the absence of sympathy, the want of fellow-feeling, as regards the participation of others in our sensations, be a curse the most dreadful that can be inflicted upon humanity—that absence, that want, as regards our participation in the sensations of others, are (if I may be allowed the expression) more dreadful still. For they are certain, and speedily, to produce the first; and they possess all their own gloomy, impassive, self-concentration besides. No! "give me the pleasure with the pain!" Rather would I have the keen heart-ache, and the flash of anguish, which such recollections shoot

across the soul, than that such recollections should exist, and yet leave me without any emotion.

And there are few persons, in whom, after the first flush of youth is passed, some remembrance of this kind does not exist; differing, indeed, vastly, in point of intensity, as the countless varieties of circumstance and disposition may occasion: but still there is some one great chord, which, when touched, overpowers all other tones of feeling; some master-tint, whose hue is ever outbreaking through the whole picture of life. I have often thought, when in society, if I were furnished with a talisman by which to strike upon this chord, to call into view this colour in every bosom, what an infinite variety of human passion would be displayed! what a strong contrast, in many instances, between the outer husk and the kernel within! And, indeed, any one, whose eye has been alive, and perception keen, to the characteristics which occasionally break through the unity of even the smoothest demeanour, must have seen the flash of intense recollection called forth by circumstances, trivial perhaps in themselves, but sufficiently indicative of the nature of the feeling, to which they give rise. We see the calm, cold eye flash with burning light; we see the countenance, on which an habitual sneer has fixed itself, mantle, for a moment, with an expression of the softest tenderness; we see a deep shade cover the brightest countenance with gloom: the master-chord has been stricken—the one great feeling has been touched!

In all seasons, at all hours, under almost every possible variety of place and circumstance, have I felt my heart thus recoil upon itself, and the still, but not small, voice of memory sound solemnly in my ears. At sea, in the

deep moonlight; in the hushed watches of the night, when the rippling and gurgling of the gentle waves seem to add to, rather than to break, the stillness of the scene; when the tall masts, relieved against the blue sky, increase, under that doubtful light, in apparent vastness, till the shadow of their sails almost strikes with awe upon the sense; at such times as these the past rises upon my mind—

“ The thoughts of other days are rushing on me,
The lov'd, the lost, the distant, and the dead,
Are with me then—”

and my soul communes with them, but in sadness and in pain. Again: in lighted halls, where music peals and perfumes load the air; where beauty congregates in her joy and pride, and bright eyes flash, and white bosoms heave, and jewels glance through the tresses of braided hair, and fair forms move in grace through the dance, and young hearts quiver at the words which loved lips breathe softly into the ear; I have stood in a secluded nook, and gazed upon the scene before me, till my heart has swelled almost to choking, as I have thought upon days when I mingled in such groups with one whose surpassing loveliness would have engrossed the whole soul, were it not that the gifts of her mind threw even that into the shade, while *they* again were forgotten in the nobleness, the ardour, the generosity, and, above all, the tenderness of her unequalled heart. Memory, for a moment, has been almost able to make lost things real; I have felt her cling to my arms, and grow unto my side, as of yore; and her dear voice has sunk like balm upon my ear, and lapt my spirit in Elysium. It is in this—oh! it is in

this—that the force of imagination is indeed great; the tones of the voice of one we have loved, and who has loved us, live deep in the well of the heart, and can be drawn forth at will. Even her personal aspect is less subject to this power. Many, indeed, do not possess the faculty usually designated “the mind’s eye;” and in my own instance, although generally strong and vivid, it fails me with regard to those whom I have loved the most, and with every line, shade, and variation of whose countenance I have been the most intensely familiar. The very strength of my desire to call up their image interposes, as it were, a mist, if not of obscurity, at least of indistinctness, between me and those dear lineaments; and I strain my mental vision till the very mind aches, but in vain! But the voice of one who has been dear to us, which has given to us the deepest joy which the human heart can ever taste, the knowledge that we are beloved, this, at least, our memory can give to us again, the material sense feasts upon the unreal creations of the soul! Yes! I can hear it now, the soft breathing of that sound, which was dearer to me than all this earth has given! which alike lulled my wild passions to rest, and excited them beyond my mastery, and repaid me tenfold for all they caused me to suffer! Yes! I have, at times, almost deceived myself; as in the dreams of sleep my outward senses have been locked, and my fancy has supplied their place. There is one song, one swell of music, with its corresponding line of verse, which cheats mine ear even now; and, clothing itself in that voice, which I first heard give it breath, recalls into present and vivid existence that, which, excepting thus, I never shall hear more! But then, the waking from such dreams—the

passing away of that enthralling delusion—the reappearance of the dreary present!—Alas! we then know what it is to feel DESPAIR!

Despair? Yes!—is not grief without hope—is not regret for that which never can be restored—is not sorrow for what is *irrevocable*—are not these despair? “You shall listen to that voice, you shall behold that form, no more!” Is not this mandate in itself despair? A writer more skilled, perhaps, than any other in the anatomy of passion and sorrow*, has somewhere said, that in our language these two words, *No more!* possess, in their very intonation, a greater power of mournfulness and gloom, than any other expression that was known to her. And so, indeed, it is. The sense and the sound mutually accord with, and react upon, each other; they form the knell of expiring hope, the befitting voice of despair.

Away! Freezing sadness shall not thus creep upon my heart and benumb its energies, as actual frost does those of the physical frame. I shake my senses free from its icy influence, and rush into the gaudy sunshine of the world.

WINE? None but the brute deserving the metamorphosis, and fit for the sty of Circe, can seek refuge in wine, or find it. If he have a mind, if he possess feelings, these he can never drown. He may steep his senses in a filthy forgetfulness; he may shatter his nerves and destroy his health by the gross poisons of debauchery; but his memory he can never annul, he will only debase it; his soul—but no man, whose soul merited the name, ever wallowed in a mire like this.

* Madame de Staël.

True. But it was not of wine as a mere animal stimulant that I spoke. I used it as the type, *pars pro toto*, of society animated by the flow of convivial intercourse; I spoke of its use, not abuse; as giving warmer circulation to the blood, and thence to the wit; as cheering the gloomy, not inebriating the cheerful; in short, as indicating those *symposia* in which our greatest and our gravest, our most brilliant, our most gifted, and our best, have loved to congregate. Well then, I seek this feast of reason and flow of soul. I admire the apophthegms of the wise, and laugh at the jests of the witty: the mind is brightened by the excitation of the body; and, under their conjoined influence, the hours, I confess, dance along on feathered feet, and on a path of showy flowers. But is there any thing in all this that can touch the feelings or satisfy the heart? To the otherwise happy, such enjoyment is probably unclouded and unalloyed; but will it fill the void of an aching bosom, or restore the youth and freshness of a shattered spirit? Alas, no!

“ Though wit may flash from fluent lips, and mirth distract the breast,
Through midnight hours that yield no more their former hope of rest;
'Tis but as ivy-leaves around the ruin'd turret wreath,
All green and wildly fresh without, but worn and gray beneath*.”

And when the circle is dispersed, when I return home, and, entering my solitary room, my mind recoils upon itself, is not the sigh, which heavily struggles from my lips, a silent confession, that this is all vanity; that the excitements of society (and for the moment I admit they are strong) exist only during their actual application,

* Byron.

and, passing away, leave, like a lamp that is extinguished, the gloom as unbroken as before?

LOVE? Can I seek, by rousing the heart again, to make it forget the storms which have formerly passed over it? Can I hope that it can ever feel what it has felt, or be what it has been? The glow of the ardour of passion; the soft, delicious thrill of tenderness; the engrossing devotion of every word, action, feeling, thought, to *one* object; can I know these again? No! not as I *have* known them—*that* is impossible. But the charms of woman's society—the enjoyment of gazing on female loveliness—of listening to the female voice—the interest of associating with a fascinating object—the gratifications, if not of the heart, at least of a very dear vanity, in becoming the object of the gradually increasing attachment of a beautiful and gifted being—these, and they are much, you say I may still enjoy.

Ay! may I so? and at whose expense would it be? What right have I, to dress up the withered mummy of the heart in the colours and semblance of life, and warmth, and freshness, and barter it for one possessing them all? Is it fair dealing, to pass the echo of the voice of dead affection, for the real, burning, winged words, which passion sends instant to the lips from the heart's mintage? to represent that as living water, which I know to be only the *mirage* of a deceitful desert? Is it, to drop all figure, allowable or just, to tamper with the feelings of a young and sensitive creature; to excite attachment we never can repay, and call into life the affections the most exquisitely blissful to the human soul, only to render them productive of pain unalterable? No one, looking at the matter thus, could be so cruel: and yet how many

are there, who, unwittingly, and drawn on by imperceptible degrees, are so in fact! Can this be? Ay, it is quite simple, and of daily occurrence. We are thrown by the circumstances of society into intercourse with a lovely woman; to gaze on female beauty, though no more, though we may have never interchanged words with its possessor, and be totally unknown to her, and likely, nay certain, to remain so; still to gaze on beauty is in itself a delight, which the soul thirsts for, and which none but the soul, that has at some time adored a beautiful woman, can fully enjoy. Well then, this beauty first attracts us: but we find, that the attraction does not end here; there are fine qualities of mind given by nature, and resulting from acquirement: we delight to draw them forth—we express our sense of their charm and value; and praise, though it may not be flattery, works the same effect; like the wild honey of ancient story, it is sweet to the taste, but it conceals an intoxicating poison beneath. The intercourse becomes more frequent; and next, as between persons of opposite sexes must happen, topics of the heart arise, we know not how. Truly did he speak who first said, that “talking of love is making it.” Abstract propositions gain personal application; conversely to the circles created by a stone flung into water, the wide discussions gradually converge into the one point of individual avowal. But the difference between the parties is extreme. She in every step is true, single, and sincere. She abandons herself to the course of her heart’s current, unknowing equally the perils and termination of the voyage: he knows them all full well. He equally, indeed, is led by the force of circumstance from one gradation to another;

but, for the excitement and gratification of the moment, he wilfully shuts his eyes upon the iniquity; while his reflection, if he would hearken to it, would show him that he is guilty—guilty of blighting the bloom of a fond and trusting heart.

And does he derive from it that relief, which he has fled to the world to seek? Alas, no! his feelings, it is true, are for the time gently stirred—his eagerness is, in some degree, kindled in the pursuit (for the desire of success, and the dread of contempt from failure, enter largely into his actuating, if not his avowed, motives); the higher and better qualities of his self-love are gratified as well as those of more immediate vanity (for who can be loved by a superior woman, and not have his best energies called into action?); and above all, his mind is occupied—it has an object. But in the moments of revulsion, which I have stated to be the true touchstone of all such vamped-up feelings as those I have detailed above, what are his sensations? Again he feels, that to him all is vanity—nay more, for his conscience upbraids him for even this inconstancy, and accuses him of having involved yet another in the miseries of misplaced love.

And what are, meanwhile, the phases of her feelings? Upon the full trusting fondness of a woman's affection comes first the startling doubt, driven back with mingled scorn and dread, but again and again recurring with increased force, till, after suspense, which gnaws into the heart, it settles down into the sick certainty of despair. And then her cheeks grow thin, and her lips pale, and the light of an ardent spirit fades from her eyes. The strength of her young affection is broken for ever: she loves one, and in cold resignation she marries

another; and she looks on the present without joy, on the future without hope, on the past with anguish.

Still there is AMBITION. Ay, this indeed, if aught can, is calculated to give invigorating heat to a wasted heart; this, like the sound of a trumpet, stirs the male soul:—it cannot be heard without emotion; emotion that scarcely can be felt without bearing fruit in action. Well then, we rush into the stirring collisions of active life: we study, perhaps, deeply, to fit us for the race; but, in those moments, when the mind sickens under its own exertions, and the intoxicating stimulus of hope fades for the nonce, and the reaction following all stimulus supervenes,—who is there to soothe us with her affection—to cheer us with the ardour of her wishes—to retune the jarred chords of our hearts with the noble spirit of woman's love? And supposing us to be fairly embarked in our career—to be struggling for preëminence in the path we have chosen, we have no one to whom to revert from the fierce and turbid contests of the world; no one to share in our hopes, fears, desires; to give us (the first want of humanity) sympathy and fellow-feeling. To the widowed heart HOME is no magic word. It is not, as to others, the soft green, for the sight to turn to from the harsh glare of the world. To those whose home is happy it is, what the earth was to Antæus, a restorer of the strength exhausted in the conflicts of society. But those who fly to ambition as a means, not as an end, know not these blessings. To the spirit which still rankles with early wounds home is solitary and sad. It shuns repose so accompanied, and rushes again to the vortex, in which its lot is thus for ever cast.

I will suppose, even, that the hopes of ambition are

crowned with the fullest accomplishment. Fame, wealth, rank, honours—all have been sought, all have been won! Alas! where is she who should have shared them? Where is she whose smile of joy at our triumph would have been far more sweet than the triumph itself? whose gratified pride in our success would have been the highest pride with which the heart of man can swell? Again that spirit, outwardly so prosperous, exclaims, in the secrecy of its own communings—all, even this, is vanity! Again it feels, that there is *nothing* which can fill the place of engrossing love within the human soul.

Yes! it is this, which, as it is happy or unfortunate, gives the colour to our life. And easier would it be to wash the hue from the Ethiop's skin, than that complexion, be it brilliant, be it gloomy, from our hearts. It is the prevailing thread running through the whole woof of our existence; at every turn it reappears, and we carry it with us to the last. Some temperaments I believe there are, to which all this is unknown: their possessors will regard what I have said as the follies of a romantic mind, or the exaggerations of an inflamed one. But those whose blood runs through their veins with the warmth of humanity, not stagnating with the torpor of a reptile—those who do not affect to be too cold

— or good
For human nature's daily food,

will own, that, whether it come earlier or later; whether its issues tend to happiness or to misery; still the great affection of our life *does* give the tone to its whole future

tenour ; it becomes part of ourselves, and, come what may, so does it remain.

Time may soften its influence, and render its recurrence upon the mind less frequent ; but there are moments, when it *will* be heard ; there are seasons, when, like the mighty dream, it breaks down all the dikes and dams, that worldly intercourse has raised to keep it out ; and it rushes at once into its ancient channel. The days of our early feelings do not indeed rise upon us unbroken and entire : we look through the mist of years, and it is only their more saliant and towering parts, that the eye of memory can reach. These are the landmarks of our way through life ; they never sink beneath the horizon. And it is very much from this cause, that such recollections are always of an agitating nature. It is to those circumstances of delight and of pain, which have moved us the most strongly, that we look. The gentler feelings, which have existed during the course of our attachment, are now lost to view ; or, at the most, are blended into one indistinct and shadowy mass. But the higher and fiercer emotions, those of depth and intensity, remain. Every accident of time, place, and circumstance, which relates to *them*, is garnered in the heart, or rather has nestled there of itself. How minutely, how vividly, do some passages of our existence, buried, as they are, beneath a heap of past years, dwell in our minds ! They seem recent as yesterday ; every whispered word, every tone, look, and gesture, are remembered with an accuracy, which is startlingly contrasted with the fading of more ordinary occurrences. Distance vanishes—time is as nothing—these things re-

main fresh and real as at the first moment—alas! it rives the heart, when the truth recurs, that they are only memory's illusion!

Who is there that has forgotten, who ever can forget, the first avowal of mutual passion between him and the woman of his chosen love? The place, the hour, every accessory circumstance, are they not before him now? The look of fond abandonment, at last unchecked; the tone of fondness no longer dissembled: do we not see those eyes beam, do we not hear that dear, dear voice, as it spoke to us modulated in the key of enthralling love? Does not our memory almost cheat our senses, and give to us its own creations as realities? Alas! 'tis but for a time! we start from that trance of sweet thought, and the desolate truth strikes upon our heart in agony! We turn to embrace a form of living warmth and beauty; and, like Ixion, we find it but a cloud. Oh! who would not give years of life for that image of the mind to be realized for one moment! who would not forfeit *all* for the joys of that hour to recur! No! we cannot restore it—we cannot replace it. Imagination has no force to make aught resemble it. Like the passage of Time itself, once gone, it is gone for ever!—

TO THE ROSE.

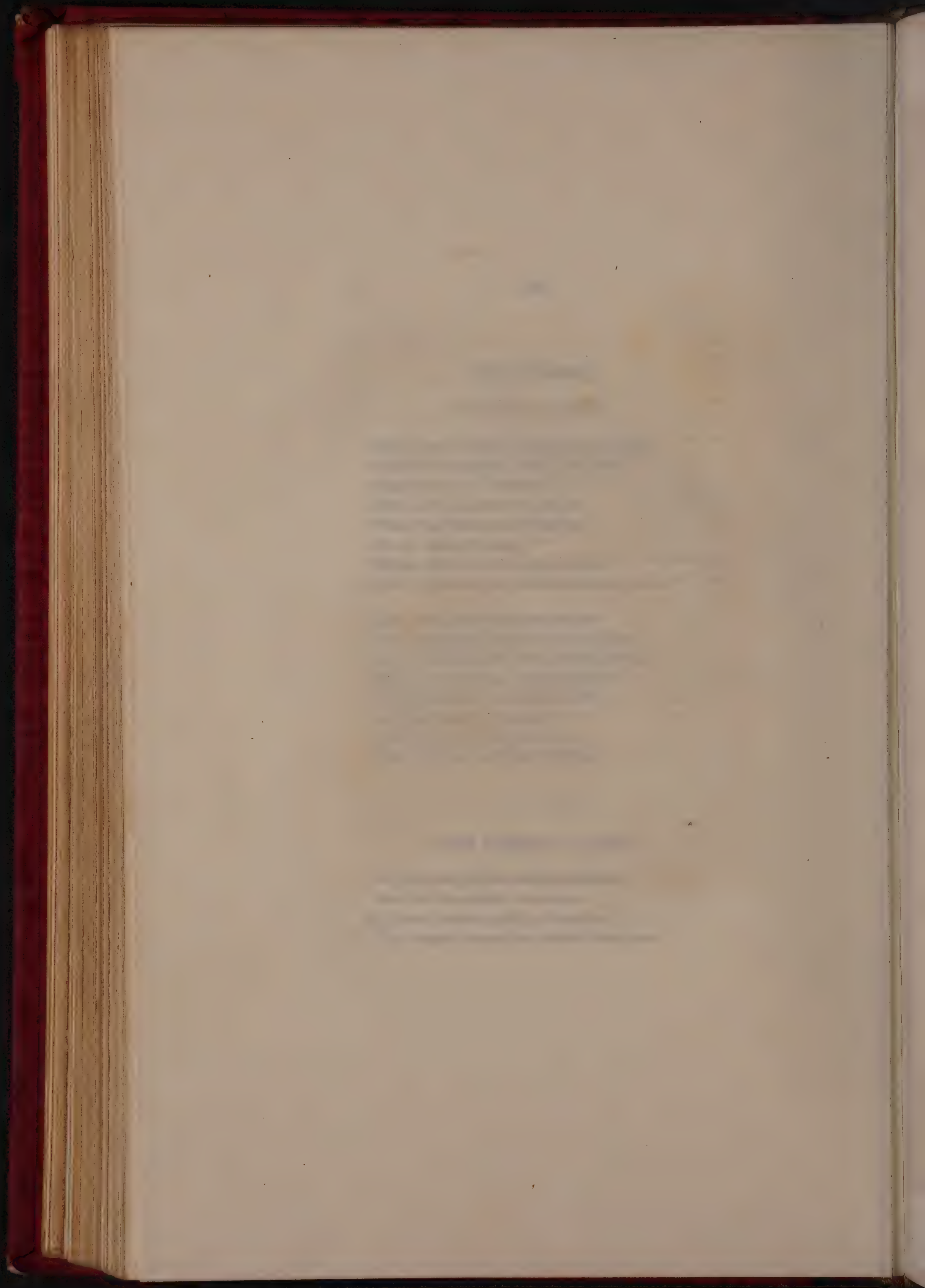
FROM THE GERMAN.

ROSE, how art thou charming and mild,
Sweet in the garden, fair in the wild !
Graceful type of Innocence,
Meek in thy modest confidence,
Thou, that shalt an offering be
To my soul's divinity,
Hiding thy wo with a gentle guile,
From amidst thy thorns dost sweetly smile.

Rose, thou gott'st thy radiant hue
From drinking the sunset falling dew !
Joy of the mead and the garden's pride,
Many a bosom thou deck'st beside !
Wafting still thy odorous breath
As thou fadest into death !
Loveliest of the things we see,
Rose, I'll live and die with thee !

THE PERSIAN LOVERS.

THE Sun was in his western chamber
Sunk on his cloudy ottomans,
All tissued scarlet, gold, and amber ;
The breezes round him waved their fans.





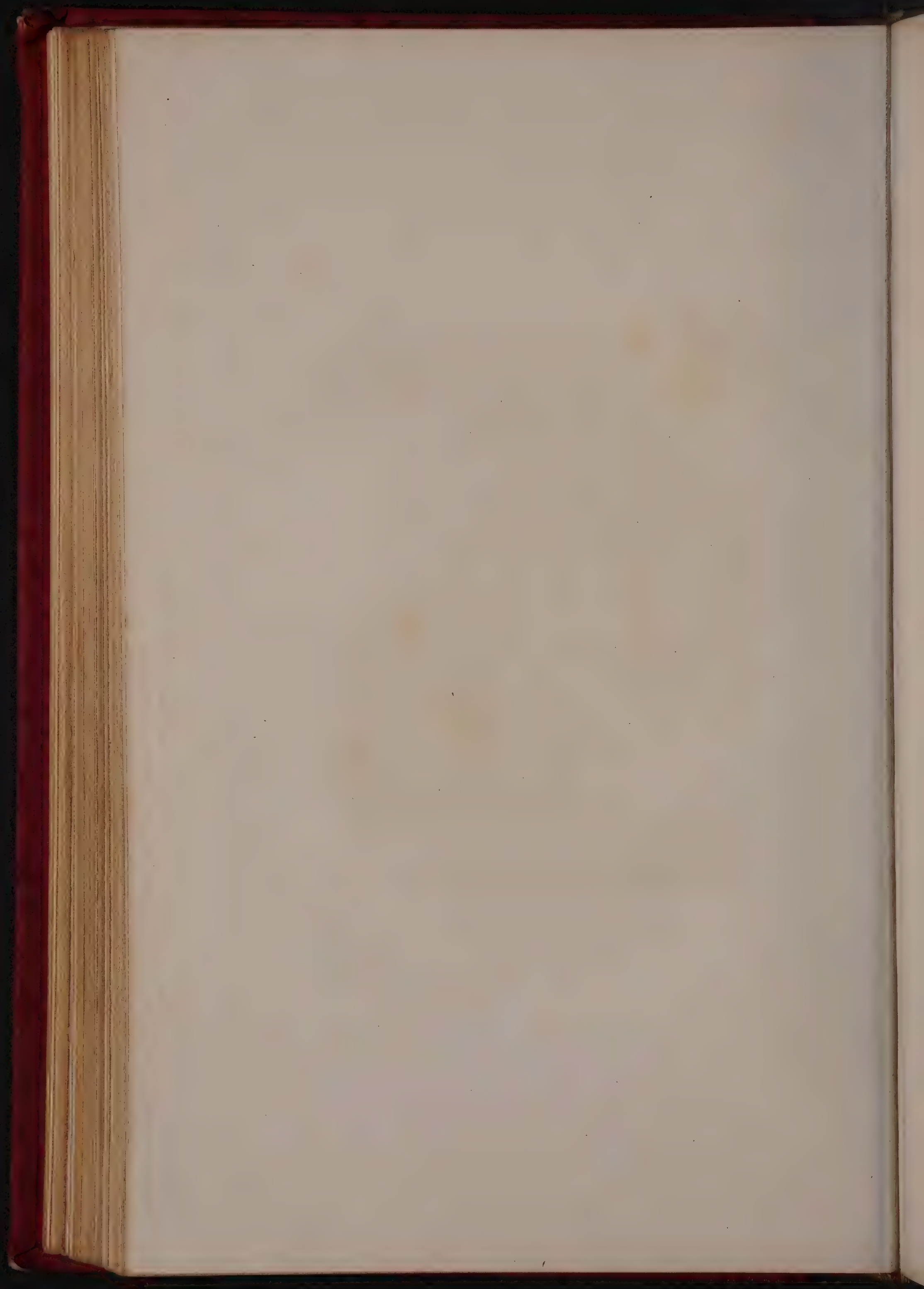
Drawn by H. Corbould

Engraved by E. Portbury

THE PERSIAN LOVERS.

Published by T. Hurst, & C.^o S.^t Pauls Churchyard, & R. Jennings, 2, Poultry.

Printed by M. Green



Below, the twilight ting'd the water ;
The bee was humming through the roses ;
The ringdove told what nature taught her :
'Tis thus a Persian evening closes.

Who paces with such fairy feet
Beside that fountain's dewy gushings ?
Why does her heart so wildly beat,
Why paint her cheek those crimson flushings ?
Why, like the fawn from hunters flying,
Those glances through the perfum'd grove ?
Why panting, weeping, smiling, sighing ?
Thus Persian maidens fall in love.

But see, the rustling of the blossoms,
Like snow, a warrior shakes them round him ;
And to the loveliest of all bosoms
Swears that its spells for life have bound him.
The turtle o'er them waves its wing ;
In silver o'er them smiles the Moon ;
And still the Persian maidens sing
The loves of Osmyn and Meinoun.

THE NIGHT OF THE NECKAR.

A GERMAN LEGEND.

NECKAR, night is on thy stream—
Have the stars forgot to gleam ?
'Tis the purple month of June ;
Where has twilight fled so soon ?
Never was a deeper shade
On thy wave by winter laid.

And the breeze that now was clinging
To thy flowers eternal springing ;
And the sounds that on it stole,
Lulling all the sense, the soul :
Where are they ? Dark, chill, and strong,
Sweeps the sudden gale along.

Neckar, thy pellucid wave
Loy'd these blossom'd banks to lave ;
Lingering, like an infant's play,
On its joyous summer way.
Now, that smooth and silver tide
Bursts a torrent wild and wide.

Hark ! a fearful melody !
Swells it from the earth or sky ?
Like the sounds of troubled sleep,
Joy might at its anguish weep :
Yet, as rolls its wond'rous flow,
Mirth might mingle with the wo.

Now, upon the waters dance
Flashes of the helm and lance ;
Now, emerging shapes are seen,
Rob'd in silk, and jewell'd sheen ;
Proudly follow'd, on the tide
Walk a chieftain and his bride.

And upon the river's breast
Seems a mighty pile to rest ;
Rich with sculptures, old and quaint,
Gilded martyr, marble saint ;
While beneath its copings dim,
Sounds of holy chantings swim.

See! a gleam above them plays;
Now it reddens to a blaze!
From the altar where they kneel
Bursts a sudden clash of steel.
Hark! the wild, soul-piercing cry,
Lips can give but once, and die!

All is still'd! In blood and ashes,
Seen across the sinking flashes,
Leaning on his sabre bare,
Stands a figure of despair,
He who fir'd that holy hall:
Now he has his vengeance, all!

What is reeking by his side?
Ashes, that were once a bride.
What is blackening on the floor?
'Tis a brother's bosom gore!
Terrors on his vision rise;
Murderer! thou hast had thy prize!

As decays the final spark,
Forms are flashing through the dark,
Shapes of giant fang and limb.
Down he sinks—and all is dim.
He is gone! That parting ban
Never came from mortal man!

Ever, till the endless night,
Shall the lost one wing his flight;
Forc'd in tenfold pangs to gaze
On the pomp, the blood, the blaze,
At the hour the deed was done,
Neckar, while thy stream shall run!

WRITTEN IN A COPY OF LALLA ROOKH,
PRESENTED TO ———.

With wishes fond, and vows that burn,
I bless the gift I send to thee ;
The happy leaves thy hand shall turn,
The happy lines thine eyes shall see :
Each little gift is as a link,
More closely sever'd hearts to bind ;
And this may lead thy soul to think
Of him that it hath left behind.

Oh ! when thou dwell'st upon the page,
To chase away some idle hour,
And thoughts of love and truth engage,
Express'd with all the poet's power ;
While round thee fairy fiction weaves
The veil, oh ! spare one thought to me ;
Think that my spirit, 'mid the leaves,
Breathes through the poet's words to thee !

THE CONVERSAZIONE.

A drawing-room lighted; busts of Voltaire, Rousseau, Kant, and Hume, on pedestals. A circle round a table strewn with portfolios, prints, and periodical publications.

CHARACTERS.

LADY TITANIA. *A Literary Leader.*

WORMWOOD. *A Critic.*

ROSSVILLE. *A Tragic Writer.*

DASHWOOD. *An Amateur Singer.*

COLONEL SKETCHLEY. *An Amateur Artist.*

MAJOR LOVELACE.

AMANTHIS. *Lady Titania's niece.*

SOPHRONIA.

LADY STEPHANIE. } *Blues.*

MATHILDE.

Lady Tit. (*The pendule strikes.*) BLESS me! eight o'clock. Hear it not, Rossville, for it is a knell, that summons thee to Heaven or —

Soph. Oh fie, lady Titania—leave the alternative to the poor man's tragedy, *when* it shall be played.

Worm. Hah! hah! If he wait till *then*.—But does your ladyship, distinguished as you are for taste, knowledge of life, and wit equally pointed and brilliant, really patronize this tenth-rate personage? I have such an unbounded opinion of your inimitable judgment, that—

Lady Tit. Oh, you absolutely flatter. However, my dear sir, you only do me justice in supposing, that I look upon him as a very mediocre being; but he is rather the fashion at this moment. Bless me! here he comes.—(*Enter Rossville.*)—Ah, how do you do?—you are provokingly late—we have been all impatience for you and the delightful manuscript. Had you come in but a moment sooner, you would have heard yourself the universal subject.

Ross. I feel exceedingly flattered.

Worm. Oh, no such thing. It is impossible to flatter Mr. Rossville's talents.

Lady Tit. (*Aside to Wormwood.*) Merciless as ever! fie! fie!

Soph. The panegyric was, I can assure you, of the most peculiar kind; and its charm was, that it was perfectly sincere. Was it not, Lady Titania?

Ross. You absolutely overwhelm—

Lady Tit. Your delicacy of feeling! Well, we must spare our incomparable friend Rossville a death by praise—"Die of a rose in aromatic pain."—But you have brought the charming manuscript? I hope no living soul has seen it yet. It *must* be charming; I anticipate the language of the critics: "Original, various, interest sustained to the fall of the curtain."—(*Aside to Wormwood.*)—Now, for peace and pity's sake, no remarks—we *must* undergo it, let what will come.

Ross. Yes, it is finished at last—(*He draws it from his pocket.*)—And I think I may be allowed, at least, to say, though an author is not always the best judge of his works, that it is of a very different kind from those, that are written for popularity in the *present* age.

Worm. (*Aside to Sophronia.* He might add, the past, or the future, I'll be sworn.) Yes, yes, nothing can be more humiliating than the present drama.

Soph. No doubt, Mr. Rossville, a true genius always scorns the judgment of his contemporaries. He writes for immortality. *Allons!*—the comedy.

Lady Tit. You mistake, my dear; Mr. Rossville's delightful performance is a tragedy. Yet, a thought *does* strike me: Melpomene is, we all allow, the sublimer Muse; but then, Thalia is *so* much the more general taste. Now, could you not convert it into a comedy—by a little alteration?

Worm. (*Aside to Lady Titania.*) Its effect on the audience will be comic enough, I'll engage, without altering a line.

Lady Tit. (*Aside to Wormwood.* Hush! monster.) I mean, of course, a serious comedy, something of the sentimental school.

Worm. Just the thing; where the moral consists in cases from Doctors' Commons; the pleasantries are the plunder of the police offices; and the scene shifts, alternately, from the Old Bailey to the plantations. Mr. Rossville could do something very fine in that way.

Ross. Ha! ha! ha! (Sneering scoundrel). Ladies, my friend Wormwood is notoriously the most good-natured man alive: yet I could not have expected this general leave to sport over his own manor. But there *is* humour in my tragedy, in the less prominent characters I mean.

Worm. Oh! the hero and heroine, of course. Nothing shows magnanimity so much as jesting in the midst of misfortune, facetious agony, and drollery in despair. Sir Thomas More, you know, said—

Lady Tit. (*Aside to Sophronia.* Those two abominable beings will certainly quarrel.) Major Lovelace! (*calls*) come and join our circle.

Soph. (*Aside to Lady Titania.* No, the major's much too busy flirting with your ladyship's niece.) (*Aside to Wormwood.* When he should be flirting with her ladyship's self. There are hopes for *you* still.) Yet, Mr. Rossville, if popularity be the grand object, as, after all, to please the world is the triumph of genius; I think a melodrama——

Lady Tit. Oh, the very thing: all the world admires processions, pageants, and so forth; absurd affairs, 'tis true. But I really think, if you *could* turn your tragedy into something of the kind——

Worm. A capital thought—a melange of music, manslaughter, and the manual exercise; you would be sure of pleasing all mankind. Actors and critics would be equally delighted, for the dumb show would spare the lungs of the one, and the ears of the other.

Ross. Ha! ha! excellent, (villain). Then it would be the happiest reverse of my friend Wormwood's last production; for the lungs of actors and audience, on that occasion, were equally engaged, till in the third act the majority carried the point, and the heroine was gallantly spared the pain of dying in public. But I have actually anticipated your ladyship's wish, and my tragedy *does* end with an explosion.

Worm. (*Aside to Sophronia.* Of laughter.) Yes, where passion fails, and poetry sinks into prose—not that I mean to make the slightest allusion to my friend Rossville's tragedy—the only resource is the rocket-maker. The plot of all plots, is a gunpowder plot; there is no-

thing equal to a vigorous display of castles and cartridge-boxes, armies blown up, and navies roasted whole.

Lady Tit. Well, a truce to all this—(*Aside, looking towards her niece.* That flirtation shall and will be put a stop to.) Major Lovelace, come to our council of war. Amanthis, my love, sit beside *me*. Now, Mr. Rossville, the tragedy.—“I long to let the imprisoned secrets free,” and so forth, as Cowper, or somebody else, says. Now, all silent—I beg.

Ross. I entreat your ladyship to excuse me. I was not prepared for this request. To read one’s own work—Impossible!

Soph. This is the most interesting of all moments. The first opening of a manuscript always gives me the idea of the first blowing of the rose, or the expansion of the young dawn, or the first sunshine of spring, or the first star that twinkles on—Apropos, Mr. Rossville, have you ever seen the Bay of Naples? “blue, deep, beautifully blue,” as Southey sings.

Ross. (*Aside.* Confound that woman’s tongue, it will not run down all night.) Well, since the ladies insist; the first act commences with a conversation between the favourite valet of the hero, and the favourite waiting woman of the heroine. They let us into the plot.

Worm. That is exactly as it should be: nothing more natural than that those valuable domestics, who open the doors, should open the play; and they who let us into the house should also let us into whatever secrets it contains.

Soph. Undoubtedly. And they must talk of the family affairs, because if they did not, they would have nothing to talk about but their own.

Lady Tit. Which would be horrible. Besides, if *they* did not know what was going on in the family, how could the audience, perfect strangers, be expected to know?

Ross. (*Aside.* These women will talk each other deaf.) I am ready, Lady Titania. Jacinta, the waiting-woman, opens the scene.

(*Reads.*) “’Tis now three hours since first I trod
this land,
And now the fourth——”

Lady Tit. Beautiful! perfectly beautiful! But may I beg a moment’s pause? I hear some of our circle coming up stairs.

Ladies enter.

Lady Tit. Ah! how d’ye do, *ma charmante Comtesse*? Ah! Mathilde, *mon amour*, delighted to see you both. But how horridly late you are. From the Opera, or from the Duke’s? Yet, luckily, you are just in time to hear the new tragedy. *Asseyons.—Silence—Je vous en prie.* Now, Mr. Rossville, once again.

Ross. “’Tis now three hours since first I trod this land,
And now the fourth——”

Lady Steph. (*Aside to Lady Titania.*) Did you ever see any thing more dreadful than poor dear Sophronia’s *gros de Naples*. Exactly the colour of a red herring.

Lady Tit. (*Aside.*) Oh abominable! like every thing else poor dear Sophronia puts on. But, do her justice, she wears it—to keep her Caledonian locks in countenance. Ha! ha!

Lady Steph. (*Aside.*) Ah! you are never without a good-natured excuse for your friends. But she is absolutely flirting with that Rossville in the most merci-

less manner: his heroine to be, or perhaps his *chargé d'affaires*? Another Eloise, "make me but mistress of the man I love."

Lady Tit. (Aside.) Fie, *ma brillante*! Poor dear Sophronia is, luckily, quite beyond the tender age; unless, I grant you, she may be approaching it again. Time, that softens rocks, may soften women, of course. I *have* known hearts, hard as the knotted oak at five and twenty, liquefy prodigiously from forty to fifty.

Ross. (Aside. Am I never to begin?) Lady Titania, I am unhappily under an engagement to two more circles this evening.

Lady Tit. I beg a thousand pardons; but it is impossible to let you stir without giving us the charming tragedy. Now, Major, listen, and be converted to the Muses, as you have so long been to the Graces.

Major. (Aside to Amanthis. Can we not escape this bore? Faint, my angel! or let us fly.) Lady Titania, your commands are always irresistible. Is it a tragedy?

Worm. Yes; and perfectly *original*, as you will soon discover. If the world exhibit *as much* impatience for it as this polished and intelligent circle, there is absolutely no knowing how soon it may be indulged.

Soph. (Aside to Wormwood.) Sneering to the last—cruel Wormwood!

Ross. (Aside. Confound them all for flirts and fools!) Ladies, I must be permitted to say, that time presses. And now I must read or take my leave. (*Reads.*)

" 'Tis just three hours since first I trod this land,
And now the fourth——"

Aman. Heavens! I die! (*She falls on the sofa; the*

party start up to assist her. The Major bears her to the window.)

Major. Only a momentary faintness. The heat of the room—leave her to *me* for a moment. (*Aside to Amantthis.*) You are the cleverest creature, the most bewitching; never looked lovelier in your life. The *ruse* was capital.

Worm. There, my friend Rossville may find his anticipated triumph: his very first line, you see, was overwhelming. What will not the whole five acts do?

Lady Steph. But *is* it absolutely a tragedy? Has it really five acts? (*Aside.* I shall die of ennui!) Mr. Rossville, you give yourself an infinity of trouble for posterity. (*Aside to Lady Titania.*) Get rid of him, for mercy's sake!

Ross. Oh, no trouble in the world! But it grows late: I must limit myself to the first act.

“’Tis just three hours since first I trod this land,
And now the fourth——”

Mathil. (*Aside to Lady Titania.*) The Major's very tenderly engaged, I perceive.

Lady Tit. (The wretch!) The truth is, my dear Mr. Rossville, that I fear we shall embarrass your other engagements for this evening. We cannot allow ourselves to trespass on you for more than that charming *first act*. Your audience are, however, equally grateful and delighted.

Worm. (*Aside to Lady Titania.*) He had better take advantage of it, though; it is the only audience that he'll ever have.

Lady Tit. Well, Mr. Rossville, since you are able to give us that incomparable *first scene*—

Lady Steph. Ah, I know he will indulge us with at least his *first* page.

Ross. (Reads.) “ ’Tis just three hours since first I
trod this land,
And now the fourth——”

Mathil. (Aside to Lady Stephanie.) Dashwood’s voice on the stairs, as I live! Dear Lady Titania, you must forgive me for the liberty I have taken in inviting a friend of ours, a most delightful singer, an amateur of the first talent. Listen “to those wood-notes wild.” (*Listening.*) Here he comes! Mr. Dashwood, Lady Titania.

Lady Tit. Delighted beyond measure to make the acquaintance of a gentleman of Mr. Dashwood’s charming talents.

Ross. (Rising angrily.) I must bid your ladyship a very good night. (*Aside.*) Such a confounded silly, tasteless, chattering set never man got into!

Lady Tit. Dear Mr. Rossville, only half a dozen lines.

Worm. Come, Rossville, be pacified. I dare swear her ladyship and the circle will be content to let you off with half the number.

Mathil. (To Dashwood.) Now, if you *could* be prevailed on, just while Mr. Rossville is preparing his MS. A cavatina, or that charming barcarole, or that still more charming Greek air.

Dash. Oh *pardon!* I should attempt it with infinite satisfaction, but I am totally out of voice this last week—immeasurably gone—hoarse to a hideous degree—absolutely never sing.

Lady Tit. No, no! We find it quite impossible to take

that excuse. I die to hear, at least, the patriotic song—the poor dear Greeks are such favourites of mine.

Ross. (Rising angrily.) Lady Titania, do you really wish to hear the tragedy, for I must be gone? *(Aside.)* That fellow's nonsense has fooled them all!

Lady Tit. Oh! we are most anxious to hear it! But are you really going? I sincerely hope it is a fine night. *(Turning to Dashwood.)* At least, Mr. Dashwood, you can hum a little?

Major. (Aside to Amanthis.) A good deal, and very much to the purpose, if history tell truth.

Ross. (Buttoning up his MS. in a rage.) Ladies and gentlemen, I only interfere with your pursuits! I must wish you all a very good night! and when I bring a manuscript again—— *(He goes out muttering.)*

Worm. I hope I may have a particular notice of the event.

Math. That you may apply for special leave of absence. Ha! ha!

Lady Tit. Ah! you mischief-making creatures! but I really thought he *never would* go. Well, dear Sophronia! sad for the poet? “Pr’ythee, sweet one, why so pale?”

Worm. You omit the much more charming line:

“Will, when looking well can't move him,”

Looking *ill* prevail?”

Math. (Aside.) How pointedly cruel you are, Wormwood!

Soph. I assure your ladyship, persons of that description are so absorbed in their own works, that they are utterly inattentive to—even the most intellectual of the sex.

Math. Or, where attentions are very strong on one

side, they may be the less necessary on the other. Perhaps the poet thought he might spare himself any extraordinary *advances*.

Worm. (*Aside to Sophronia.*) Jealous of *you*, by all the shrubs of Helicon!

Soph. (*Angrily.*) Pray, madam, do you mean that personally? I desire to know whether the insinuation is applied to me?

Math. (*Aside to Lady Titania.* What a yellow monster!) A thousand apologies! not the least possibility of any application to you, madam: I was merely moralizing. There is a time for all things, and when his time is past, love is out of the question; and even flirtation is as hopeless as it is laughable.

Dash. (*Begins to sing.*)

"*Since Hellas call'd her sons to arms.*" (*He stops.*)
(*Aside.*) I might as well sing to the winds.

Lady Steph. Oh exquisite! Ladies, be charmed—Mr. Dashwood has recovered his voice! Now, that fine pindaric, how nobly it begins!

Lady Tit. Apropos—Why *do* they call it Hellas? from the lovely Helen, I suppose.

Soph. Oh no! it is finely appropriate to the woes of that most interesting and unhappy of all lands. It is *He-las*—an interjection of sorrow, a classic sigh since the beginning of time. What say *you*, Major?

Major. Why, in fact, all those ideas are rather romantic. I have served in the Mediterranean—the look of the country settles the question at once—the name is *Hill-as*: you can't travel a mile without a mountain.

Lady Tit. Incomparable! very brilliant, indeed! Now, Major, I appoint you my aide-de-camp and etymologist

for the evening; take your seat beside *me*, in right of office. Amanthis, my love, *you* may take a chair near Mr. Wormwood.

Dash. But, as I was speaking of the Greek music; the style is romance itself. For instance:

(*Sings.*) "*When Hellas call'd her sons to arms.*"

Lady Tit. One moment! Is there any tolerable music among those horrid, handsome Turks?

Dash. If you particularly wish it, I will give you a slight idea of the style; but I must accompany it. (*Aside.* The piano may silence their eternal tongues! *He sits down to the instrument.*)

Lady Steph. Major, *you*, of course, have heard the Turkish music? I suppose it is very fine at mounting guard in front of the seraglio?

Major. Yes, for kettledrums they are not to be excelled in the world; or for a sort of marrowbone and cleaver music, that rattles from one end of Constantinople to the other, to give notice of the cutting off of a vizier's or a sultan's head.

Soph. The effect over the tremulous moonlight waters of the "Propontis blue," must be most touching.

Dash. (*Aside.* I wish you were swimming for your soul in them, you old chatterer!) Now, Lady Titania, for the favourite haram song. (*Sings and plays.*)

"*Kara! Kara! Istamboul!*"

Lady Tit. May I beg a slight intermission—merely that we may not be interrupted afterwards. Ladies, the Colonel has arrived.

Worm. (*Aside to Lady Titania.*) The Colonel? then I'm gone! I have had five minutes of him to day already. [*He goes.*]

Lady Tit. Going, Wormwood! "Fly not yet! Oh stay! oh stay!" What, *is* he actually gone? Well, to do Wormwood justice——

Soph. Would, in all probability, deprive the earth of the pleasure of his company.

Math. Pleasure! how inapplicable to *his* countenance.

Lady Tit. Quite as much so as to his conversation: its perpetual bitterness is intolerable.

Dash. Yes; and what makes it still more intolerable is—its perpetual dulness. His few witticisms are all borrowed. I never heard him say a good thing of himself.

Aman. Well, we must allow something for the rareness of the circumstance; for the world abounds with those, who say a vast many good things of themselves, Mr. Dashwood.

Major. Yes, and make up for that overdose of good-nature, by never saying any thing good of others.

Dash. (*Sings.*) "*Kara! Kara! Istamboul!*" (*Aside.* Not a soul listening!) Or would your ladyship prefer a Moore ballad?

Lady Tit. Oh charming! I adore every thing Moorish: it gives one a vision of turbans, half-moons, and sultanas of all colours and circumferences; silken curtains, verandas, and showers of gold-dust "rise upon the gifted eye." Pray, why were they called Moors?

Soph. By a charming adaptation of name to national tastes. It is originally and correctly *L'Amour*. They are more devoted to the tender passion than any cavaliers in the world.

Major. Madam, as a soldier, I *must* be allowed to dispute their right to the exclusive honour, particularly

at the present fortunate moment. But the fact is, that like most other nations, their name is derived from the face of their country; a sweep of brown, weedy, burnt up, marshy, sandy—in short, a *moor*. We give the same name to the same sort of thing in this country.

Lady Tit. Very striking, indeed. The etymology is as incontestable as it is new.

Dash. I so far agree with your ladyship, but the present air is by Anacreon Moore. I shall just touch it:

(Sings.) “*Fly from the world, O Bessy!*”

(*A Servant announces Colonel Sketchley. The Colonel enters.*)

Dash. (Aside). Now, all’s over! That fellow’s paint, brushes, and buildings to be knocked up and knocked down, will destroy all chance of getting in a note.

Lady Tit. Well, Colonel, I was determined to have you for our *bonne bouche*. The drawings, the delightful drawings! Now, come round the table, all; prepare for sights, that—

“Soothe the fond heart, and charm the glowing eyes,
With the rich radiance of Italian skies,”

as I don’t know who has said; but the lines *are* pretty, and never were lines more delightfully applicable, as you shall see. Now, Colonel, the *chefs-d’œuvre!*

Col. Oh! I beg a thousand pardons—but I really do not quite comprehend. Drawings, did your ladyship say? Oh, I now remember some promise—but I absolutely have not touched a pencil this age. A pen and ink sketch, or a black-lead caricature of some monster invited to the mess, is the only thing I have attempted within memory.

Lady Tit. Cruel Colonel! yet even the caricatures we must see—I can't let you off! Any of our friends among them?

Dash. (*Aside.* Now he will produce a porter's load of spoiled paper; I see a regular establishment of portfolios under his coat: music is at an end.) Lady Titania, I must have the honour of wishing you a very good evening. [*He goes.*]

Lady Steph. Well, I absolutely thought that he would have been transformed into a piece of that piano. I never will obtrude a singer upon society again.

Soph. They are so horribly full of themselves.

Math. Dashwood is very well on ordinary occasions; but when the singing epidemic seizes him, I allow, it is only common prudence to flee his neighbourhood.

Lady Tit. Who on earth is he, ma charmante Comtesse? As he was of your ladyship's introduction, I was most happy to receive him; but I will own I had begun to be a little alarmed. I did not know but that he might have been pleased to sing the whole of the Freyschutz at a sitting. Ha! ha! ha!

Aman. Or to have still more horrified us with a composition of his own.

Math. I should conceive he must be paid for eternally singing those hideous songs. It is, I understand, a common expedient of the shop people, a kind of placard, with only this difference, that the one is a bore in the street, and the other is a bore in the drawing-room.

Col. Perfectly true; but if the object be popularity, they make a very unprofitable use of their notes, whether currency or composition, by consigning them to Dashwood. Apropos, major, do you—draw?

Major. Not a line; except you mean, draw on the paymaster, which I do much oftener than he likes.

Soph. Now, Major, that is absolutely dull; the Colonel means sketching—copying the absurdities of all his acquaintance.

Col. (*Aside.* Tartar!) No, madam, I never think of copies, when I am in the presence of a rare *original*.

Lady Tit. (*Aside.*) Soften them, Major! poor gentle Sophronia will be sneering all night from the bottom of her soul.

Aman. (*Aside to Mathilde.*) My aunt is really making herself quite ridiculous with her whispering. Will you propose cards?

Math. (*Aside to Amanthis.* Yes, my little love, for fear the faithless Major should propose something else to her ladyship.) Shall we have vingt-un, Lady Titania?

Lady Tit. Oh! by all means. Of all games the most charming. Come, ladies. Major, *you* shall deal: take *my* cards; you must *think* for me.

Aman. (*Aside to Mathilde.*) Abominable! She absolutely makes love to him before my face; and the base Major seems perfectly happy.

Math. (*Aside to Amanthis.*) Well, my little love, take a woman's revenge, and call in a reinforcement in the shape of the Colonel. Come, Colonel, cut in. (*Aside to Amanthis.*) Ha! ha! There he is at the side-table unloading himself of an absolute freight of drawings.—Colonel, we wait for you.

Col. Why, if you *insist* upon my showing these sketches, I must give way, of course.—But they are the most imperfect things imaginable.—Here are a set of Pompeii, with no merit but that of having been taken on the spot.

Lady Tit. Innumerable thanks for the indulgence; but let us see them when the first hand or two are out. We *then* can give them the inspection that their perfect beauty deserves. But, Major, what on earth am I to do with these formidable court-cards? There is ill-fortune in every face of them, king, queen, or knave.

Major. It is a promise, that your ladyship is to be more fortunate in a much more agreeable way.

Lady Steph. (*Aside to Lovelace.* Major, there are *some* hints quite resistless; at once broad and pointed.) But here comes the Colonel, drawings and all. Heavens!

Col. Oh! I see you are busy. I wished merely to ask your opinion, Lady Titania, of this view of Melrose, made on my last northern excursion. It is a kind of improvement of the Abbey in the better taste of modern days. You see, I have thrown open the east window, cut away the shafted pillars, opened the aisles into one, given the walls a handsome coat of Roman cement, and painted all the doorposts, mullions, and tombstones a brilliant varnish green. The effect has surprised every body on paper, and I by no means despair of attracting the attention of government to it, as the beginning of a general improvement of the cathedrals of the empire.

Lady Tit. Nothing *can* be more elegant. It would look charming on the banks of the Thames, as an appendage to my villa. Major, you have not seen my dear Tusculum—my retreat.

Aman. (*Aside to Mathilde.* She actually invites him.) My dear aunt, military gentlemen never think of a *retreat*, while they are able to remain in the field. I admit that when they feel themselves growing *old*, unfit

for service, or discarded from society, the sooner they think of some little fantastic hovel of their own, or any one's else, the better.

Math. (*Aside to Amanthis.*) Well said, my little love. The Major has felt the sting to the tips of his fingers.

Col. But, give a glance, Lady Stephanie, over this sketch of Waterloo Bridge: my idea is to pull one half of it down, for the purpose of making the river navigable for seventy-fours up to Oxford.

Lady Steph. Really, my dear Colonel, you must excuse me one instant. There has been so much talking, that I am quite confused, and this is the critical point of the game.

Col. But, Miss Mathilde——

Math. Colonel, spare me just now. My guinea trembles! and I really think the luck has changed since you came near me.

Col. (*Aside.* Was there ever such a knot of tasteless idiots!) Lady Titania, I shall be too late for the duke's rout in half an hour more. As for these drawings——

Lady Tit. Oh, Colonel, don't inconvenience yourself for us. They are the loveliest things in the world, I am sure. (*To the Major*) But the game is desperate, I fear, Major. (*To the Colonel*)—*Au revoir, mon Colonel.*

[*He goes.*

Lady Steph. Excellent! you *have* got rid of him at last. If he make as immovable a stand in the field, he will be a hero indeed.

Math. The drawings were scarcely more endurable than the artist. They are perfectly worthy of each other.

Soph. I beg your pardon, there. The drawings are quite guiltless of any original relationship with the Colonel; for I think I could point out where he buys them ready made.

Lady Tit. Well, thank our stars, we have got rid of him and the rest. But have we not spent a most delightful evening? The game's up, and now to supper. (*They all rise.*)

Major. (*Approaching Amanthis, aside.*) Am I never to be forgiven? Can so much beauty be utterly inexorable?

Aman. (*Aside to the Major.*) Then you are *not* going to injure the peace of my aunt, a relative whom I so highly respect; and at whose time of life——

Major. (*Aside to Amanthis.*) I understand your dutiful opinion on the subject. But your excellent relative is as safe as you wish her. Come, my pretty Amanthis, no quarrelling. I will never fall in love with the old aunt, when it would break the heart of the young niece. By those bright eyes, as long as I can keep in the ranks, I will never fall behind to take charge of the baggage. [*Exeunt.*

THE DEEV ALFAKIR.

IN the vine-surrounded city of Shiraz, under the reign of Otman, dwelt Sadak, surnamed Al Hahjim or the Philosopher. He lived in almost uninterrupted solitude: his dwelling, though not splendid, was elegant, and his household consisted of a few slaves, who regarded their master with fidelity and affection. Sadak had few friends, and no acquaintances; but he had many well-wishers in those to whom he had done good. He was rich, noble, learned, benevolent, and—unhappy.

The day was closing, and the rich autumnal beams gilded the pomegranates that flourished in Sadak's orchard, and the mournful cypresses that surrounded it. The heat of the day had been great, and the air was fraught with a full and heavy languor. The philosopher was seated at a favourite window reading, to catch the cool fragrance of the air. He had undrawn the exquisitely woven curtains of peach-coloured silk. His limbs reposed on a divan of downy softness; the most delightful sherbet sparkled in crystal vases; and a thousand flowers of every hue expanded their blossoms, and diffused their fragrance around him. Sadak raised his head, and cast a glance on the luxuriant scene, but withdrew it with discontent and disgust. He recurred to his studies:—in a few moments he pushed away the beautiful manuscript.

“Idle philosophy,” he exclaimed, “able only to denote what is good, but powerless in teaching to attain

it; useless to the happy, and to the wretched worse than useless, a mockery and a pain. Oh happiness! phoenix of life, believed in but not found. I abandon the search, and ask but for forgetfulness."

He turned away as he spoke, and hastened to his most retired apartment. Here by the light of lamps fed with the purest frankincense of Shir, and veiled with the spiderlike webs of the Indian loom, he sat melancholy and buried in reverie.

He listened to the breezes, that now began to arise; as they rustled among the pliant branches of the cypresses, and swayed the lofty heads of the date-palms. "Why is it," said he, "that all external nature changes from rest to motion, and from motion again to rest, while thy mind, Sadak, abides from sun to sun in unvaried and monotonous sadness? What avail the varying seasons, the rejoicing spring, and the abundant summer to me, whose life is one long and dreary winter?"

Scarcely had he spoken, when the wind stayed, and the trees no longer rustled. They ceased not gradually, softening away into calmness; but at once, as if arrested by some magician's hand. A strange silence came on. The mellow song of the late birds was hushed. The loud humming bees and buzzing flies were still. The atmosphere was unaccountably oppressed, and nature seemed to stand in awe of some approaching phenomenon.

Sadak sprung on his feet. His restless mind had busied itself in wide researches into the secrets of nature; and he knew much of the occult powers of the universe, though he had holden no communion with them. A dim expectation was on his mind: it was fulfilled when the

ceiling of the apartment divided, and the Deev Alfakir stood before him. He stood in the gloomy beauty of majesty degraded and obscured. The earthly lights that illuminated the place were extinguished on his entrance; a dull glow emitted from his body supplied their place, and filled the room with its lurid glare.

"Sadak," said the Deev, "thou wouldst have forgetfulness—of what? and why?"

"Of the falsehood of woman, and the treachery of man. Why! because I have suffered by them, and suffer yet."

"I must know more," returned the Deev, "ere I grant the boon thou wouldst win. Speak out; make known thy sufferings."

"I will not," replied Sadak: "why should I rend open the veil for thee, enemy of my race and of me? why comest thou hither? say quickly, and depart."

"Rash mortal!" answered Alfakir, "I am not thine enemy, but thy friend. Bethink thee ere I go. I have the power to serve thee, and the will."

"The power thou mayst; the will—when did a Deev will well to man?"

"Foolish Sadak, ask rather, when did man will well to himself? The friend that betrayed thee had not done so but for thy blindness, that would madly trust when temptation was beyond the power of man to resist. The woman that was loved, and was false, deceived thee, because thy confidence was blind, weak, absurd; loathsome from its imbecility, even in the eyes of its object. Thou wonderest that I, thine enemy, should wish thee

well; but not that thyself should have laboured to work to thyself evil."

"Enough!" said Sadak, "thou recallest too much; but teach me, if thou canst, to forget."

"Listen then," replied the Deev. "Far away, in the midst of the ocean, beyond the points where ship has ever sailed, is an island girt with impassable barriers. This island was the dowry of a princess of our race; it holds treasures, to which the riches of the East are but as the dust in a silken purse. Here dwell the rulers of the elements; here are hidden the essences of life; here flow the waters of oblivion."

"Give me," exclaimed Sadak, "give me of these waters, that I may drink and be at peace."

"At peace, surely," answered the Deev; "but who would have of these waters must seek them."

"Seek them! and where? in thine unapproachable island? I should gain much by my quest."

"Thus hastily judge the children of ignorance and folly. Trust to me, and the way shall be easy. Seek at thy leisure the nearest port of the southern ocean. Thou shalt there learn more, and be brought to the object of thy search. Swear to do this. I promise thee the waters of oblivion shall be thine."

"I swear," said Sadak.

"Farewell, then," said the Deev. He spread his broad and shadowy wings—the roof opened for his passage. It closed after him; and the lamps, self lighted, burned brightly as before. Sadak heard the rustling of the trees, and the prolonged notes of the nightingale fell mournfully on his ear.

He lost no time in preparing for his journey; and,

placing his household under the superintendence of a man of rank and probity, who was his friend, he departed, crossed the Lauristan mountains, and arrived at Nabon, on the Persian Gulf. Here, while rambling on the shore, meditating whither next to convey himself, his attention was aroused by the approach of a boat. It contained no one, but, self-guided, steered its course in a direct line to the spot, where Sadak had stood still to watch it. What was he to do? to trust himself to such a vessel, for such a voyage, seemed madness. Yet the power, that guided the boat in an unerring line to that spot, might equally guard its course across the ocean. Sadak examined the boat; it was beautifully fitted up. A silken awning was suspended over a luxurious couch, and a plentiful supply of provision occupied a sheltered part of the vessel. On the couch was written in letters of gold: "For Sadak, the searcher for the waters of oblivion."

He no longer hesitated, but seated himself in the boat, which instantly sailed away, as before, in a straight line, unmoved by wind or wave. It proceeded with great rapidity, and, passing the straits of Ormuz, emerged into the Arabian sea. The shores of Arabia and of Hindostan speedily vanished from the eyes of the voyager. The sky was above, and the sea around him; land there was none. He was on the vast plain of the Indian ocean.

Three days and three nights his course continued thus, during which no storm arose, no cloud dimmed the surface of the sky. On the fourth day Sadak discerned, afar off, a dim gray speck on the surface of the waters. It came to his strained and wearied eye refreshing as the cool springs to the traveller of the desert.

To this object the course of the boat was plainly directed; and Sadak perceived, that he was carried along with still increased velocity. As he approached, he gazed earnestly on the island, for such he perceived it to be; and was terrified.

It seemed a vast rock, the sides of which, springing from the bosom of the waters, slanted outwardly to a great distance, veiling the waters beneath them in an impervious gloom; clothed in which the unseen waves thundered and boiled with unceasing roar. The heart of the wanderer sickened, for escape seemed impossible. Here he must close his voyage and his life, in the conflicting waters of that angry sea.

The boat shot under the black and rugged sides of the overhanging precipice. Instead of being suddenly overwhelmed in the circling waters, or dashed against the rock, Sadak perceived, that he was carried along softly as before. He heard the din on either side, till his hearing was nigh extinct; but his own course, though rapid, was smooth and uninterrupted. The gloom by which he was surrounded the eye could not penetrate; but it appeared to Sadak, that the darkness was peopled with forms that flitted around him, and he thought he heard their laughs rising amid the roar of the waters: now and then, too, a gleam of red light shot from fissures in the rock, but without dissolving the darkness into which it pierced, and serving only to render the horror more hideous.

At length, and in a moment, the darkness was changed to extreme light. Issuing from the cavern, the boat rushed into a torrent more violent and fearful than the imagination can conceive. Sadak instinctively closed his

eyes with terror when their gaze fell on the edge of a precipice, over which the stream threw the mass of its waters, that fell, and fell, till they broke in mists and thunder in the gulf below; but the vessel, instead of being hurried away by the torrent, sailed calmly across its waters, till it reached the opposite bank. Sadak leapt ashore, and gazed on the scene around him.

First he looked with astonishment on the rocky barrier that surrounded the place, and from beneath which he had emerged. This, rough and jagged with immense indentations, rose, cliff upon cliff, in dizzy grandeur, till the cloud-vestured heights of Kaf seemed to lose in the comparison. Dim caverns pierced its base, whence issued the elements in their strength. Volumes of murky and sulphureous flame were vomited forth by some; torrents issued from others; and in some Sadak believed he heard the roaring of imprisoned winds. The midway rocks were bare and black; their summits were the dwellings of the tempest and the storm. The thunder rolled there as in its own regions, and the lightnings vainly shot their fires against rocks coeval with the heavens.

Sadak turned away to explore some other portion of the island. He stood at the bottom of a declivity; he ascended with labour to its top: what a sight met his eyes! All human splendour faded into nothingness by the side of the magnificence that met his view.

Before him were the marble palaces of the Deevs, built before their conquest by Sultan Soliman. Vast as magnificent, they covered hills, one beyond another, rising till lost in distance.

The face of external nature was changed: trees of freshest foliage clustered into spreading screens, ex-

cluding from view the barren and terrific region Sadak had just left; soft verdure covered the ground, and perfumes of the sweetest flowers gushed before every step.

Sadak entered the eternal dwellings—dwellings now no more, for they were desolate and uninhabited. As he roamed through halls paved with purest marble, beneath roofs of fretted gold supported by pillars of porphyry and adamant, Sadak sighed to think, that all this goodly show should be lost to its banished fabricators. He looked around, and his eye fell on chests of marble sealed with the signet of the conqueror. Here, century after century, pined the imprisoned Deevs, while nature was changing in successive ages, and the world was fading and reviving again in endless transformation.

Leaving these palaces, and rambling still further, he arrived at another desolate region, resembling the first in which he had been placed. The same lofty rocks, the same barren soil, and the same display of elemental violence were there; but in the midst of the place a capacious lake expanded its coal-black waters, till, overflowing their natural basin, they fell down the precipices in rushing torrents. A dim cloud of exhalations arose on the margin of the lake; the sunbeams withdrew from its surface, on which the volcanic fires shot a wavering and murky gleam: Sadak felt, that these were the waters of oblivion.

He stood on the brink of the wished-for flood, yet hesitated to drink. While he deliberated, the noxious vapours mingled with his breathing: at once overcome by their influence, he staggered, reeled, and fell. From the state of senselessness he passed into one of uneasy sleep, disturbed by a thousand painful visions. The calamities of the past—the faithless friend—the selfish

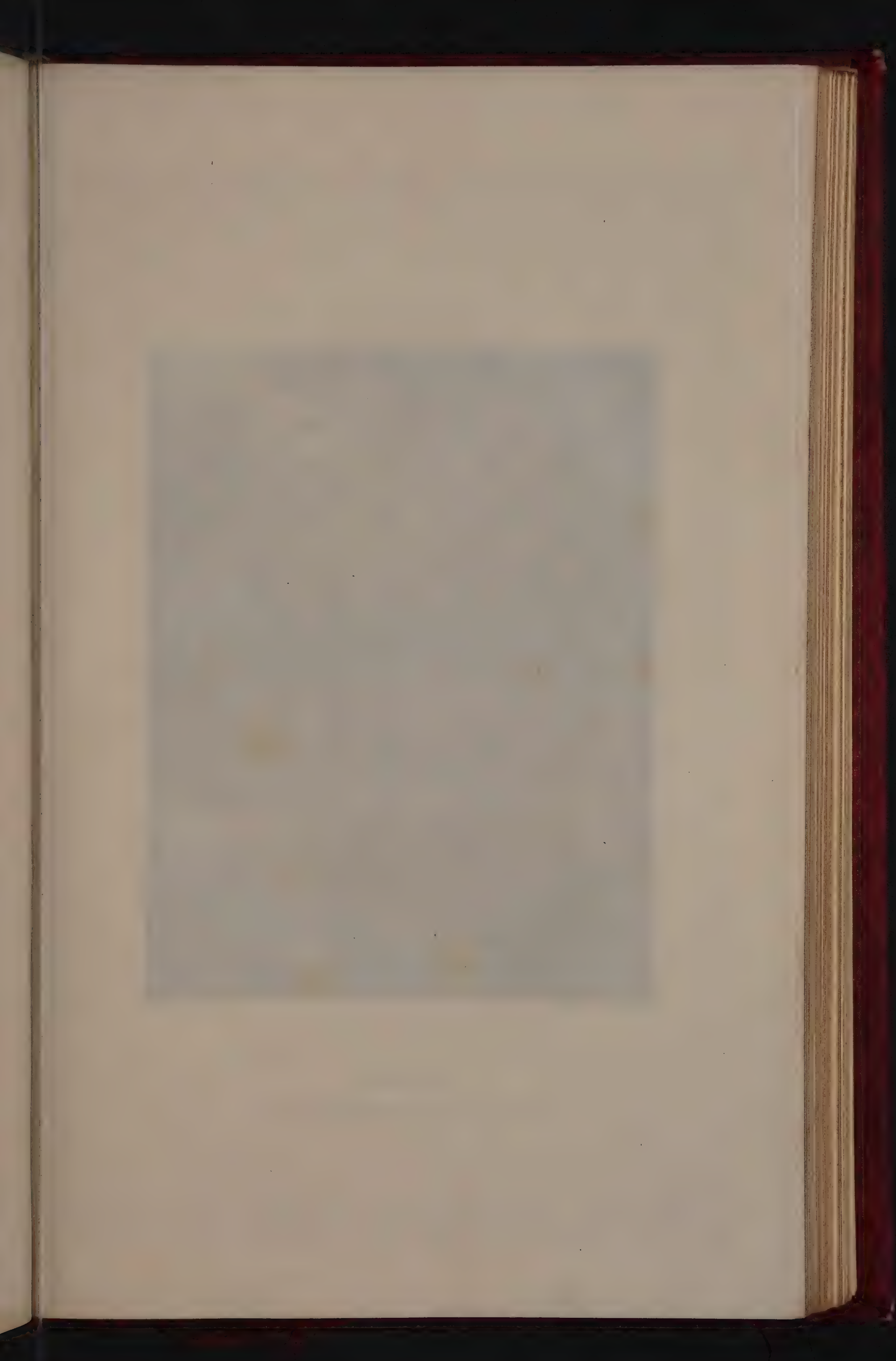
mistress, rose before him. He awoke from his slumbers, calling aloud on death to free him from the pangs of memory. As he opened his eyes, he found, to his horror, he was hanging over the edge of a rocky shelf, that overlooked a fearful chasm. With all the energy of self-preservation, he sprung from his situation, and gained a place of safety.

Under the influence of the gloom that oppressed him, he again approached the lake. What a moment was this! to drink of these waters, and lose for ever the world of the past!—Sadak trembled, and a cold shuddering pervaded his frame. He felt how dear is the memory even of sorrow that has been; how desolate without it must be the dreary future, until future things have gone by, and in fading created a new past for the mind to recall and dwell on. As these thoughts passed over his mind, he began to loathe the black and deadly flood that lay before him: he turned hastily away, and beheld the Deev Alfakir.

“Welcome, Sadak!” he exclaimed; “welcome to all thou hast wished! Forgetfulness is thine—forgetfulness of misery and disappointment. There flow the waters of oblivion: drink, then, and be blessed!”

“I have thought anew of it,” replied Sadak, “and hate the selfish and coward draught.”

“Fool!” said the Deev, “ever changing and uncertain! But now didst thou call for death, yet fleddest to behold him near, as the sparrow from the eagle. Bethink thee, that, hereafter, thou wilt wish, and in vain, for these happy waters: the evils of thy life shall haunt thy remembrance with bitterness unceasing. Then thou wilt long for oblivion; but mortal comes not twice here. Drink, then, and secure peace while it offers.”



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Painted by J. Martin.

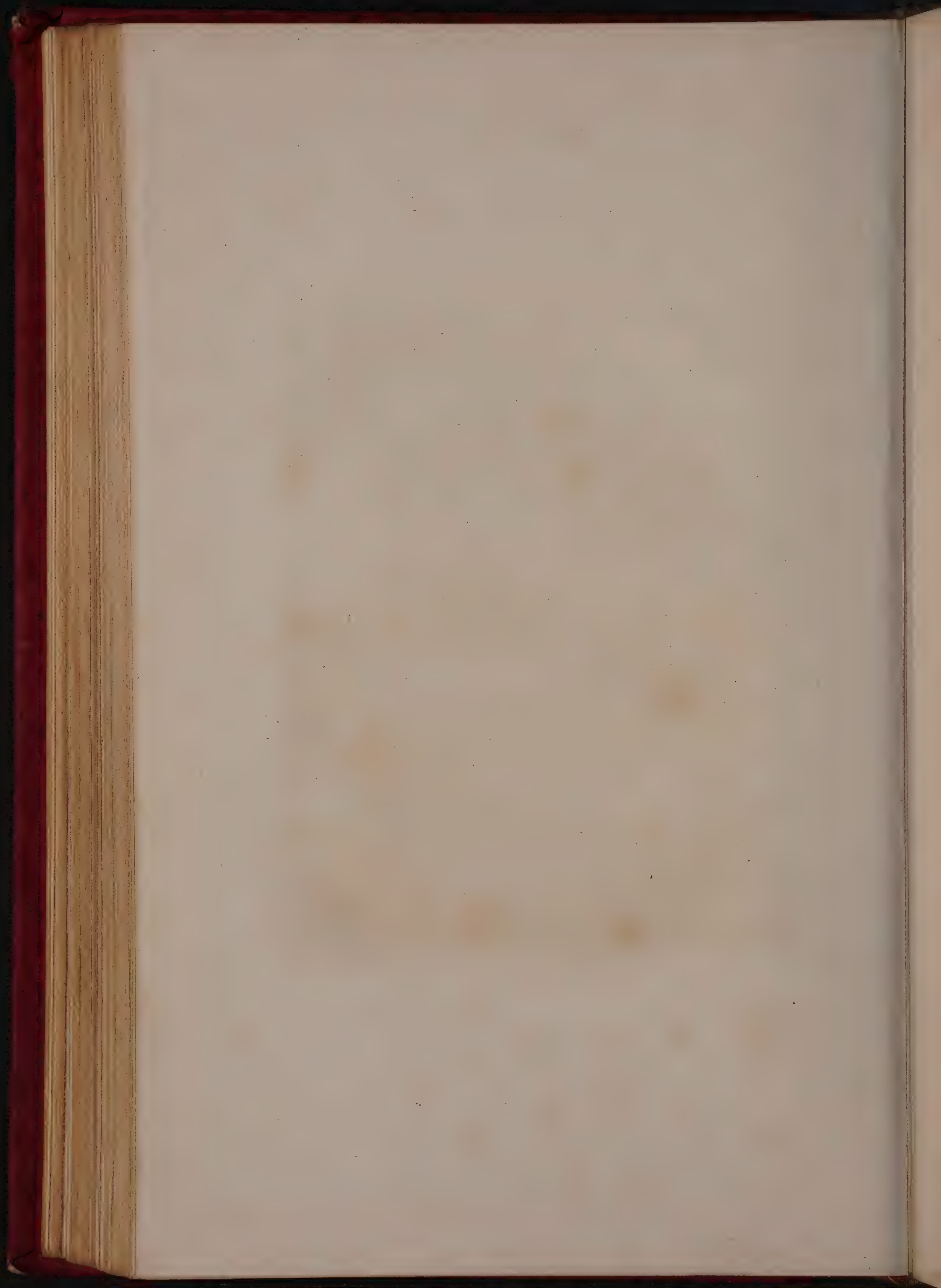
Engraved by E. J. Roberts.

SADAK.

IN SEARCH OF THE WATERS OF OBLIVION.

Published by T. Hurst, & Co. St. Paul's Churchyard, & R. Jennings, 2, Poultry.

Quarto.



Sadak paused—for a moment he wavered—it was but for a moment: “No!” he answered, “I will not drink! Thanks for thy offer and thy aid, though I will not avail myself of it. I will depart as I came.”

“Depart!” shouted the laughing Deev, “how and when? Thinkest thou the boat will bear thee back in safety, who hast mocked its master, and despised his gifts? Trifle not!—Did I bring thee hither to return with the memory of what thou hast seen—to prate to clay things, like thyself, of the fallen splendour of our race?—Once more I bid thee drink.”

“I will not!” answered Sadak.

The Deev bent on him a look of darkness and of rage. His colossal figure shook with fury, as the mountain heaves and swells on the birth of the earthquake. Lightning blazed in his eyes, and his voice was nigh choked as he thundered once more “Drink!”

Sadak spoke not—moved not.

“Then perish!”

The Deev twisted his hand in his victim’s hair, raised him from the ground, and hurled him far aloft into the air. He rose to a fearful height, then turned and fell. The waters of oblivion received him—they parted and closed again over Sadak for ever!

THE FALSE ONE.

And give you, mix'd with western sentimentalism,
Some samples of the finest orientalism !

LORD BYRON.

AKBAR, the most enlightened and renowned among the sovereigns of the East, and the contemporary of our Queen Elizabeth, reigned over all those vast territories, which extend from the Indus to the Ganges, and from the snowy mountains of the north to the kingdoms of Guzerat and Candeish on the south. After having subdued the factious omrahs, and the hereditary enemies of his family, and made tributary to his power most of the neighbouring kingdoms, there occurred a short period of profound peace. Assisted by able ministers, Akbar employed this interval in alleviating the miseries, which half a century of war and ravage had called down upon this beautiful, but ever wretched country. Commerce was relieved from the heavy imposts, which had hitherto clogged its progress; the revenues of the empire were improved and regulated; by a particular decree, the cultivators of the earth were exempted from serving in the imperial armies; and justice was every where impartially administered; tempered, however, with that extreme clemency, which, in the early part of his reign, Akbar carried to an excess almost injurious to his interests. India, so long exposed to the desolating inroads of invaders, and torn by internal factions, began, at length,

to "wear her plumed and jewelled turban with a smile of peace;" and all the various nations united under his sway—the warlike Afghans, the proud Moguls, the gentle-spirited Hindoos, with one voice blessed the wise and humane government of the son of Baber, and unanimously bestowed upon him the titles of AKBAR, or the GREAT, and JUGGUT GROW, or GUARDIAN of MANKIND.

Meantime the happiness, which he had diffused among millions, seemed to have fled from the bosom of the sovereign. Cares far different from those of war, deeper than those of love (for the love of eastern monarchs is seldom shadowed by anxiety), possessed his thoughtful soul. He had been brought up in the strictest forms of the Mohammedan religion, and he meditated upon the text, which enjoins the extermination of all who rejected his prophet, till his conscience became like a troubled lake. He reflected, that in his vast dominions there were at least fifteen different religions, which were subdivided into about three hundred and fifty sects: to extirpate thousands and tens of thousands of his unoffending subjects, and pile up pyramids of human heads in honour of God and his prophet, as his predecessors had done before him, was, to his mild nature, not only abhorrent, but impossible. Yet as his power had never met with any obstacle, which force or address had not subdued before him, the idea of bringing this vast multitude to agree in one system of belief and worship appeared to him not utterly hopeless.

He consulted, after long reflection, his favourite and secretary, Abul Fazil, the celebrated historian, of whom it was proverbially said, that "the monarchs of the East feared more the pen of Abul Fazil than the sword of

Akbar." The acute mind of that great man saw instantly the wild impracticability of such a scheme ; but willing to prove it to his master without absolutely contradicting his favourite scheme, he proposed, as a preparatory step, that the names of the various sects of religion known to exist in the sultan's dominions should be registered, and the tenets of their belief, contained in their books of law or promulgated by their priests, should be reviewed and compared ; thence it would appear how far it was possible to reconcile them one with another.

This suggestion pleased the great king ; and there went forth a decree from the imperial throne, commanding that all the religions and sects of religion to be found within the boundaries of the empire should send deputies, on a certain day, to the sultan, to deliver up their books of law, to declare openly the doctrines of their faith, and be registered by name in a volume kept for this purpose—whether they were followers of Jesus, of Moses, or of Mohammed ; whether they worshipped God in the sun, in the fire, in the image, or in the stream ; by written law or traditional practice : true believer or pagan infidel, none were excepted. The imperial mandate was couched in such absolute, as well as alluring terms, that it became as impossible as impolitic to evade it ; it was therefore the interest of every particular sect, to represent in the most favourable light the mode of faith professed by each. Some thought to gain favour by the magnificence of their gifts ; others, by the splendour of their processions. Some rested their hopes on the wisdom and venerable appearance of the deputies they selected to represent them ; and others (they were but few), strong in their faith and spiritual pride, deemed all such aids

unnecessary, and trusted in the truth of the doctrines they professed, which they only waited an opportunity to assert, secure that they needed only to be heard, to convert all who had ears to hear.

On the appointed day, an immense multitude had assembled from all the quarters of the empire, and pressed through the gates and streets of Agra, then the capital and residence of the monarch. The principal durbar, or largest audience-court of the palace, was thrown open on this occasion. At the upper end was placed the throne of Akbar. It was a raised platform, from which sprung twelve twisted pillars of massy gold, all radiant with innumerable gems, supporting the golden canopy, over which waved the white umbrella, the insignia of power; the cushions, upon which the emperor reclined, were of cloth of gold, incrustated with rubies and emeralds; six pages, of exquisite beauty, bearing fans of peacocks' feathers, were alone permitted to approach within the silver balustrade, which surrounded the seat of power. On one side stood the vizir Chan Azim, bold and erect of look, as became a warrior, and Abul Fazil, with his tablets in his hand, and his eyes modestly cast down: next to him stood Dominico Cuença, the Portuguese missionary, and two friars of his order, who had come from Goa by the express command of the sultan; on the other side, the muftis and doctors of the law. Around were the great omrahs, the generals, governors, tributary princes, and ambassadors. The ground was spread with Persian carpets of a thousand tints, sprinkled with rose-water, and softer beneath the feet than the velvety durva grass; and clouds of incense, ambergris, and myrrh, filled the air. The gorgeous trappings of eastern splendour, the

waving of standards, the glittering of warlike weapons, the sparkling of jewelled robes, formed a scene, almost sublime in its prodigal and lavish magnificence, such as only an oriental court could show.

Seven days did the royal Akbar receive and entertain the religious deputies: every day a hundred thousand strangers feasted at his expense; and every night the gifts he had received during the day, or the value of them, were distributed in alms to the vast multitude, without any regard to difference of belief. Seven days did the royal Akbar sit on his musnud, and listen graciously to all who appeared before him. Many were the words spoken, and marvellous was the wisdom uttered; sublime were the doctrines professed, and pure the morality they enjoined: but the more the royal Akbar heard, the more was his great mind perplexed; the last who spoke seemed ever in the right, till the next who appeared turned all to doubt again. He was amazed, and said within himself, like the judge of old, "*What is truth?*"

It was observed, that the many dissenting or heterodox sects of the Mohammedan religion excited infinitely more indignation among the orthodox muftis, than the worst among the pagan idolaters. Their hearts burned within them through impatience and wrath, and they would almost have died on the spot for the privilege of confuting those blasphemers, who rejected Abu Becker; who maintained, with Abu Zail, that blue was holier than green; or with Mozar, that a sinner was worse than an infidel; or believed with the Morgians, that in paradise God is beheld only with the eyes of our understanding; or with the Kharejites, that a prince who abuses his power may

be deposed without sin. But the sultan had forbidden all argument in his presence, and they were constrained to keep silence, though it was pain and grief to them.

The Seiks from Lahore, then a new sect, and since a powerful nation, with their light olive complexions, their rich robes and turbans all of blue, their noble features and free undaunted deportment, struck the whole assembly with respect, and were received with peculiar favour by the sultan. So also were the Ala-ilahiyahs, whose doctrines are a strange compound of the Christian, the Mohammedan, and the Pagan creeds ; but the Sactas, or Epicureans of India, met with a far different reception. This sect, which in secret professed the most profane and detestable opinions, endeavoured to obtain favour by the splendid offerings they laid at the foot of the throne, and the graceful and seducing eloquence of their principal speaker. It was, however, in vain, that he threw over the tenets of his religion, as publicly acknowledged, the flimsy disguise of rhetoric and poetry ; that he endeavoured to prove, that all happiness consisted in enjoying the world's goods, and all virtue in mere abstaining from evil ; that death is an eternal sleep ; and therefore to reject the pleasures of this life, in any shape, the extreme of folly ; while at every pause of his oration, voices of the sweetest melody chorussed the famous burden :

“ May the hand never shake which gather'd the grapes !
May the foot never slip which press'd them !”

Akbar commanded the Sactas from his presence, amid the murmurs and execrations of all parties : and though they were protected for the present by the royal passport,

they were subsequently banished beyond the frontiers of Cashmere.

The fire-worshippers, from Guzerat, presented the books of their famous teacher, Zoroaster; to them succeeded the Jainas, the Buddhists, and many more, innumerable as the leaves upon the banyan tree—countless as the stars at midnight.

Last of all came the deputies of the Brahmans. On their approach there was a hushed silence, and then arose a suppressed murmur of amazement, curiosity, and admiration. It is well known with what impenetrable secrecy the Brahmans guard the peculiar mysteries of their religion. In the reigns of Akbar's predecessors, and during the first invasions of the Moguls, many had suffered martyrdom in the most horrid forms, rather than suffer their sanctuaries to be violated, or disclose the contents of their Vedas or sacred books. Loss of caste, excommunication in this world, and eternal perdition in the next, were the punishments awarded to those, who should break this fundamental law of the Brahminical faith. The mystery was at length to be unveiled; the doubts and conjectures, to which this pertinacious concealment gave rise, were now to be ended for ever. The learned Doctors and muftis bent forward with an attentive and eager look—Abul Fazil raised his small, bright, piercing eyes, while a smile of dubious import passed over his countenance—the Portuguese monk threw back his cowl, and the calm and scornful expression of his fine features changed to one of awakened curiosity and interest: even Akbar raised himself from his jewelled couch as the deputies of the Brahmans approached. A single delegate had been

chosen from the twelve principal temples and seats of learning, and they were attended by forty aged men, selected from the three inferior castes, to represent the mass of the Indian population—warriors, merchants, and husbandmen. At the head of this majestic procession was the Brahman Sarma, the high priest, and principal *Gooroo* or teacher of theology at Benares. This singular and venerable man had passed several years of his life in the court of the sultan Baber; and the dignity and austerity, that became his age and high functions, were blended with a certain grace and ease in his deportment, which distinguished him above the rest.

When the sage Sarma had pronounced the usual benediction, "May the king be victorious!" Akbar inclined his head with reverence. "Wise and virtuous Brahmans!" he said, "our court derives honour from your illustrious presence. Next to the true faith taught by our holy Prophet, the doctrines of Brahma must exceed all others in wisdom and purity, even as the priests of Brahma excel in virtue and knowledge the wisest of the earth: disclose, therefore, your sacred Sastras, that we may inhale from them, as from the roses of paradise, the precious fragrance of truth and of knowledge!"

The Brahman replied, in the soft and musical tones of his people, "O king of the world! we are not come before the throne of power to betray the faith of our fathers, but to die for it, if such be the will of the sultan!" Saying these words, he and his companions prostrated themselves upon the earth, and, taking off their turbans, flung them down before them: then, while the rest continued with their foreheads bowed to the ground, Sarma arose, and stood upright before the throne. No words

can describe the amazement of Akbar. He shrunk back and struck his hands together; then he frowned, and twisted his small and beautifully curled mustachios:—"The sons of Brahma mock us!" said he at length; "is it thus our imperial decrees are obeyed?"

"The laws of our faith are immutable," replied the old man calmly, "and the contents of the Vedas were preordained from the beginning of time to be revealed to the TWICE-BORN alone. It is sufficient, that therein are to be found the essence of all wisdom, the principles of all virtue, and the means of acquiring immortality."

"Doubtless, the sons of Brahma are preeminently wise," said Akbar, sarcastically; "but are the followers of the Prophet accounted as fools in their eyes? The sons of Brahma are excellently virtuous, but are all the rest of mankind vicious? Has the most high God confined the knowledge of his attributes to the Brahmans alone, and hidden his face from the rest of his creatures? Where, then, is his justice? where his all-embracing mercy?"

The Brahman, folding his arms, replied: "It is written, Heaven is a palace with many doors, and every man shall enter by his own way. It is not given to mortals to examine or arraign the decrees of the Deity, but to hear and to obey. Let the will of the sultan be accomplished in all things else. In this let the God of all the earth judge between the king and his servants."

"Now, by the head of our Prophet! shall we be braved on our throne by these insolent and contumacious priests? Tortures shall force the seal from those lips!"

"Not so!" said the old Brahman, drawing himself up with a look of inexpressible dignity. "It is in the power

of the Great King to deal with his slaves as seemeth good to him ; but fortitude is the courage of the weak ; and the twice-born sons of Brahma can suffer more in the cause of truth, than even the wrath of Akbar can inflict."

At these words, which expressed at once submission and defiance, a general murmur arose in the assembly. The dense crowd became agitated as the waves of the Ganges just before the rising of the hurricane. Some opened their eyes wide with amazement at such audacity, some frowned with indignation, some looked on with contempt, others with pity. All awaited in fearful expectation, till the fury of the sultan should burst forth and consume these presumptuous offenders. But Akbar remained silent, and for some time played with the hilt of his poniard, half unsheathing it, and then forcing it back with an angry gesture. At length he motioned to his secretary to approach ; and Abul Fazil, kneeling upon the silver steps of the throne, received the sultan's commands. After a conference of some length, inaudible to the attendants around, Abul Fazil came forward, and announced the will of the sultan, that the durbar should be presently broken up. The deputies were severally dismissed with rich presents ; all, except the Brahmans, who were commanded to remain in the quarter assigned to them during the royal pleasure, and a strong guard was placed over them.

Mean time Akbar withdrew to the private apartments of his palace, where he remained for three days inaccessible to all, except his secretary Abul Fazil, and the Christian monk. On the fourth day he sent for the high priest of Benares, and successively for the rest of the Brahmans, his companions ; but it was in vain he

tried threats and temptations, and all his arts of argument and persuasion. They remained calmly and passively immovable. The Sultan at length pardoned and dismissed them with many expressions of courtesy and admiration. The Brahman Sarma was distinguished among the rest by gifts of peculiar value and magnificence, and to him Akbar made a voluntary promise, that, during his reign, the cruel tax, called the Kerea, which had hitherto been levied upon the poor Indians whenever they met to celebrate any of their religious festivals, should be abolished.

But all these professions were hollow and insidious. Akbar was not a character to be thus baffled; and assisted by the wily wit of Abul Fazil, and the bold intriguing monk, he had devised a secret and subtle expedient, which should at once gratify his curiosity, and avenge his insulted power.

Abul Fazil had an only brother, many years younger than himself, whom he had adopted as his son, and loved with extreme tenderness. He had intended him to tread, like himself, the intricate path of state policy; and with this view he had been carefully educated in all the learning of the East, and had made the most astonishing progress in every branch of science. Though scarcely past his boyhood, he had already been initiated into the intrigues of the court; above all, he had been brought up in sentiments of the most profound veneration and submission for the monarch he was destined to serve. In some respects Faizi resembled his brother: he possessed the same versatility of talents, the same acuteness of mind, the same predilection for literary and sedentary pursuits, the same insinuating melody of voice and fluent grace of speech; but his ambition was of a nobler cast, and

though his moral perceptions had been somewhat blunted by a too early acquaintance with court diplomacy, and an effeminate, though learned education, his mind and talents were decidedly of a higher order. He also excelled Abul Fazil in the graces of his person, having inherited from his mother (a Georgian slave of surpassing loveliness) a figure of exquisite grace and symmetry, and features of the most faultless and noble beauty.

Thus fitted by nature and prepared by art for the part he was to perform, this youth was secretly sent to Allahabad, where the deputies of the Brahmans rested for some days on their return to the Sacred City. Here Abul Fazil, with great appearance of mystery and circumspection, introduced himself to the chief priest, Sarma, and presented to him his youthful brother as the orphan son of the Brahman Mitra, a celebrated teacher of astronomy in the court of the late sultan. Abul Fazil had artfully prepared such documents, as left no doubt of the truth of his story. His pupil in treachery played his part to admiration, and the deception was complete and successful.

"It was the will of the Great King," said the wily Abul Fazil, "that this fair youth should be brought up in his palace, and converted to the Moslem faith; but, bound by my vows to a dying friend, I have for fourteen years eluded the command of the sultan, and in placing him under thy protection, O most venerable Sarma! I have at length discharged my conscience, and fulfilled the last wishes of the Brahman Mitra. Peace be with him! If it seem good in thy sight, let this remain for ever a secret between me and thee. I have successfully thrown dust in the eyes of the Sultan, and caused it to be re-

ported, that the youth is dead of a sudden and grievous disease. Should he discover, that he has been deceived by his slave; should the truth reach his mighty ears, the head of Abul Fazil would assuredly pay the forfeit of his disobedience."

The old Brahman replied with many expressions of gratitude and inviolable discretion; and, wholly unsuspecting of the cruel artifice, received the youth with joy. He carried him to Benares, where some months afterwards he publicly adopted him as his son, and gave him the name of Govinda, "the Beloved," one of the titles under which the Indian women adore their beautiful and favourite idol, the god Crishna.

Govinda, so we must now call him, was set to study the sacred language, and the theology of the Brahmans as it is revealed in their Vedas and Sastras. In both he made quick and extraordinary progress; and his singular talents did not more endear him to his preceptor, than his docility, and the pensive, and even melancholy sweetness of his temper and manner. His new duties were not unpleasing or unsuited to one of his indolent and contemplative temper. He possibly felt, at first, a holy horror at the pagan sacrifices, in which he was obliged to assist, and some reluctance to feeding consecrated cows, gathering flowers, cooking rice, and drawing water for offerings and libations: but by degrees he reconciled his conscience to these occupations, and became attached to his Gooroo, and interested in his philosophical studies. He would have been happy, in short, but for certain uneasy sensations of fear and self-reproach, which he vainly endeavoured to forget or to reason down.

Abul Fazil, who dreaded, not his indiscretion or his

treachery, but his natural sense of rectitude, which had yielded reluctantly, even to the command of Akbar, maintained a constant intercourse with him by means of an intelligent mute, who, hovering in the vicinity of Benares, sometimes in the disguise of a fisherman, sometimes as a coolie, was a continual spy upon all his movements; and once in every month, when the moon was in her dark quarter, Govinda met him secretly, and exchanged communications with his brother.

The Brahman Sarma was rich; he was proud of his high caste, his spiritual office, and his learning; he was of the tribe of Narayna, which for a thousand years had filled the offices of priesthood, without descending to any meaner occupation, or mingling blood with any inferior caste. He maintained habitually a cold, austere, and dignified calmness of demeanour; and flattered himself, that he had attained that state of perfect indifference to all worldly things, which, according to the Brahminical philosophy, is the highest point of human virtue; but, though simple, grave, and austere in his personal habits, he lived with a splendour becoming his reputation, his high rank, and vast possessions. He exercised an almost princely hospitality; a hundred mendicants were fed morning and evening at his gates. He founded and supported colleges of learning for the poorer Brahmans, and had numerous pupils, who had come from all parts of India to study under his direction. These were lodged in separate buildings. Only Govinda, as the adopted son of Sarma, dwelt under the same roof with his Gooroo, a privilege which had unconsciously become most precious to his heart: it removed him from the constrained companionship of those he secretly despised,

and it placed him in delicious and familiar intercourse with one, who had become too dearly and fatally beloved.

The Brahman had an only child, the daughter of his old age. She had been named, at her birth, Priyamvada (or *softly speaking*); but her companions called her Amrà, the name of a graceful tree bearing blossoms of peculiar beauty and fragrance, with which the Indian Cupid is said to tip his arrows. Amrà was but a child when Govinda first entered the dwelling of his preceptor; but as time passed on, she expanded beneath his eye into beauty and maturity, like the lovely and odoriferous flower, the name of which she bore.

The Hindoo women of superior rank and unmixed caste are in general of diminutive size; and accordingly the lovely and high-born Amrà was formed upon the least possible scale of female beauty: but her figure, though so exquisitely delicate, had all the flowing outline and rounded proportions of complete womanhood. Her features were perfectly regular, and of almost infantine minuteness, except her eyes: those soft oriental eyes, not sparkling, or often animated, but large, dark, and lustrous; as if in their calm depth of expression slept unwakened passions, like the bright deity Heri reposing upon the coiled serpent. Her eyebrows were finely arched, and most delicately pencilled; her complexion, of a pale and transparent olive, was on the slightest emotion suffused with a tint, which resembled that of the crimson water-lily as seen through the tremulous wave; her lips were like the buds of the Camàlata, and unclosed to display a row of teeth like seed-pearl of Manar. But one of her principal charms, because peculiar and unequalled, was the beauty and

redundance of her hair, which in colour and texture resembled black floss silk, and, when released from confinement, flowed downwards over her whole person like a veil, and swept the ground.

Such was Amrà : nor let it be supposed, that so perfect a form was allied to a merely passive and childish mind. It is on record, that, until the invasion of Hindostan by the barbarous Moguls, the Indian women enjoyed comparative freedom : it is only since the occupation of the country by the Europeans, that they have been kept in entire seclusion. A plurality of wives was discouraged by their laws ; and, among some of the tribes of Brahmans, it was even forbidden. At the period of our story, that is, in the reign of Akbar, the Indian women, and more particularly the Brahminees, enjoyed much liberty. They were well educated, and some of them, extraordinary as it may seem, distinguished themselves in war and government. The Indian queen Durgetti, whose history forms a conspicuous and interesting episode in the life of Akbar, defended her kingdom for ten years against one of his most valiant generals. Mounted upon an elephant of war, she led her armies in person ; fought several pitched battles ; and being at length defeated in a decisive engagement, she stabbed herself on the field, like another Boadicea, rather than submit to her barbarous conqueror. Nor was this a solitary instance of female heroism and mental energy : and the effect of this freedom, and the respect with which they were treated, appeared in the morals and manners of the women.

The gentle daughter of Sarma was not indeed fitted by nature either to lead or to govern, and certainly had never dreamed of doing either. Her figure, gestures, and

movements, had that softness at once alluring and retiring, that indolent grace, that languid repose, common to the women of tropical regions.

“ All her affections like the dews on roses,
Fair as the flowers themselves ; as soft, as gentle.”

Her spirit, in its “ mildness, sweetness, blessedness,” seemed as flexible and unresisting as the tender Vasanta creeper. She had indeed been educated in all the exclusive pride of her caste, and taught to regard all who were not of the privileged race of Brahma as *frangi* (or impure) ; but this principle, though so early instilled into her mind as to have become a part of her nature, was rather passive than active ; it had never been called forth. She had never been brought into contact with those, whose very look she would have considered as pollution ; for she had no intercourse but with those of her own nation, and watchful and sustaining love were all around her. Her learned accomplishments extended no farther than to read and write the Hindostanee tongue. To tend and water her flowers, to feed her birds, which inhabited a gaily gilded aviary in her garden, to string pearls, to embroider muslin, were her employments ; to pay visits and receive them, to lie upon cushions, and be fanned asleep by her maids, or listen to the endless tales of her old nurse, Gautami, whose memory was a vast treasure of traditional wonders—these were her amusements. That there were graver occupations, and dearer pleasures, proper to her sex, she knew ; but thought not of them, till the young Govinda came to disturb the peace of her innocent bosom. She had been told to regard him as a brother ; and, as she had never known a brother, she believed, that, in lavishing upon him all the glowing tender-

ness of her young heart, she was but obeying her father's commands. If her bosom fluttered when she heard his footsteps; if she trembled upon the tones of his voice; if, while he was occupied in the services of the temple, she sat in her veranda awaiting his return, and, the moment he appeared through the imbowering acacias, a secret and unaccountable feeling made her breathe quick, and rise in haste and retire to her inner apartments, till he approached to pay the salutations due to the daughter of his preceptor; what was it, what *could* it be, but the tender solicitude of a sister for a new found brother? But Govinda himself was not so entirely deceived. His boyhood had been passed in a luxurious court, and among the women and slaves of his brother's harem; and though so young, he was not wholly inexperienced in a passion, which is the too early growth of an eastern heart. He knew why he languished in the presence of his beautiful sister; he could tell why the dark splendour of Amrâ's eyes pierced his soul like the winged flames shot into a besieged city. He could guess, too, why those eyes kindled with a softer fire beneath his glance: but the love he felt was so chastened by the awe, which her serene purity, and the dignity of her sweet and feminine bearing shed around her; so hallowed by the nominal relationship in which they stood; so different, in short, from any thing he had ever felt, or seen, or heard of, that, abandoned to all the sweet and dream-like enchantment of a boyish passion, Govinda was scarcely conscious of the wishes of his own heart, until accident in the same moment disclosed his secret aspirations to himself, and bade him for ever despair of their accomplishment.

On the last day of the dark half of the moon, it was the custom of the wise and venerable Sarma to bathe at sunset in the Ganges, and afterwards retire to private meditation upon the thousand names of God, by the repetition of which, as it is written, a man insures to himself everlasting felicity. But while Sarma was thus absorbed in holy abstraction, where were Govinda and Amrà?

In a spot fairer than the poet's creative pencil ever wrought into a picture for fancy to dwell on—where, at the extremity of the Brahman's garden, the broad and beautiful stream that bounded it ran swiftly to mingle its waves with those of the thrice-holy Ganges; where mangoes raised their huge twisted roots in a thousand fantastic forms, while from their boughs hung suspended the nests of the little Baya birds, which waved to and fro in the evening breeze—there had Amrà and Govinda met together, it might be, without design. The sun had set, the Cistus flowers began to fall, and the rich blossoms of the night-loving Nilica diffused their rich odour. The Peyoo awoke to warble forth his song, and the fire-flies were just visible, as they flitted under the shade of the Champac trees. Upon a bank, covered with that soft and beautiful grass, which, whenever it is pressed or trodden on, yields a delicious perfume, were Amrà and Govinda seated side by side. Two of her attendants, at some little distance, were occupied in twining wreaths of flowers. Amrà had a basket at her feet, in which were two small vessels of porcelain. One contained cakes of rice, honey, and clarified butter, kneaded by her own hand; in the other were mangoes, rose-apples, and musk-melons; and garlands of the holy palàsa blossoms, sacred to the dead, were flung around the whole. This was the votive offer-

ing, which Amrà had prepared for the tomb of her mother, who was buried in the garden. And now, with her elbow resting on her knee, and her soft cheek leaning on her hand, she sat gazing up at the sky, where the stars came flashing forth one by one; and she watched the auspicious moment for offering her pious oblation. But Govinda looked neither on the earth, nor on the sky. What to him were the stars, or the flowers, or the moon rising in dewy splendour? His eyes were fixed upon one, who was brighter to him than the stars, lovelier than the moon when she drives her antelopes through the heavens, sweeter than the night-flower which opens in her beam.

“Oh Amrà!” he said at length, and while he spoke his voice trembled even at its own tenderness, “Amrà! beautiful and beloved sister! thine eyes are filled with the glory of that sparkling firmament! the breath of the evening, which agitates the silky filaments of the Seris, is as pleasant to thee as to me: but the beauty, which I see, thou canst not see; the power of deep joy, which thrills over my heart like the breeze over those floating lotuses—oh! *this* thou canst not feel!—Let me take away those pearls and gems scattered among thy radiant tresses, and replace them with these fragrant and golden clusters of Champac flowers! If ever there were beauty, which could disdain the aid of ornament, is it not that of Amrà? If ever there were purity, truth, and goodness, which could defy the powers of evil, are they not thine? Oh then, let others braid their hair with pearls, and bind round their arms the demon-scaring amulet: my sister needs no spells to guard her innocence, and cannot wear a gem that does not hide a charm!”

The blush, which the beginning of this passionate

speech had called up to her cheek, was changed to a smile, as she looked down upon the mystic circle of gold, which bound her arm.

"It is not a talisman," said she, softly; "it is the Tali, the nuptial bracelet, which was bound upon my arm when I was married."

"*Married!*" the word rent away from the heart of Govinda that veil, with which he had hitherto shrouded his secret hopes, fears, wishes, and affections. His mute agitation sent a trouble into her heart, she knew not why. She blushed quick-kindling blushes, and drooped her head.

"Married!" he said, after a breathless pause; "when? to whom? who is the possessor of a gem of such exceeding price, and yet forbears to claim it?"

She replied, "To Adhar, priest of Indore, and the friend of Sarma. I was married to him while yet an infant, after the manner of our tribe." Then perceiving his increasing disturbance, she continued, hurriedly, and with downcast eyes:—"I have never seen him: he has long dwelt in the countries of the south, whither he was called on an important mission; but he will soon return to reside here in the sacred city of his fathers, and will leave it no more. Why then should Govinda be sad?" She laid her hand timidly upon his arm, and looked up in his face.

Govinda would fain have taken that beautiful little hand, and covered it with kisses and with tears; but he was restrained by a feeling of respect, which he could not himself comprehend. He feared to alarm her; he contented himself with fixing his eyes on the hand which rested on his arm; and he said, in a soft melancholy voice, "When Adhar returns, Govinda will be forgotten."

"Oh, néver ! never !" she exclaimed, with sudden emotion, and lifting towards him eyes, that floated in tears. Govinda bent down his head, and pressed his lips upon her hand. She withdrew it hastily, and rose from the ground.

At that moment her nurse, Gautami, approached them. "My child," said she, in a tone of reproof, "dost thou yet linger here, and the auspicious moment almost past ? If thou delayest longer, evil demons will disturb and consume the pious oblation, and the dead will frown upon the abandoned altar. Hasten, my daughter ; take up the basket of offerings, and walk before us."

Amrà, trembling, leaned upon her maids, and prepared to obey ; but when she had made a few steps, she turned back, as if to salute her brother, and repeated in a low emphatic tone the word "*Never !*"—then turned away. Govinda stood looking after the group, till the last wave of their white veils disappeared ; and listened till the tinkling of their silver anklets could no longer be distinguished. Then he started as from a dream : he tossed his arms above his head ; he flung himself upon the earth in an agony of jealous fury ; he gave way to all the pent-up passions, which had been for years accumulating in his heart. All at once he rose : he walked to and fro ; he stopped. A hope had darted into his mind, even through the gloom of despair. "For what," thought he, "have I sold myself ? For riches ! for honour ! for power ! Ah ! what are they in such a moment ? Dust of the earth, toys, empty breath ! For what is the word of the Great King pledged to me ? Has he not sworn to refuse me nothing ? All that is most precious between earth and heaven, from the mountain to the sea, lies

at my choice! One word, and she is mine! and I hesitate? Fool! she *shall* be mine!"

He looked up towards heaven, and marked the places of the stars. "It is the appointed hour," he muttered, and cautiously his eye glanced around, and he listened; but all was solitary and silent. He then stole along the path, which led through a thick grove of Cadam trees, intermingled with the tall points of the Cusa grass, that shielded him from all observation. He came at last to a little promontory, where the river we have mentioned threw itself into the Ganges. He had not been there above a minute, when a low whistle, like the note of the Chacora, was heard. A small boat rowed to the shore, and Sahib stood before him. Quick of eye and apprehension, the mute perceived instantly, that something unusual had occurred. He pointed to the skiff; but Govinda shook his head, and made signs for a light and the writing implements. They were quickly brought; and while Sahib held the lamp so that its light was invisible to the opposite shore, Govinda wrote, in the peculiar cipher they had framed for that purpose, a few words to his brother, sufficiently intelligible in their import, though dictated by the impassioned and tumultuous feelings of the moment. When he had finished, he gave the letter to Sahib, who concealed it carefully in the folds of his turban, and then, holding up the fingers of both hands thrice over, to intimate, that in thirty days he would bring the answer, he sprung into the boat, and was soon lost under the mighty shadow of the trees, which stretched their huge boughs over the stream.

Govinda slowly returned; but he saw Amrà no more that night. They met the next day, and the next; but

Amrà was no longer the same : she was silent, pensive ; and when pressed or rebuked, she became tearful and even sullen. She was always seen with her faithful Gautami, upon whose arm she leaned droopingly, and hung her head like her own neglected flowers. Govinda was almost distracted : in vain he watched for a moment to speak to Amrà alone ; the vigilant Gautami seemed resolved, that they should never meet out of her sight. Sometimes he would raise his eyes to her as she passed, with such a look of tender and sorrowful reproach, that Amrà would turn away her face and weep : but still she spoke not ; and never returned his respectful salutation farther than by inclining her head.

The old Brahman perceived this change in his beloved daughter ; but not for some time : and it is probable, that, being absorbed in his spiritual office and sublime speculations, he would have had neither leisure nor penetration to discover the cause, if the suspicions of the careful Gautami had not awakened his attention. She ventured to suggest the propriety of hastening the return of his daughter's betrothed husband ; and the Brahman, having taken her advice in this particular, rested satisfied ; persuading himself, that the arrival of Adhar would be a certain and all-sufficient remedy for the dreaded evil, which in his simplicity he had never contemplated, and could scarcely be made to comprehend.

A month had thus passed away, and again that appointed day came round, on which Govinda was wont to meet his brother's emissary : even on ordinary occasions he could never anticipate it without a thrill of anxiety,—now every feeling was wrought up to agony ; yet it was necessary to control the slightest sign of impatience, and

wear the same external guise of calm, subdued self-possession, though every vein was burning with the fever of suspense.

It was the hour when Sarma, having risen from his mid-day sleep, was accustomed to listen to Govinda while he read some appointed text. Accordingly Govinda opened his book, and standing before his preceptor in an attitude of profound humility, he read thus:—

“Garuna asked of the Crow Bushanda, ‘What is the most excellent of natural forms? the highest good? the chief pain? the dearest pleasure? the greatest wickedness? the severest punishment?’

“And the Crow Bushanda answered him: ‘In the three worlds, empyreal, terrestrial, and infernal, no form excels the human form.

“‘Supreme felicity, on earth, is found in the conversation of a virtuous friend.

“‘The keenest pain is inflicted by extreme poverty.

“‘The worst of sins is uncharitableness; and to the uncharitable is awarded the severest punishment: for while the despisers of their spiritual guides shall live for a thousand centuries as frogs, and those who condemn the Brahmans as ravens, and those who scorn other men as blinking bats, the uncharitable alone shall be condemned to the profoundest hell, and their punishment shall last for ever.’”

Govinda closed his book; and the old Brahman was proceeding to make an elaborate comment on this venerable text, when, looking up in the face of his pupil, he perceived, that he was pale, abstracted, and apparently unconscious that he was speaking. He stopped: he was about to rebuke him, but he restrained himself; and

after reflecting for a few moments, he commanded the youth to prepare for the evening sacrifice: but first he desired him to summon Amrà to her father's presence.

At this unusual command Govinda almost started. He deposited the sacred leaves in his bosom, and, with a beating heart and trembling steps, prepared to obey. When he reached the door of the zenana, he gently lifted the silken curtain which divided the apartments, and stood for a few moments contemplating, with silent and sad delight, the group that met his view.

Amrà was reclining upon cushions, and looking wan as a star that fades away before the dawn. Her head drooped upon her bosom, her hair hung neglected upon her shoulders: yet was she lovely still; and Govinda, while he gazed, remembered the words of the poet Calidas: "The water-lily, though dark moss may settle on its head, is nevertheless beautiful; and the moon, with dewy beams, is rendered yet brighter by its dark spots." She was clasping round her delicate wrist a bracelet of gems; and when she observed, that ever as she placed it on her attenuated arm it fell again upon her hand, she shook her head and smiled mournfully. Two of her maids sat at her feet, occupied in their embroidery; and old Gautami, at her side, was relating, in a slow, monotonous recitative, one of her thousand tales of wonder, to divert the melancholy of her young mistress. She told how the demi-god Rama was forced to flee from the demons who had usurped his throne, and how his beautiful and faithful Seita wandered over the whole earth in search of her consort; and, being at length overcome with grief and fatigue, she sat down in the pathless wilderness and wept; and how there arose from the spot,

where her tears sank warm into the earth, a fountain of boiling water of exquisite clearness and wondrous virtues ; and how maidens, who make a pilgrimage to this sacred well and dip their veils into its wave with pure devotion, ensure themselves the utmost felicity in marriage : thus the story ran. Amrà, who appeared at first abstracted and inattentive, began to be affected by the misfortunes and the love of the beautiful Seita ; and at the mention of the fountain and its virtues, she lifted her eyes with an expression of eager interest, and met those of Govinda fixed upon her. She uttered a faint cry, and threw herself into the arms of Gautami. He hastened to deliver the commands of his preceptor, and then Amrà, recovering her self-possession, threw her veil round her, arose, and followed him to her father's presence.

As they drew near together, the old man looked from one to the other. Perhaps his heart, though dead to all human passions, felt at that moment a touch of pity for the youthful, lovely, and loving pair who stood before him ; but his look was calm, cold, and serene, as usual.

" Draw near, my son," he said ; " and thou, my beloved daughter, approach, and listen to the will of your father. The time is come, when we must make ready all things for the arrival of the wise and honoured Adhar. My daughter, let those pious ceremonies, with which virtuous women prepare themselves ere they enter the dwelling of their husband, be duly performed : and do thou Govinda, son of my choice, set my household in order, that all may be in readiness to receive with honour the bridegroom, who comes to claim his betrothed. To-morrow we will sacrifice to Ganesa, who is the guardian of travellers : this night must be given to penance and

holy meditation. Amrà, retire : and thou, Govinda, take up that faggot of Tulsi-wood, with the rice and the flowers for the evening oblation, and follow me to the temple." So saying, the old man turned away hastily; and without looking back, pursued his path through the sacred grove.

Alas for those he had left behind ! Govinda remained silent and motionless. Amrà would have obeyed her father, but her limbs refused their office. She trembled—she was sinking : she timidly looked up to Govinda as if for support ; his arms were extended to receive her : she fell upon his neck, and wept unrestrained tears. He held her to his bosom as though he would have folded her into his inmost heart, and hidden her there for ever. He murmured passionate words of transport and fondness in her ear. He drew aside her veil from her pale brow, and ventured to print a kiss upon her closed eyelids. " To night," he whispered, " in the grove of mangoes by the river's bank !" She answered only by a mute caress ; and then supporting her steps to her own apartments, he resigned her to the arms of her attendants, and hastened after his preceptor. He forgot, however, the materials for the evening sacrifice, and in consequence not only had to suffer a severe rebuke from the old priest, but the infliction of a penance extraordinary, which detained him in the presence of his preceptor till the night was far advanced. At length, however, Sarma retired to holy meditation and mental abstraction, and Govinda was dismissed.

He had hitherto maintained, with habitual and determined self-command, that calm, subdued exterior, which becomes a pupil in the presence of his religious teacher ; but no sooner had he crossed the threshold, and found

himself alone breathing the free night-air of heaven, than the smothered passions burst forth. He paused for one instant, to anathematise in his soul the Sastras and their contents, the gods and their temples, the priests and the sacrifices; the futile ceremonies and profitless suffering to which his life was abandoned, and the cruel policy to which he had been made an unwilling victim. Then he thought of Amrà, and all things connected with her changed their aspect.

In another moment he was beneath the shadow of the mangoes on the river's brink. He looked round, Amrà was not there: he listened, there was no sound. The grass bore marks of having been recently pressed, and still its perfume floated on the air. A few flowers were scattered round, fresh gathered, and glittering with dew. Govinda wrung his hands in despair, and flung himself upon the bank, where a month before they had sat together. On the very spot where Amrà had reclined, he perceived a lotos-leaf and a palasa flower laid together. Upon the lotos-leaf he could perceive written, with a thorn or some sharp point, the word AMRÀ; and the crimson palasa-buds were sacred to the dead. It was sufficient: he thrust the leaf and the flowers into his bosom; and, "swift as the sparkle of a glancing star," he flew along the path which led to the garden sepulchre.

The mother of Amrà had died in giving birth to her only child. She was young, beautiful, and virtuous; and had lived happily with her husband notwithstanding the extraordinary disparity of age. The pride and stoicism of his caste would not allow him to betray any violence of grief, or show his affection for the dead, otherwise than by raising to her memory a beautiful

tomb. It consisted of four light pillars, richly and grotesquely carved, supporting a pointed cupola, beneath which was an altar for oblations: the whole was overlaid with brilliant white stucco, and glittered through the gloom. A flight of steps led up to this edifice: upon the highest step, and at the foot of the altar, Amrà was seated alone and weeping—

“ Love—O love ! what have I to do with thee ? How sinks the heart, how trembles the hand as it approaches the forbidden theme ! Of all the gifts the gods have sent upon the earth thou most precious—yet ever most fatal ! As serpents dwell among the odorous boughs of the sandal-tree, and alligators in the thrice sacred waters of the Ganges, so all that is sweetest, holiest, dearest upon earth, is mixed up with sin, and pain, and misery, and evil ! Thus hath it been ordained from the beginning ; and the love that hath never mourned, is not love.”

How sweet, yet how terrible, were the moments that succeeded ! While Govinda, with fervid eloquence, poured out his whole soul at her feet, Amrà alternately melted with tenderness, or shrunk with sensitive alarm. When he darkly intimated the irresistible power he possessed to overcome all obstacles to their union—when he spoke with certainty of the time when she should be his, spite of the world and men—when he described the glorious height to which his love would elevate her—the delights and the treasures he would lavish around her, she, indeed, understood not his words ; yet, with all a woman’s trusting faith in him she loves, she hung upon his accents—listened, and believed. The high and passionate energy, with which his spirit, so long pent up and crushed within him, now revealed itself ; the consciousness of his own

power, the knowledge that he was beloved, lent such a new and strange expression to his whole aspect, and touched his fine form and features with such a proud and sparkling beauty, that Amrà looked up at him with a mixture of astonishment, admiration, and deep love, not wholly unmingled with fear; almost believing, that she gazed upon some more than mortal lover, upon one of those bright genii, who inhabit the lower heaven, and have been known in the old time to leave their celestial haunts for love of the earth-born daughters of beauty.

Amrà did not speak, but Govinda felt his power. He saw his advantage, and, with the instinctive subtlety of his sex, he pursued it. He sighed, he wept, he implored, he upbraided. Amrà, overpowered by his emotion and her own, had turned away her head, and embraced one of the pillars of her mother's tomb, as if for protection. In accents of the most plaintive tenderness she entreated him to leave her—to spare her—and even while she spoke her arm relaxed its hold, and she was yielding to the gentle force with which he endeavoured to draw her away; when at this moment, so dangerous to both, a startling sound was heard—a rustling among the bushes, and then a soft, low whistle. Govinda started up at that well-known signal, and saw the head of the mute appearing just above the altar. His turban, being green, was undistinguishable against the leafy back-ground; and his small black eyes glanced and glittered like those of a snake. Govinda would willingly have annihilated him at that moment. He made a gesture of angry impatience, and motioned him to retire; but Sahib stood still, shook his hand with a threatening expression, and made signs, that he must instantly follow him.

Amrà meantime, who had neither seen nor heard any thing, began to suspect, that Govinda was communing with some invisible spirit; she clung to him in terror, and endeavoured to recall his attention to herself by the most tender and soothing words and caresses. After some time he succeeded in calming her fears; and with a thousand promises of quick return, he at length tore himself away, and followed through the thicket the form of Sahib, who glided like a shadow before him.

When they reached the accustomed spot, the mute leapt into the canoe, which he had made fast to the root of a mango-tree, and motioning Govinda to follow him, he pushed from the shore, and rowed rapidly till they reached a tall, bare rock near the centre of the stream, beneath the dark shadow of which Sahib moored his little boat, out of the possible reach of human eye or ear.

All had passed so quickly, that Govinda felt like one in a dream; but now, awakening to a sense of his situation, he held out his hand for the expected letter from his brother, trembling to learn its import, upon which he felt that more than his life depended. Sahib, meanwhile, did not appear in haste to obey. At length, after a pause of breathless suspense, Govinda heard a low and well-remembered voice repeat an almost-forgotten name: "Faizi!" it said.

"O Prophet of God! my brother!" and he was clasped in the arms of Abul Fazil.

After the first transports of recognition had subsided, Faizi (it is time to use his real name) sank from his brother's arms to his feet: he clasped his knees. "My brother!" he exclaimed, "what is now to be my fate? You have not lightly assumed this disguise, and braved

the danger of discovery ! You know all, and have come to save me—to bless me ? Is it not so ?”

Abul Fazil could not see his brother’s uplifted countenance, flushed with the hectic of feverish impatience, or his imploring eyes, that floated in tears ; but his tones were sufficiently expressive.

“ Poor boy !” he said, compassionately, “ I should have foreseen this. But calm these transports, my brother ! nothing is denied to the sultan’s power, and nothing will he deny thee.”

“ He knows all then ?”

“ All—and by his command am I come. I had feared, that my brother had sold his vowed obedience for the smile of a dark-eyed girl—what shall I say ?—I feared for his safety !”

“ Oh, my brother ! there is no cause !”

“ I know it—enough !—I have seen and heard !”

Faizi covered his face with his hands.

“ If the sultan ——”

“ Have no doubts,” said Abul Fazil : “ nothing is denied to the sultan’s power, nothing will be denied to thee.”

“ And the Brahman Adhar ?”

“ It has been looked to—he will not trouble thee.”

“ *Dead ?* O merciful Allah ! crime upon crime !”

“ His life is cared for,” said Abul Fazil, calmly : “ ask no more.”

“ It is sufficient. O my brother ! O Amrà !”—

“ She is thine !—Now hear the will of Akbar.” Faizi bowed his head with submission. “ Speak !” he said ; “ the slave of Akbar listens.”

“ In three months from this time,” continued Abul

Fazil, "and on this appointed night, it will be dark, and the pagods deserted. Then, and not till then, will Sahib be found at the accustomed spot. He will bring in the skiff a dress, which is the sultan's gift, and will be a sufficient disguise. On the left bank of the stream there shall be stationed an ample guard, with a close litter and a swift Arabian. Thou shalt mount the one, and in the other shall be placed this fair girl. Then fly: having first flung her veil upon the river to beguile pursuit; the rest I leave to thine own quick wit. But let all be done with secrecy and subtlety; for the sultan, though he can refuse thee nothing, would not willingly commit an open wrong against a people he has lately conciliated; and the violation of a Brahminee woman were enough to raise a province."

"It shall not need," exclaimed the youth, clasping his hands: "she loves me! She shall live for me—only for me—while others weep her dead!"

"It is well: now return we in silence, the night wears fast away." He took one of the oars, Faizi seized the other, and with some difficulty they rowed up the stream, keeping close under the overshadowing banks. Having reached the little promontory, they parted with a strict and mute embrace.

Faizi looked for a moment after his brother, then sprung forward to the spot where he had left Amrà; but she was no longer there: apparently she had been recalled by her nurse to her own apartments, and did not again make her appearance.

Three months more completed the five years which had been allotted for Govinda's Brahminical studies; they passed but too rapidly away. During this time the

Brahman Adhar did not arrive, nor was his name again uttered: and Amrà, restored to health, was more than ever tender and beautiful, and more than ever beloved.

The old Brahman, who had hitherto maintained towards his pupil and adopted son a cold and distant demeanour, now relaxed from his accustomed austerity, and when he addressed him it was in a tone of mildness and even tenderness. Alas for Govinda! every proof of this newly awakened affection pierced his heart with unavailing remorse. He had lived long enough among the Brahman, to anticipate with terror the effects of his treachery, when once discovered; but he repelled such obtrusive images, and resolutely shut his eyes against a future, which he could neither control nor avert. He tried to persuade himself, that it was now too late; that the stoical indifference to all earthly evil, passion, and suffering, which the Pundit Sarma taught and practised, would sufficiently arm him against the double blow preparing for him. Yet, as the hour approached, the fever of suspense consumed his heart. Contrary passions distracted and bewildered him: his ideas of right and wrong became fearfully perplexed. He would have given the treasures of Istakar to arrest the swift progress of time. He felt like one entangled in the wheels of some vast machine, and giddily and irresistibly whirled along he knew neither how nor whither.

At length the day arrived: the morning broke forth in all that splendor with which she descends upon "the Indian steep." Govinda prepared for the early sacrifice, the last he was to perform. In spite of the heaviness and confusion which reigned in his own mind, he could perceive, that something unusual occupied the thoughts

of his preceptor: some emotion of a pleasurable kind had smoothed the old man's brow. His voice was softened; and though his lips were compressed, almost a smile lighted up his eyes, when he turned them on Govinda. The sacrifice was one of unusual pomp and solemnity, in honour of the goddess Parvati, and lasted till the sun's decline. When they returned to the dwelling of Sarma he dismissed his pupils from their learned exercises, desiring them to make that day a day of rest and recreation, as if it were the festival of Sri, the goddess of learning, when books, pens, and papers, being honoured as her emblems, remain untouched, and her votaries enjoy a sabbath. When they were departed, the old Brahman commanded Govinda to seat himself on the ground opposite to him. This being the first time he had ever sat in the presence of his preceptor, the young man hesitated; but Sarma motioned him to obey, and accordingly he sat down at a respectful distance, keeping his eyes reverently cast upon the ground. The old man then spoke these words:

"It is now five years since the son of Mitra entered my dwelling. He was then but a child, helpless, orphaned, ignorant of all true knowledge; expelled from the faith of his fathers and the privileges of his high caste. I took him to my heart with joy, I fed him, I clothed him, I opened his mind to truth, I poured into his soul the light of knowledge: he became to me a son. If in any thing I have omitted the duty of a father towards him, if ever I refused to him the wish of his heart or the desire of his eyes, let him now speak!"

"Oh my father!"—

"No more," said the Brahman, gently, "I am an—"

swered in that one word ; but all that I have yet done seems as nothing in mine eyes : for the love I bear my son is wide as the wide earth, and my bounty shall be as the boundless firmament. Know that I have read thy soul ! Start not ! I have received letters from the South country. Amrà is no longer the wife of Adhar ; for Adhar has vowed himself to a life of penance and celibacy in the temple of Indore, by order of an offended prince ;—may he find peace ! The writings of divorce are drawn up, and my daughter being already past the age when a prudent father hastens to marry his child, in order that the souls of the dead may be duly honoured by their posterity, I have sought for her a husband, such as a parent might desire ; learned in the sciences, graced with every virtue ; of unblemished life, of unmixed caste, and rich in the goods of this world.”

The Brahman stopped short. Faizi, breathing with difficulty, felt the blood pause at his heart.

“ My son ! ” continued the old man, “ I have not coveted possessions or riches, but the gods have blessed me with prosperity ; be they praised for their gifts ! Look around upon this fair dwelling, upon those fertile lands, which spread far and wide, a goodly prospect ; and the herds that feed on them, and the bondsmen who cultivate them ; with silver and gold, and garments, and rich stores heaped up, more than I can count—all these do I give thee freely : possess them ! and with them I give thee a greater gift, and one that I well believe is richer and dearer in thine eyes—my daughter, my last and best treasure ! Thus do I resign all worldly cares, devoting myself henceforth solely to pious duties and religious meditation : for the few days he has to live, let the old

man repose upon thy love! A little water, a little rice, a roof to shelter him, these thou shalt bestow—he asks no more.”

The Brahman’s voice faltered. He rose, and Govinda stood up, trembling in every nerve. The old priest then laid his hand solemnly upon his bowed head and blessed him. “My son! to me far more and better than many sons, be thou blest as thou hast blessed me! The just gods requite thee with full measure all thou hast done! May the wife I bestow on thee bring to thy bosom all the felicity thou broughtst to me and mine, and thy last hours be calm and bright, as those thy love has prepared for me!”

“Ah, curse me not!” exclaimed Govinda, with a cry of horror; for in the anguish of that moment he felt as if the bitter malediction, thus unconsciously pronounced, was already fulfilling. He flung himself upon the earth in an agony of self humiliation; he crawled to the feet of his preceptor, he kissed them, he clasped his knees. In broken words he revealed himself, and confessed the treacherous artifice of which he was at once the instrument and the victim. The Brahman stood motionless, scarcely comprehending the words spoken. At length he seemed to awaken to the sense of what he heard, and trembled from head to foot with an exceeding horror; but he uttered no word of reproach: and after a pause, he suddenly drew the sacrificial poniard from his girdle, and would have plunged it into his own bosom, if Faizi had not arrested his arm, and without difficulty snatched the weapon from his shaking and powerless grasp.

“If yet there be mercy for me,” he exclaimed, “add not to my crimes this worst of all—make me not a sacri-

legious murderer! Here," he added, kneeling and opening his bosom, "strike! satisfy at once a just vengeance, and end all fears in the blood of an abhorred betrayer! Strike, ere it be too late!"

The old man twice raised his hand, but it was without strength. He dropped the knife, and folding his arms and sinking his head upon his bosom, he remained silent.

"O yet!" exclaimed Faizi, lifting with reverence the hem of his robe and pressing it to his lips, "if there remain a hope for me, tell me by what penance—terrible, prolonged, and unheard-of—I may expiate this sin; and hear me swear, that, henceforth, neither temptation, nor torture, nor death itself, shall force me to reveal the secrets of the Brahmin faith, nor divulge the holy characters in which they are written: and if I break this vow, may I perish from off the earth like a dog!"

The Brahman clasped his hands, and turned his eyes for a moment on the imploring countenance of the youth, but averted them instantly with a shudder.

"What have I to do with thee," he said, at length, "thou serpent! Well is it written—'Though the upas-tree were watered with nectar from heaven instead of dew, yet would it bear poison.' Yet swear—"

"I do—I will——"

"Never to behold my face again, nor utter with those guileful and polluted lips the name of my daughter."

"My father!"

"Father!" repeated the old man, with a flash of indignation, but it was instantly subdued. "Swear!" he repeated, "if vows can bind a thing so vile!"

"My father, I embrace thy knees! Not heaven itself

can annul the past, and Amrà is mine beyond the power of fate or vengeance to disunite us—but by death!”

“Hah!” said the Brahman, stepping back, “it is then as I feared! and this is well too!”—he muttered; “Heaven required a victim!”

He moved slowly to the door, and called his daughter with a loud voice: Amrà heard and trembled in the recesses of her apartments. The voice was her father’s, but the tones of that voice made her soul sicken with fear; and, drawing her drapery round to conceal that alteration in her lovely form which was but too apparent, she came forth with faltering steps.

“Approach!” said the Brahman, fixing his eyes upon her, while those of Faizi, after the first eager glance, remained riveted to the earth. She drew near with affright, and gazed wildly from one to the other.

“Ay! look well upon him! whom dost thou behold?”

“My father!—Ah! spare me!”

“Is he your husband?”

“Govinda! alas!—speak for us!”—

“Fool!”—he grasped her supplicating hands,—“say but the word—are you a wife?”

“I am! I am! *his*, before the face of heaven!”

“No!”—he dropped her hands, and spoke in a rapid and broken voice: “No! heaven disclaims the monstrous mixture! hell itself rejects it! Had he been the meanest among the sons of Brahma, I had borne it: but an Infidel, a base-born Moslem, has contaminated the stream of my life! Accursed was the hour when he came beneath my roof, like a treacherous fox and a ravening wolf, to betray and to destroy! Accursed was the hour, which mingled the blood of Narayna with that of the son of a slave!”

Shall I live to look upon a race of outcasts, abhorred on earth and excommunicate from heaven, and say, 'These are the offspring of Sarma?' Miserable girl! thou wert preordained a sacrifice! Die! and thine infamy perish with thee!" Even while he spoke he snatched up the poniard which lay at his feet, but this he needed not: the blow was already struck home, and to her very heart. Before the vengeful steel could reach her, she fell, without a cry—a groan—senseless, and, as it seemed, lifeless, upon the earth.

Faizi, almost with a shriek, sprang forward; but the old man interposed: and, with the strong grasp of supernatural strength—the strength of despair—held him back. Meantime the women, alarmed by his cries, rushed wildly in, and bore away in their arms the insensible form of Amrà. Faizi strove to follow; but, at a sign from the Brahman, the door was quickly closed and fastened within, so that it resisted all his efforts to force it. He turned almost fiercely—"She will yet live!" he passionately exclaimed; and the Brahman replied, calmly and disdainfully, "If she be the daughter of Sarma, she will die!" Then rending his garments, and tearing off his turban, he sat down upon the sacrificial hearth; and taking up dust and ashes, scattered them on his bare head and flowing beard: he then remained motionless, with his chin upon his bosom, and his arms crossed upon his knees. In vain did Faizi kneel before him, and weep, and supplicate for one word, one look: he was apparently lost to all consciousness, rigid, torpid; and, but that he breathed, and that there was at times a convulsive movement in his eyelids, it might have been thought, that life itself was suspended, or had altogether ceased.

Thus did this long and most miserable day wear away, and night came on. Faizi—who had spent the hours in walking to and fro like a troubled demon, now listening at the door of the zenana, from which no sound proceeded, now endeavouring in vain to win, by the most earnest entreaties, some sign of life or recognition from the old man—could no longer endure the horror of his own sensations. He stepped into the open air, and leaned his head against the porch. The breeze, which blew freshly against his parched lips and throbbing temples, revived his faculties. After a few moments he thought he could distinguish voices, and the trampling of men and horses, borne on the night air. He raised his hands in ecstasy. Again he bent his ear to listen: he heard the splash of an oar. “They come!” he exclaimed, almost aloud, “one more plunge, and it is done! This hapless and distracted old man I will save from his own and others’ fury, and still be to him a son, in his own despite. And, Amrà! my own! my beautiful! my beloved! oh, how richly shall the future atone for these hours of anguish! In these arms the cruel pride and prejudices of thy race shall be forgotten. At thy feet I will pour the treasures of the world, and lift thee to joys beyond the brightest visions of youthful fancy! But—O merciful Allah!”—

At the same moment a long, loud, and piercing shriek was heard from the women’s apartments, followed by lamentable wailings. He made but one bound to the door. It resisted, but his despair was strong. He rushed against it with a force, that burst it from its hinges, and precipitated him into the midst of the chamber. It was empty and dark; so was the next, and the next. At last he reached the inner and most sacred apartment.

He beheld the lifeless form of Amrà extended on the ground. Over her face was thrown an embroidered veil: her head rested on the lap of her nurse, whose features appeared rigid with horror. The rest of the women, who were weeping and wailing, covered their heads, and fled at his approach. Faizi called upon the name of her he loved: he snatched the veil from that once lovely face—that face which had never been revealed to him but in tender and soul-beaming beauty. He looked, and fell senseless on the floor.

The unhappy Amrà, in recovering from her long swoon, had fallen into a stupor, which her attendants mistook for slumber, and left her for a short interval. She awoke, wretched girl! alone, she awoke to the sudden and maddening sense of her lost state, to all the pangs of outraged love, violated faith, shame, anguish, and despair. In a paroxysm of delirium, when none were near to soothe or to save, she had made her own luxuriant and beautiful tresses the instrument of her destruction, and choked herself by swallowing her hair.

When the emissaries of the sultan entered this house of desolation, they found Faizi still insensible at the side of her he had so loved. He was borne away before recollection returned, placed in the litter which had been prepared for Amrà, and carried to Ferrukabad, where the sultan was then hunting with his whole court. What became of the old Brahman is not known. He passed away like a shadow from the earth, “and his place knew him not.” Whether he sought a voluntary death, or wore away his remaining years in secret penance, can only be conjectured, for all search was vain.

Eastern records tell, that Faizi kept his promise sacred,

and never revealed the mysteries intrusted to him. Yet he retained the favour of Akbar, by whose command he translated from the Sanscrit tongue several poetical and historical works into the choicest Persian. He became himself an illustrious poet; and, like other poets of greater fame, created "an immortality of his tears." He acquired the title of *Sheich*, or "the learned," and rose to the highest civil offices of the empire. All outward renown, prosperity, and fame, were his; but there was, at least, retributive justice in his early and tragical death.

Towards the conclusion of Akbar's reign, Abul Fazel was sent upon a secret mission into the Deccan, and Faizi accompanied him. The favour which these celebrated brothers enjoyed at court, their influence over the mind of the sultan, and their entire union, had long excited the jealousy of Prince Selim, the eldest son of Akbar, and he had vowed their destruction. On their return from the south, with a small escort, they were attacked by a numerous band of assassins, disguised as robbers, and both perished. Faizi was found lying upon the body of Abul Fazil, whom he had bravely defended to the last. The death of these illustrious brothers was lamented, not only within the bounds of the empire, but through all the kingdoms of the East, whither their fame had extended; and by the sultan's command they were interred together, and with extraordinary pomp. One incident only remains to be added. When the bodies were stripped for burial, there was found within the inner vest of the *Sheich* Faizi, and close to his heart, a withered Lotus leaf inscribed with certain characters. So great was the fame of the dead for wisdom, learning, and devotion, that it was supposed to be a talisman endued with ex-

traordinary virtues, and immediately transmitted to the sultan. Akbar considered the relic with surprise. It was nothing but a simple Lotus leaf, faded, shrivelled, and stained with blood; but on examining it more closely, he could trace, in ill-formed and scarcely legible Indian letters, the word AMRĀ.

And when Akbar looked upon this tender memorial of a hapless love, and undying sorrow, his great heart melted within him, and he wept.

TO A FIRST-BORN CHILD.

MY child!—How strange that name appears
To lips unused as mine!
How thrilling to my listening ears
Those infant cries of thine!
How many a thought mysterious burns
Within my heart and brain,
As still my frequent glance returns
To gaze on thee again!

And as I gaze on thee, the past,
Present, and future, twine
A tie, that binds me still more fast,
At every look of thine.
The past, thy mother's fondness bade
Be hallow'd time to me;
The present—can it be but glad
While blest with her and thee?

The future wraps its dusky veil
O'er what I fain would know :
How, o'er the sea of life, the gale
Thy fragile bark shall blow.
Forward I look with hope awhile,
Then sadden into fear :
Perhaps thy life may be a smile,
Perhaps, perhaps a tear.

My child ! with love's best treasures fraught,
My first-born and my pride,
To whom I turn in every thought,
With every hope allied.
Sweet be thy slumbers, soft and deep,
While life no sorrow feels ;
A mother hulls thine eyes to sleep,
A father's blessing seals.

REBECCA.

ALONE, a captive, and a stranger,
She sat within the Christian's tower,
The Jewish maid, in grief and danger,
But stedfast in her trial hour.
In her dark eye was not a tear,
Pale was her cheek, though little moved,
Cold as the marble that we rear
To guard the relics of the loved.

"There is a pain upon my soul,
It speaks of grief, it speaks of death;
My beating heart knows no control,
And almost stays my labouring breath.
My spirit can but ill sustain
The thoughts of this my hour of wo;
They rend my heart, they fire my brain;
I bid them, but they will not go.

"My father! I am bound to thee
With more than nature's common ties;
Thy aid in life I hop'd to be,
The light of thine expiring eyes.
Though this sad joy the oppressor's power
Forbids, yet love is still the same:
And well I know in life's last hour
Thy lips will bless Rebecca's name.

"My father! though to thee and Heaven
My thoughts are due, are due alone;
Yet be it, if a sin, forgiven
One other secret thought to own.







Printed by C.R. Leslie, R.A.

Engraved by Charles Heath.

REBECCA.

Printed by M^{rs} Queen.

Published by T. Hurst, & C^o, St Pauls Churchyard, & R. Jennings, 2, Poultry.



One name with thine and Heaven's hath been
Lov'd, treasur'd, pray'd for, all in vain;
That name is thine, young Nazarene!
I ne'er will speak that name again.

"To think of thee as I have thought
Was surely folly, if not guilt;
Yet virtue's self no stain had caught
From feelings such as I have felt.
For what am I? and what art thou?
Of adverse faith, and adverse birth;
And I resign thy memory now,
To have my spirit free from earth.

"Yes, I resign it! be thou blest:
Farewell! but never think of me;
I would not dwell within thy breast
A thing unlov'd, contemn'd, by thee!
For well I know thy haughtier lot
Despises Judah's banner torn;
And it were bliss to be forgot,
Ere be *thy* pity or *thy* scorn.

"My pain is past, my struggle over;
My father, take thy child's last blessing:
May Heaven within my heart discover
No thought unworthy its possessing.
Now as the bird of morning springs
To hail the light, and upward soars,
My earth-tir'd spirit spreads its wings
To meet the heaven that it adores."

KALB WASCHEL AND THE WASP.

Pet. Who knows not where a wasp doth wear his sting?
In his tail.

Taming of the Shrew.

My grandfather was wont to say, that, if every man would faithfully disclose the marvellous events and dispensations in which he had been a sharer, there would be no room for the exercise of that spirit of unbelief as to things of a miraculous nature, with which the most favoured quarter of the world, and in no little degree our own land, is so lamentably infested. But it so being, that every man does, as it were, shrink from and avoid the making of narrations and assertions, the which might subject him perchance to the ridicule of the unthinking and frivolous many, whose thoughts do most slightly skim the deceitful surface of things, it ensues, by a natural generation of events, that the minds of men are awfully closed and obnubilated against the reception of any light more strong than the diurnal beam, that is needful to guide them in their matters of transitory import.

This and many other observations of my grandfather, to whose care it pleased Providence that I should be early abandoned by the untimely demise of Hans Waschel, my own father, I treasured up in my mind as the valuable fructifications of his ingenious mind, operating on the seed of experience which he had gleaned in a long and eventful, and, I may say, honourable and meritorious, pilgrim-

age. These, I say, I laid up to be used when the day of need should arrive, in conjunction with those stores, greater or less, which my own opportunities and reflections might gather and create. And great reason have I to congratulate myself on the experience and wisdom which I thus anticipated; whereby I arrived at a manhood of knowledge and experience before my time, the diligent employ whereof has enabled me, after many years of hard but cheerful labour, to end my days in a grateful relaxation from trouble and anxiety in my native town of Schaffhausen.

Now it was some brief time, say six months, after I found myself thus enabled—and a source of great and humble thanksgiving it was to me—to withdraw from the useful occupation of *hutt-macher* in which I had been engaged, that the historical episode, of which I am about to offer some memorial, took place. It was on the night of the 30th of August, day being advanced until it was nigh about to depart, that I was sitting in a snug three-cornered room, in which, on a chilly evening, I usually enjoy my *meerschaum* [pipe] and moderate libation of not contemptible Rhenish. For being a bachelor, and having no immediate kindred for whom I feel any of that natural regard, that prompts a kindly-hearted man to restrict his reasonable gratifications, I indulge without scruple in these rewards of my past labours; and thus it was that I was engaged on the aforesaid evening of the 30th of August, A. D. ———.

The evening was chilly. I had caused the hearth to be well replenished with fagots, and a soul-cheering blaze they threw up; long, wavering, rejoicing flakes, lighting all the room with a glorious illumination, and chasing

away the moist particles that hung in the air. I had eaten, with much inward satisfaction, an exceeding savoury Strasbourg pâté, a present from an elderly woman who resided in that city, a distant relation of my own, it may be, who looked to the future, having regard to the possibility of surviving me; and if so, it is odds but she is mistaken. However, this was no impeachment of the pâté, which I discussed with an infinite *gusto*, as the Italian people call it, as I learnt from one that had travelled in that land, and from whose converse I jotted down some small samples of information, more by way of ornament than of use, however.

Now, whether it was the spicy flavour of the condiments which I had eaten that increased my thirst, or the cheering look of the apartment that invited a prolongation of the evening, I will not say; but so it was, that after washing down my food with my accustomed and moderate quantity of liquor, I could not forbear the temptation of repeating the same; so, fetching forth a second flask from the black oaken cupboard with brass knobs, I replenished my meerschaum, and stretching forth my legs to the hearth, I inhaled the sweet fumes of the weed alternately with the pleasing stream of the vine.

Thus seated, I amused myself by discussing in my own mind the memoranda of my past life, and the webs of thought of which these reminiscences were the germe, and by endeavouring to find out among the glowing coals a queue, or tail, comparable to that of Johann Schlid, my neighbour, the schoolmaster, of whose head I had already, in fanciful mood, established a sort of fiery type. Now, as the aforesaid Johann Schlid hath,

by dint of much quaffing of the vine and other more irascible liquors, acquired a most rubicund frontispiece, the conceit of tracing out the same in like glowing materials pleased me so much, that I breathed around the fumes of my meerschaum with redoubled zest, until the very candle became invisible.

Being thus, as it were, enveloped in darkness, it was with no little alarm that I heard the buzzing, restless, angry voice of a wasp in the apartment, and bethought me how great a chance there was of my being wounded by the unseen and subtle weapon of this enemy of mankind. I hastily drew my meerschaum from my lips, and began to puff and blow in a wonderful manner, in the hopes of dissipating the dense cloud by which, like a second Jason, I was embraced. While I was thus engaged, I heard, with indescribable dread, the abhorred animal buzzing close by my very ear, and actually felt him as, in one of his gyrations, he brushed my nose with his hideous wing.

It was no small relief to me, when, the cloud dissipating, I was enabled to see my ground, and meet the enemy on an open field. He was whizzing about close to the ceiling. A more monstrous and cannibal-like creature I never saw, and at times the violence of his circumvolution was such, that I dreaded lest he should be inflamed with hydrophobia. I could not help calling to mind all that my grandfather had told me of the bites of mosquitoes, tarantulas, and other venomous brutes; and figured to myself the bite of this wasp worse than all, individually and collectively.

Meanwhile the creature, wearied with his own follies, sat down in a quiet and orderly manner in the corner of the

black oaken cupboard. The sight of this instantaneously inspired me with the design of extinguishing my odious guest. So, mounting on a three-legged stool to bring my breast on a level with the summit of the cupboard, I took out my red silk handkerchief with yellow corners, a war-like and bloody-looking web, well suiting the occasion. But lo! the moment I endeavoured to inflict a heavy crush on him, the animal bounced from his station directly into my face. Over I went, and over went the three-legged stool, and I found myself in an instant supine in the middle of the room.

Up I got with a wondrous celerity, and violently renewed the attack. Ach Himmel! what a scuffle! He up and down, I up and down, he buzzing and buzzing, I shouting and thumping, lashing him with my red handkerchief with yellow corners, in the hope of inflicting a death blow on the wretch. At last he ceased his buzzing and flying, and, depositing himself on the table, stared me full in the face with a most impudent indifference. Nay, I actually thought I saw him smile, and, roused into new indignation by his assurance, I pounced upon him. He died of suffocation, under the pressure of my red pocket handkerchief.

I removed the fatal silk. I saw him, in the agonies of death, twist his tail under his belly till he was almost doubled into a ball. I heard his expiring buzz hoarsely deepening into a sort of roar. Suddenly he stretched out his limbs with an acute convulsive motion: I knew he was dead.

Until this moment I had enjoyed a savage delight in witnessing the death-pains of the unfortunate aeronaut, whose lifeless and bruised frame lay before me. Yet I

may safely avow, that such an unchristian spirit was wholly alien from my disposition. But the trouble the creature had given me had heated and embittered my blood, even as Nebuchadnezzar, the king of Babylon, was stirred up against the children, Shadrach, Meshech, and Abednego. But now it was over; and I felt a dim sort of moisture glooming and diffusing itself over my eyes, till I was fain to rub them with my hand: for I did, in a manner, shrink from employing on this occasion my red handkerchief with yellow corners.

I resumed my seat, but could not resume the cheerful and pleasant mood, which had before possessed me. I felt gloomy, and every thing else seemed to sympathize in this affection of the spirit. The fire had sunk, and the dull red embers lay without flame on the hearth. Johann Schlid's head, and his long tail, had vanished away. The black wick of the candle had grown to an enormous length, expanding at the summit into a huge crown, which looked, to my eyes, like a wasp. These, to be sure, were easily remedied; but the state of my own mind it was more difficult to alter.

I called my meerschaum and a third flask to my aid; but they aided me not. I could not but feel a strange remorse for the deed I had committed, and did vainly call to mind and represent to myself, that what I had done was consistent with the law of self-defence; which, on a violent presumption of injury intended, does allow the party threatened to use his natural means of averting the evil at the expense of the evil doer. But it would not do; I became sadder and sadder.

It seemed to me, that, through the blue vapour that curled around me, I saw the eyes of the deceased glaring

upon me in a frightful manner. It seemed, too, that at times my red handkerchief, as it lay on the table, assumed a deeper and bloodier hue, and its yellow corners arrayed themselves into the semblance of the bands of a wasp.

As I sat bethinking me of what I had heard of the future existence of the animal creation, and of the essential difference between the instinctive and the rational faculties, I beheld, to my perfect horror, the form of a wasp, seated in a most awful and unconcerned manner on my meerschaum bowl. I say awful, for I had inhaled the fumes with such zeal and rapidity, that the bowl was by this time red-hot, so that no animal endowed with feeling would have ventured near it: a very salamander would have turned away from the burning and fiery globe.

Yet when he sat with his eyes upon me—great shining eyes—I trembled; yes, I trembled at his unnatural gaze, yet could I not make a single movement to admonish his departure. My pipe seemed glued to my lips, and I continued to smoke away, quaking internally all the while.

As I gazed on the creature, he seemed to increase in bulk in manner most wonderful and portentous: presently he was as big as a cockchafer. This, to be sure, was surprising enough; yet I flinched not. But when he grew as large as a mouse, I sprang up, and, with a cry of terror, dashed out of the room and the house, and he after me.

Down the street, and out of the town in a moment. I ran with the speed of despair, and soon was out of sight of Schaffhausen. I was a good runner in my youth, and won some prizes in that way. What availed they now,

when, for aught I know, I was about to perish under the sting of this villanous animal?

Hitherto he had been silent: but now, in a solitary region, where all appearance of human habitations was far off, he began to buzz. The sound was as that of innumerable mills. I looked behind. Leider! where was my chance of escape from a wasp of the size of a bull-calf!

“ Buzz—buzz—buzz—burr—burr—burr.”

I had no hope, but I ran. Ran! I flew. Field, moor, hill, and valley, were crossed with the speed of the winged lightning; and then followed me the thundering buzz of the giant wasp. It grew every instant more loud and more horrible. It spoke of vengeance, bloody and unforgiving vengeance.

A river was before me. I was on the bank of the Danube, not far from its source. I gave a bound, and plunged into the midst of the stream. The next moment I had gained the farther bank, and renewed my course.

“ Buzz—buzz—buzz—burr—burr—burr.”

There was not a moment's respite from the horrid sound. It pursued me close. It thrilled through me. My whole body seemed endued with the faculty of hearing. Every vein and every pore were filled with the maddening noise.

The moon burst from a cloud. She threw her beams on a scene of wild romance. Around was an irregular territory, intersected with rivulets; before me the strong outline of the Black Forest was silvered with a bright reflection.

I plunged into the forest. In my youth I had been

familiar with its green recesses and its passes ; and here I began to cherish a hope, that I should escape the pursuer. Escape the devil rather ! He followed after me, kept up to me in all the windings of the forest, buzzing and buzzing all the while, till the very trees rustled and shook, and the birds, aroused from their slumbers, took wing, and hovered about in the air with a compound of cawing, hooting, shrieking, whistling, and jabbering, that was wonderful and horrible to hear.

Out of the wood we got ; and now I was so exhausted by the fatigue and the fright, the wear and tear of body and mind which I had undergone and was undergoing, that my senses fell, as it were, into a trance. My eyes waxed dim ; my hearing indistinct ; my memory faded away. I heard no longer even the buzzing of the enemy. In a word, I was senseless ; but I ran, even as the ball of a musket continues its flight long after it has left the barrel that at first guided and directed it.

When I recovered from this state, the morning sun was just about to rise, and the light fleecy clouds were in a blush. Was I alone ? had the pursuer ceased to follow ?

“ Buzz—buzz—buzz—burr—burr—burr.”

On we went. What object was that before me ? a huge and magnificent structure of Gothic beauty ; its thousand pinnacles rising to catch the first sunbeam. It was the Cathedral of Ulm ! I had ran a degree of the globe !

The idea staggered me. I felt sick, and shook with terror. Was I inspired by a dæmon, that my bodily powers should thus exceed those of my species ?

“ Kalb Waschel, thou art delivered to the power of the Evil One !” As I said this internally, I closed my

eyes in dread. I opened them to greater horror. The cathedral of Ulm was gone, and in its place rose, towering to the sky, a gigantic wasp's nest.

I fell to the ground: my pursuer fluttered over me. His buzz sounded in my ears like the roar of a cataract. He turned his eyes on me: he grinned with exultation. He darted his sting at me; in the fury of despair I grasped it with both hands.

"Let go my tail! let go my tail! Kalb Waschel, I say, let go my tail!"

I found myself lying on my own bed: there I lay, pulling with might and main the long queue of Johann Schlid's hair, whilst, bellowing with rage and pain, he threatened I know not what; and his red face was redder than ever, the very colour of a turkey-cock's comb; and his little ferret eyes gleamed and glowed amongst the fiery ground in which they were set, like the corners of my red handkerchief.

I laughed for a half hour at the most truly and wonderfully ridiculous figure of my worthy friend, the schoolmaster of Schaffhausen, who writhed about like unto a juvenile suffering under the wholesome discipline of the birch. At last I pacified him, and I told him what I had undergone.

At this he looked very grave, for he was a man much versed in obscure and occult learning, and held many opinions touching preternatural things, differing from the received doctrines, and the loose ideas of the un-erudite vulgar.

"I do not know, Kalb," said he at last, "what to make of your story; but the next time I would entreat you not to make so free with my tail."

THE DANISH WARRIOR'S DEATH SONG.

AWAY, away! your care is vain;
No leech could aid me now;
The chill of death is at my heart,
Its damp upon my brow.

Weep not—I shame to see such tears
Within a warrior's eyes:
Away! how can ye weep for him
Who in the battle dies?

If I had died with idle head
Upon my lady's knee,
Had Fate stood by my silken bed,
Then might ye weep for me:

But I lie on my own proud deck
Before the sea and sky;
The wind that sweeps my gallant sails
Will have my latest sigh.

My banner floats amid the clouds,
Another droops below:
Well with my heart's best blood is paid
Such purchase from a foe.

THE DANISH WARRIOR'S DEATH SONG. 229

Go ye, and seek my halls, there dwells
A fair-hair'd boy of mine;
Give him my sword, while yet the blood
Darkens that falchion's shine.

Tell him, that only other blood
Should wash such stains away;
And, if he be his father's child,
There needs no more to say.

Farewell, my bark! farewell, my friends!
Now fling me on the wave;
One cup of wine, and one of blood,
Pour on my bounding grave.

TO THE FIVE OAKS AT DULLWITZ*.

BY THEODORE KÖRNER.

It may be permitted us to preface the following stanzas with a short sketch of the life of THEODORE KÖRNER, one whose name is destined to be saved from the oblivion which covers the grave of thousands, who like him have died for their country.

Theodore Körner was born at Dresden, A. D. 1791. He appears in some measure to have derived by inheritance the talents and virtues, which displayed themselves in his short career, for his father was the intimate friend of Schiller and Werner. The death of the former precluded young Körner from the advantages, which an intimacy with the first of German authors might have afforded; but from the friendship of the latter he drew ample profit.

Music and poetry occupied his attention from his earliest years, but they did not engross his mind to the exclusion of other pursuits. He applied himself with success to mathematics and natural philosophy, more particularly chemistry and mineralogy. The neighbourhood of Dresden presents an ample field for the last-mentioned studies; and in 1808 he entered the Mining Academy of Freyberg, at which he continued for two years enjoying the advantage of Werner's friendship and instructions. His education was completed at Leipzick and Berlin. He visited, at this period, different parts of Germany; among the rest the mountains of Silesia and Carlsbad.

His first literary productions were of a comic cast; but in these wanderings he proved, that a higher spirit of poetry attended him,

* Körner has chosen many spots in the vicinity of Carlsbad as subjects for poetry. There is no one among them more worthy than the magnificent group of trees, to which these stanzas are addressed.

ready at his bidding whenever local circumstances called it forth. In the silver mines of Freyberg his song was of the wonders of the earth, and of the spirits which the superstition of the country supposes to haunt its caverns. In Silesia the ruined castle is seldom without its legend; that legend became his theme. To the Drama, in both its branches, he next addicted himself, and in each his productions stood the hard trial of public favour on the principal stages of Germany. In Vienna the first representation of *Zriny* drew from the audience a mark of their satisfaction, frequent in Paris, but rare in Germany,—the author being unanimously called for to receive their applause in person. A more substantial testimony was soon after borne to his merits, in his appointment to the station of poet to the theatre; an office of emolument, which opened to him a prospect of a youthful but lasting attachment.

At this period the great reverses experienced by the French oppressors of his country gave the signal for resistance and revenge. Körner delayed not an instant in joining the corps of Lutzow. The letter is preserved in which he announces his determination to his father. "I know," he says, "that you will suffer much on my account; that I shall be the cause of tears to my mother: God comfort you! I cannot spare you the affliction. That I venture my life is little: but that that life is made dear to me by love, friendship, and happiness; that I now throw away the blessing afforded by the conviction, that I had never cost you a moment's uneasiness; all this constitutes an offering, which can only be balanced by the reward to which I look forward." We might smile at such expressions, should we hear them from one who left his home with mere professional views and ordinary motives; but the circumstances of Prussia justified alike the existence of such feelings, and the language that conveyed them.

He entered upon his new career with all the ardour of a patriot, and the daring courage of a soldier; but the difficulties and dangers incident to the life of the warrior only added inspiration to the poet. In the fatigue of the march, the short repose of the bivouac, and the awful moment of expected conflict, the spirit did not leave him. It was not from the retirement of literary ease, or the post of selfish security, that he poured forth his appeal to the brave, and his malediction on

the coward. His sword was not ungirded for the task, and he penned by the light of the watch-fire the strains, which summoned his countrymen to battle. When Lutzow's corps was nearly destroyed by an act of treachery on the part of the French, Körner was in the act of bearing a message to the French commander, and was the first who was cut down. After a long series of painful wanderings and hair-breadth escapes, he entered Leipsick in disguise, and was concealed in the house of a friend, till his wounds were sufficiently healed, to enable him to complete his cure at Carlsbad. When the armistice which had taken place ceased, Lutzow's corps was stationed in the north in connexion with the Russians, English, and Hanoverians, who were keeping Davoust in check. Körner was once more at his post.

On the 28th of August, Lutzow determined to attack a French convoy near Schuerni. An hour before the attack took place Körner composed and wrote in his pocket book the song of the Sword. The convoy was taken, the French were dispersed, but Körner fell. A musket ball, from the brushwood into which the enemy's tirailleurs had retreated, brought him to the ground. He died in the 27th year of his age, in the cause to which the energies of his youthful frame and his inspired mind had been unceasingly devoted, and by the mode of death which he had so often braved in action, and anticipated in his song. He died without a struggle. The slower process of grief for his loss soon gave him a companion in the grave. A sister, who had been the associate of his studies, and is said to have resembled him in genius and excellence, lies buried at his side beneath the ancient oak which overshadows his tomb.

SILENCE now the close of day presages,
Redder sinks the sun's expiring glow ;
Many a rising thought my heart engages
In the shade your wreathed branches throw.
Mighty witnesses of other ages !
Green ye flourish'd centuries ago ;
In these limbs of giant mould appears
The deathless record of departed years.

Low is many a work of glory lying ;
 Death the fair has wither'd, dimm'd the bright ;
 I can find, where yonder gleams are dying,
 Man's sad emblem in the fading light.
 You, on prouder strength than his relying,
 Live in Ruin's and in Time's despite ;
 And the breeze through your old boughs which sighs
 Tells how greatness Death and Time defies.

And ye have defied them ;—proudly blooming,
 There ye speak your challenge to them both :
 Never way-worn man, his staff resuming,
 But to leave your friendly shade was loath.
 Winds to death your leafy honours dooming
 Do but foster your majestic growth ;
 Leaves more plenteous Spring shall raise from those
 Swept by Autumn to their rich repose :

Types of the strong faith of a constant nation,
 Which flourish'd once beneath a happier fate,
 When with Death's glad and willing consecration
 Patriots founded fast each infant state.
 But why renew the strain of lamentation,
 Which all must raise alike, all raise too late ?
 First, dearest land of all this earth can show,
 Thy oaks still bloom ;—my country ! thou art low.

DREAMS ON THE BORDERS OF THE LAND OF POETRY.

I. THE DEMANDS OF POETRY.

I HAVE not been in the habit of making memorandums for my verses. Such verse as I could write, I have written at once. But the older I grow, the more reverent notions I entertain of poetry; and as I cannot aspire to put any thing into verse, and pretend to call it poetry, without shaping it in the best manner of which I am capable (for poetry, without the fit sculpture of verse, is no more to be called poetry, than beauty conceived is beauty accomplished), so I have neither leisure to pay it the requisite attention, nor can I afford the spirit and emotion necessary for this task above all others. The greatest of all poets (who according to Plato is God) uttered the planets in his energy, and they went singing around him, perfect. Milton (not to speak it with profaneness, after that unreachable instance) could pour forth his magnificent verses, mighty and full of music, like a procession towards a temple of glory. We conceive of Shakspeare, that he had a still easier might, and that the noblest verses to him were no greater difficulty than talking. He dispensed them as Nature does the summer showers and the thunder. Alas! to us petty

men, who are not sure that we have even the right of being

Proud to be less, but of that godlike race,

to us and our inferior natures, there are sometimes toils in life, less voluntary and more exhausting than poetry, in reposing from which it is not always possible for us to labour even with the minor energies, necessary to throw out the forms within our capacity. We cannot wrestle to fit purpose even with that pettier god within us. We cannot condense those lighter vapours of inspiration into their most vigorous and graceful shape, and feel a right to say to the world, "Behold!"

A poet's hand should be like the energy within the oak, to make strong; and like the wind that bends its foliage, to make various. Without concentration, and without variety, there is neither strength of imagination, nor beauty of verse. Alas! I could no more look to making verses with an ambition of this sort, wearied as I am at present, than I could think of looking through burning-glasses for eyes, or hewing the solid rock into a dance of the Graces.

But I have the wish to be a poet, and thoughts will arise within me as painful not to express as a lover's. I therefore write memorandums for verse;—thoughts that might perhaps be worthy of putting into that shape, if they could be properly developed;—hints, and shadows of something poetical, that have the same relationship to actual poetry, as the little unborn spirits that perish by the waters of Lethe have to the souls that visit us, and become immortal.

II. MY BOWER.

I seek not for grand emotions, when I muse. My life has had enough of them. I seek for enjoyment and repose; and, thanks to the invincible youthfulness of my heart, I find them with as much ease in my green world, as giant sorrows have found me in the world of strife.

Woods and meadows are to me an enchanted ground, of which a knight-errantry of a new sort has put me in possession.

In the indulgence of these effusions, I lay my head as on the pillow before I sleep, as on the grass in summer, as on the lap that soothes us. O lovers of books and of nature, lovers of one another, lovers of love, rest with me under my bowers; and the shadows of pleasant thoughts shall play upon your eyelids.

III. ON A BUST OF BACCHUS.

Gigantic, earnest, luxuriant, his head a very bower of hair and ivy; his look a mixture of threat, and reassurance, and the giving of pleasure; the roughness of wine is in his eyes, and the sweetness of it on his lips. Annibal Caracci would have painted such a face, and grown jealous when his mistress looked at it.

To those shoulders belong the hands that lifted the satyr by the nape of the neck, and played with the lion's mouth as with a dog's.

Cannot you see the glow in the face, even though sculptured? a noontide of the south in its strength? with dark wells in the eyes, under shining locks and sunny leaves? The geniality of his father Jove is in it, with

the impetuosity of wine : but it is the lord, not the servant, of wine ; the urger of the bowl among the divinities, when the pulses of heaven are in movement with song and dance, and goddess by the side of god looks downward.

Such did he appear when Ariadne turned pale with loving him ; and he said, with divine insolence in his eyes, " Am I not then better than a mortal ? "

IV. THE GAINS OF A LOVE UNVULGAR.

No :—admire beauty as I may, I cannot love it, unless it be lovely ; unless it be kind and sincere, and have a soul in it befitting the body. Some, in thinking of a face, are content with a sprightly substance : the true woman is lost upon them : animated wax-work would do as well. Of such are those who flatter themselves, that they know most of the sex, and who speak of it with an air of stupid cunning. These men are incapable even of the voluptuousness they affect. Not knowing the soul of beauty, they do not properly know even the body of it.

Others include a sense of grace ; others the mind, the wit, the affections, all that makes the human being a charmer, and puts twenty souls instead of one into the wish to thank and to delight her. When lovers of the vulgar sort receive a kiss from the lips of such a woman (unworthy they to receive it ! and mistaken she to believe them better !) they are sensible but of one kind of beauty ; they kiss the lip and the substance only. The others, when they receive it—grace, beauty, intelligence, the affections, the rosy colour, the good-heartedness, and the truth—yes, all these are to be found in the lip, and they kiss them all.

V. SPRING AND SUMMER.

The golden line is drawn between winter and summer. Behind, all is bleakness, and darkness, and dissolution. Before, is hope, and soft airs, and the flowers, and the sweet season of hay; and people will cross the fields, reading, or walking with one another (lovers); and instead of the rain that soaks death into the heart of green things, will be the rain which they drink with delight; and there will be sleep on the grass at mid-day, and early rising in the morning, and long moonlight evenings with quiet walks; and we shall sit with our window open, and hear the rooks.

Already the rains are well-tempered. We care not for the chillness, for it is vernal, the cold of a young hand instead of an old one: and at noon, when the sun slips from out a blue interval of sky, we feel him warm on our backs.

Passing the top of the green lane, a gush of song bursts out upon us from the ivy-bush that clothes the sides of the old house.

See!—birds come by fives and tens in the meadows, agile, unseen before, springing away with a song. And the tops of the horse-chesnut boughs look as if they glowed into the air with life.

VI. RAIN AND SUNSHINE IN MAY.

Can any thing, out of the pale of the affections, be more lovely, than the meadows between the rains of May, when the sun smites them on the sudden like a painter, and they laugh up at him, as if he had lighted a loving cheek!

And did I say they were out of the pale of the affections? See how my language contradicts me: for all lovely things hang together; neither can a true note of pleasure be touched, but all the chords of humanity respond to it.

I speak of a season when the returning threats of cold, and the resisting warmth of summer-time, make robust mirth in the air; when the winds imitate on a sudden the vehemence of winter; and silver-white clouds are abrupt in their coming down; and shadows in the grass chase one another, panting, over the fields, like a pursuit of spirits. With undulating necks they pant forward, like hounds or the leopard.

See! the cloud is after the light, gliding over the country like the shadow of a god.

And now the meadows are lit up here and there with sunshine, as if the soul of Titian were standing in Heaven, and playing his fancies upon them. Green are the trees in shadow; but the trees in the sun, how twenty-fold green they are—rich and variegated with gold. Ovid's parrot inhabits such foliage in the Birds' Elysium.

VII. AN EVENING LANDSCAPE.

Did any body ever think of painting a picture in writing? I mean literally so, marking the localities as in a map.

The other evening I sat in a landscape that would have enchanted Cuyp.

Scene—a broken heath, with hills in the distance. The immediate picture stood thus, the top and the bottom of it being nearly on a level in the perspective:

Trees in a sunset, at no great distance from the foreground.
 A group of cattle under them, party-coloured,
 principally red, standing on a small landing place;
 the Sun coming upon them through the trees.
 A rising ground with trees. Broken ground. A rising ground with trees.
 Another landing place, nearly on a level
 with the cows, the spectator sitting and looking at them.

The Sun came warm and serious on the glowing red of the cattle, as if recognizing their evening hues; and every thing appeared full of that quiet spirit of consciousness, with which Nature seems rewarded at the close of its day labours.

VIII. A SIGHT OF THE GODS.

I sat upon a green platform under pines, my legs resting over the edge upon a natural step; and a valley lay before me, in a heath, oval, perfect, with hills in the distance. And I said, "By the love I bear you, visions of beauty, come before me, and play me magnificent shows!"

And they came.

And I saw gods and white goddesses, of mighty stature but lovely; for coarseness was not discernible in their features, but all beauty. And they floated in and about, as my thought summoned them, reclining on the air in the easiness of their will.

And there was Apollo, and he slew the Python in a twilight; and Aurora and the morn broke, all gold

and roses ; and the Graces, and the whole place became white with lilies ; and there was Paris giving the apple ; and the Muses ; and Hercules and Alceste ; and Pan, Pomona, Hylas, and Zephyr and Flora, and the Hesperides. Zephyr took Flora into the air with a net, as the Italian poet sings ; and the twins of Leda passed, with their dancing lights ; and Hercules led along Alceste, who in the faintness of her death had been as mighty as he.

Sometimes music poured in, as from a hundred fountains ; and sometimes a goddess called. Not a leaf then stirred ; but the silence trembled. I heard Venus speak ; which was as if there should never be sorrow more.

IX. BEAUTY NOT EXAGGERATED BY IMAGINATION.

They say, that I speak too highly of what I admire ; and that half the beauties which I discern in any object I put there myself. Believe them not. Nature has been before us. We only read what she has written. If others cannot read as much, is that the fault of the book ? No : it is their own.

Look at one of the simplest and the most beautiful objects in the world, a cheek ; and tell us, how came it ? What a thought was the cheek itself, when Nature created it ! And do you suppose, that a vulgar eye estimates it enough ? Put the question to those who can do something like it themselves ; to Raphael, or to the poets.

As the poet's thought is worth what it produces, so the cheek of the beauty is worth what it can suggest.

THE COOK AND THE DOCTOR.

BLEST be the man who first invented eating ;
 No doubt his bump of taste had not been beat in ;
 A comfortable, oily, sleek, good man,
 Who cut his wise teeth e'er he walk'd or ran.
 Experience teaches me, that they who call
 Eating unphilosophical *,
 Are most egregiously mistaken :
 A Christmas pig, as fat as he can cram ;—
 Slices *sautées* of a Westphalian ham,
 Are the philosophy of Bacon.
 I much respect the ancient Archimedes,
 Who wanted but a place to fix his *pedes*,
 And would, by craft mechanical, have twirl'd
 The world.
 But, I think, Archimedes had grown thinner,
 If he had moved the world without his dinner.

A doctor late contended with a cook
 (The cook was UDE,
 Cook to his late R. H. the Duke of York †,

* We are overrun with philosophics. Why not the philosophy of eating? Two years ago we had more philosophy than now; but there has been a great consumption of it by speculators, who have had occasion for it.

† And author of the French Cook, whose system is the connecting link between England and France, the Janus of the science looking into the excellencies of either side of the channel.

A cook as good
As ever handled fork),
That they who starv'd, or light and little took,
Would certainly grow healthier and fatter
Than those who lived on more substantial matter.
This doctrine put the cook in such amazement,
He nigh had flung the doctor through the casement ;
Doubtless the starving plan he did not love :
He talk'd till he was hoarse,
Proving, that such a course
Must be succeeded by a quick remove.
Quoth he, " if eating should go down with others,
It's up with me !
But we shall see
With what regard the world will treat his pothers."

Now since the abstract truth was all their object,
UDE, like the doctor, being metaphysic ;
It was agreed, that each should take a subject,
And try,
Whether a man would die
Sooner by food, or physic.
The doctor brib'd a comfortable sinner
To undergo starvation,
Just for the good of science, and the nation.
The man of Monsieur UDE, though somewhat thinner,
Wanted no bribing
To undergo a course of UDE's prescribing.

The doctor made his patient eat
Rations of meat

So small, the eater thought them most irrationate;
But if he ask'd for more, M. D. grew passionate:

Quoth he, "if you eat more

It is all o'er,

You 'll presently begin with coughing!"

"Yes," said the man, "and I shall end with coffin!"

Small though his meat, his exercise was plenty,
As fifteen miles a day, or sometimes twenty;
But that with which his soul was chiefly bor'd,
Was being plac'd upon a board,

At such an angle,

In order to accelerate digestion;

So many hours a day compell'd to dangle,

Vexatious beyond question.

Far otherwise, meanwhile, the man of UDE

Grew quite benevolent upon his food:

All practical philosophers agree,

That nothing

Fills man so brimful of philanthropy

As stuffing.

And here you might by touch of hand,

Upon the cranium of the man of meat,

Find one by one kind qualities expand,

According to the victuals that he eat.

No sooner had his stomach once envelop'd

A fish or soup,

Than, whoop!

There 'd jump

A bump

Of some name past pronouncing, well develop'd:

His new instruction
Greatly enlarged his organ of destruction *.

A pretty life he led ;
Lord, how he fed !
Dipping his *moustache*
In the *potage* of LOUIS EUSTACHE
(A fleet of lovers might have landed,
The *lait d'amande* † was so much demanded),
Making experiment on every dish—
How his mouth water'd for a fish :
He play'd a solo on a whole sole's body,
Deem him for this who ever would a noddy.

Then, if his appetite were sharp,
Would perch upon a carp ;
And would not after that carp at a perch.
The marriage of John Dory with Ann-Chovey
He solemniz'd, till scarce a bone was *sauvé* :
Of partridges would startle a whole covey,
And after that he
Would take a *paté*,
Or, as an interlude,
Rabbits à l' *Ude* ;
Closing with picking,
By way of afterpiece, a *farce* of chicken.

* “ Dans l'estomac est le genie,
Les ris, les jeux, la volupté.”

Almanach des Gourm. 8 Année, 76.

† A Lent dish, rarely returned. A catholic food approved by the
universal church.

Besides, as to our gormandizer's thinking
 (And mine), there is no eating without drinking :
 Dinner without a flask to handle,
 Is but a magic lantern without candle * :

He sported
 With every liquor, native or imported ;
 Taking with real pleasure much cham-pagne,
 And with great *gout*
 Marring margoux ;
 Sipping, till he was misty,
 Lachrymæ Christi ;

In short, whatever came to hand he
 Tipped away, both wine and brandy ;
 Running through all lower and higher,
 From Côte-roti down to Reid's entire :
 He did not think too great a drop.
 For he was no fastidious prig,
 And learnt to hail the malt, and twig the hop,
 Just as the doctor's man had hopp'd the twig.

The man of food kept hankering away,
 While the man of *no* food was weighing anchor :

* " Un dîner sans vin : lanterne magique sans chandelle."

Code Gourmand.

En passant, a word on that very respectable and exalted foreigner, the Giraffe. I had intended to make honourable mention of him in the text, but it was impossible to afford the space requisite for his accommodation. Perhaps, however, he will be as much brought into note by being placed here. He is a fine animal, in truth. What a *dormant du milieu* he would make ! In saying this I am quite serious, and disclaim any view of roasting his highness.

The one's whole soul was bound in UDE's rich hoards,
The body of the other put in boards.

MORAL.

'Tis truth, should ABERNETHY still deny it,
That he who seeks to live, must shun to die-it.

DOUBLE OR QUILTS;

OR,

THE INCONSTANT.

"All womankind," continued Trim, "from the highest to the lowest, an please your honour, love jokes; the difficulty is, to know how they choose to have them cut." *Tristram Shandy.*

THERE was not a lady in Madrid more admired, courted, and run after, than Donna Estella de Xeeves. She was the young widow of an old knight, Commander of the order of St. Jago. The Don had married so late, and died so early, that, to tell the truth, his widow was nearly as good as new, and enjoyed all the freedom of a widow, with the admiration due to a young and beautiful woman. Then the knight had left her a magnificent jointure, which attracted as much attention to her beauty as a black patch, without being considered a spot. Then she danced to perfection, like Brocard; and having a round, taper, white arm, she played on the harp like St. Cecilia, and accompanied herself like Brambilla.

Such was the lady who dwelt in a splendid house, in a

first-rate street in the city of Madrid. It may be imagined she had plenty of visitors : the first grandees sought to be admitted to her society, and the poorest hidalgos composed execrable verses in praise of her beauty. Donna Estella received with equal courtesy the compliments of the former, and the poesy of the latter ; but it was not observed, even by the old maids of the city, who have eyes like telescopes (except that they never shut), that the widow distinguished any one of her admirers beyond the rest.

True it is, that, after a time, the very wise ones shrewdly intimated, that Don Ferdinand Alves, a young nobleman of great repute, was most likely to be the fortunate man. But this report was little heeded ; for Wisdom crieth out in the streets, and no man regardeth it.

It was one evening in the latter autumn—one of those rich, deep-toned evenings, when silence seems to speak, and all nature is in love—it was on such an evening, that Donna Estella reclined over the railing of her balcony, inhaling the sweets of the languishing flowers from the garden beneath.

“ It is past the hour,” said she ; “ he shall lose his labour now, if he take his walk—provoking, tedious—”

Something interrupted her ; it was the sound of a guitar, rising from a thicket of laurel below.

“ I ’m determined he sha’n’t come now,” said the lady to herself, and she entered her room and shut the windows, but not *quite* close ; she left them a little ajar, so that the sound of the guitar might enter. It did enter, and with it the sound of a very full, sweet voice, singing one of those despairing love songs, that help so well to carry on the business of the heart in Spain.

"Ah! well," said she, "let him sing; it is a pleasant occupation these fine warm nights. I think I feel so inclined myself." And she took up her own guitar, and played and sang in unison with the music from the garden. In another moment a young cavalier was kneeling at her feet.

"Don Carlos!" exclaimed the Señora, with well imitated astonishment, "what means this intrusion? Your presumption amazes me. Begone instantly! To force yourself into this place uninvited is so strange—"

"Uninvited, Señora!"

"Uninvited, Señor! certainly. Why do you repeat my words?"

"Because I cannot believe, that your words repeat your sentiments."

"No? you are unintelligible."

"Did I not hear you follow the air I sung?"

"What then?"

"And did you not tell me, that your doing so should be the signal that I might enter?"

"Did I? Perhaps I might, but I had forgotten."

"Then, at least, my intrusion is excused?"

"By no means: your memory, like your music, ought ever to accord with mine. A true lover, Don Carlos, will never remember, when it is the pleasure of his mistress to forget."

"How!" exclaimed Carlos, in distraction, "before he knows what she chooses to forget?"

"Certainly: if he have sympathy, he needs not words to communicate every variation of her thoughts—every inflection of her emotions—every image of her mind."

"Madam," said the lover, in a fit of suppressed irritability, "I obey you: I depart."

And he sprang from the balcony. "Capricious, unreasonable beauty," said he to himself, "I forswear your service for ever! Never again will I see her. Now, lovely and gentle Isidora, I am yours alone!"

While thus inwardly soliloquizing, he had advanced a few paces, when he heard his name pronounced in a loud whisper from the balcony: such a sweet soft voice! But no, he would not return, he was positive he would not. He would not even look up, but went on. Then there fell on his ear the sound of the guitar, and that sweet voice with it: the air was one that he himself had composed for Donna Estella. There was no resisting this. He sprung back, leaped at the branch of the cypress-tree, that had before assisted his ascent, and was on the balcony exactly as Donna Estella closed the window on the inside. She bent her head to him with a delightfully malicious smile.

"The next time," said she, "come when you are called. Adieu for the present, Don Carlos;" and she vanished. The odds were, that the gentleman had broken his neck in his indignant descent from the balcony. He was too wrathful to speak even to himself.

He hastened with great speed to another quarter of the city. He came to a full stop when opposite to the door of a plain but very elegant house. The porter seemed to know him, and consigned him to a valet, who introduced him to an old duenna-looking sort of a female, who ushered him into a stately apartment. Its occupants were two ladies. One, who withdrew on his entrance, an

elderly woman: the other was much younger, and rich in beauty, which was deepened, rather than obscured, by a shade of melancholy, that sat on her features, and mingled in the glances of her full dark eyes. This was Donna Isidora Lexuma.

She was an orphan, and lived with a maiden aunt in the mansion of her late parents, which her family dignity forbade her to abandon, though she lived in almost complete seclusion. She rose on the entrance of Carlos, and, advancing towards him, gently reproached him for his late arrival. "Think," said she, "how short must be the moments we can spend together at this hour; yet they are the only moments I value. Carlos, if you loved like me, you would not abridge them thus."

Carlos protested, made excuses of course, which were of course accepted.

The moments flew swiftly, till the lover (for Carlos never doubted his being in love with both the widow and Isidora) began with the usual tyranny of selfish passion to complain of the melancholy, which, as mentioned before, reigned in the expression of the maiden's countenance.

"Carlos," said Isidora, "if you distrust the sincerity of my affection, because its garb is not one of smiles, you little know me. I have told you this before; if without a gay and lively mistress you cannot be happy, leave me, and seek amid lighter hearts and livelier tempers the being for whom you look!"

Extremely selfish, because extremely sentimental, Carlos yet gave himself credit for much generosity and great feeling. So contracted was his sphere of mental vision, that the few good qualities he possessed com-

pletely filled it, and became to his fancy gigantically dilated, as the astronomer saw a monster in the sun, when a dead fly obscured the narrow expanse of lens of his telescope.

Something of this Isidora had not failed to perceive. But love, though he sometimes makes people skeletons, is but a bad anatomist ; and is too closely connected with the heart, to look very narrowly into its weaknesses and its faults.

To proceed. When Isidora had spoken, Don Carlos's sentimentality was touched ; so in his turn he too made a speech, of which had I any report I would certainly give it. But this not being the case, I can only lament that my limits do not permit, &c., and that the speech was a very pretty speech, and to Donna Isidora's ears exceedingly euphonous. At length they parted, though not before the gentleman had more warmly than ever offered his heart and hand, and the lady more indulgently than ever listened to his solicitations for the final quenching of his doubts—his fears.

Could Don Carlos after this revisit the widow, Donna Estella, to obey her caprice, to compose airs for her guitar ? Love, honour, consistency, forbade the supposition. But unfortunately they either did not forbid, or were unable to prevent, the reality ; for if love, honour, and consistency had had occasion to look for Don Carlos the following evening, they would have found him a present worshipper at the shrine of Donna Estella de Xeeves.

A great many people have always lived in Madrid since it became populous, into the reasons of which, civil, political, or statistical, I am not bound to inquire. Amongst others

who were numbered in the last census, or might have been, had any census been made, was Donna Elvira Ivris. It would have been a great error to have left her out of the census, for she was truly somebody, and worth a great many of those nobodies, who (associating with their own species) are known by nobody. She was allied to the chief families in Castile, who shall be mentioned whenever their names occur in my histories. Excellent blood, however, does not always confer a title to immortality, and Donna Elvira would have slept in the Herald's Office undisturbed, had she not, during her life, given a magnificent fête, to which Donna Isidora, who was a relation, and the widow Xeeves, who was too fashionable to be omitted, were both invited.

The latter lady accepted the invitation of course; the former, because she wished to please her inviter, between whom and herself a great kindness existed. Donna Isidora and her aunt intended to go together, and it was intimated to Carlos, who was also asked, that if he thought fit to accompany them he might; a permission of which he joyfully promised to avail himself. But on the morning of the fête day, in lieu of the gentleman came a note, lamenting, in most appropriate terms, the unhappiness of the writer in being compelled to leave Madrid at a moment's notice, on a visit to a sick relation who was at the point of death. Isidora praised his pious affection for his kindred, and, accompanied by her aunt only, went to the festival, to the disappointment of several stout cavaliers, who had hoped to attend her, more especially of the young Marquis of Terraconda, who loved her to distraction. He was worthy of her affection; but, like many worthy people, had not met with his deserts. I generalize

this reflection for the consolation of all unmarried ladies who have passed the matrimonial æra, all disappointed authors, and discoverers of the longitude and patent shoeties.

“ Ah !” said a little short, pretty faced Donzella, escorted by two long, lank cavaliers, all feather and whisker, “ behold Donna Isidora Lexuma with only her aunt. Truly it is a shame to the gallants of Madrid, for she is tolerably good looking, if she were not so unseemingly tall. I really pity her.”

“ What a sensible, discreet lady is old Lexuma’s daughter, to come here unattended by any of those idle hidalgos, that foolish women choose to carry with them. I am quite glad to find I am not the only one, who sees these things as a woman ought,” said a maiden, not young, who was wandering alone among the company, after vainly endeavouring to hook herself on fifteen Dons successively, every one of whom had unhappily a prior engagement impossible to extricate himself from, even when the motive was so powerful as the honour of attending a lady so much and justly, &c. &c. &c.

Meanwhile Donna Isidora, with her companion, strayed through the beautiful gardens of Donna Elvira, replying briefly, though courteously, to the respectful salutations, with which she was greeted from the nobles and fashionables of Madrid, scarcely one of whom was absent from this general muster, for such it might seem. It was certainly a gay and exciting scene ; the congress of so many fair, and noble, and admired ; the sweet sounds of music ; the gracefulness of stately dances, such as a Spaniard might join in, and all displayed in the glory of magnificence, could not but excite admiration. Then

there was such a seeming good-will among the movers, so many good wishes exchanged, all appeared pleased, and a few perhaps were so.

But Isidora was not of these few. Her eye dwelt lightly and carelessly on the garish scene around her. Her heart was formed to echo to love, not to splendour; and the gay society offered her no charm, for it wanted him whose presence could alone make it acceptable. Every one, who has loved, knows with what a fond and almost proud consciousness the heart will seclude itself from the community of crowds and assemblies, and, withdrawing, as it were, within itself, enjoy with pensive satisfaction its internal world of recollections, and sweet though sad regrets. It was from such a reverie, that she was awakened by the passing near of two persons engaged in earnest conversation. The appearance of one was well known to her, it was one of the chief fashionables of Madrid, it was Donna Estella de Xeeves. But her heart hesitated to believe her eyes, that told her that the other was Don Carlos Meraquire. Both heart and eyes indeed failed her, and, overwhelmed with sudden emotion, she sank to the ground, despite the slight assistance of her relative, had not a more efficient arm interposed to sustain her. It was that of the Marquis of Terraconda.

Isidora speedily recovered, and the Marquis, breaking away from her thanks for his assistance, bowed and withdrew. There was something delicate and unobtrusive in his attentions that pleased Isidora. It was evident to her, that, though her declining his attendance to the fête had prevented his presenting himself to her there until the circumstance of her fainting, he had watched her

with all the interest of affection, haunting her steps, though avoiding a meeting. I will not take upon me to say, that resentment against Carlos did not cause these thoughts to appear to her mind more vividly than they would otherwise have done.

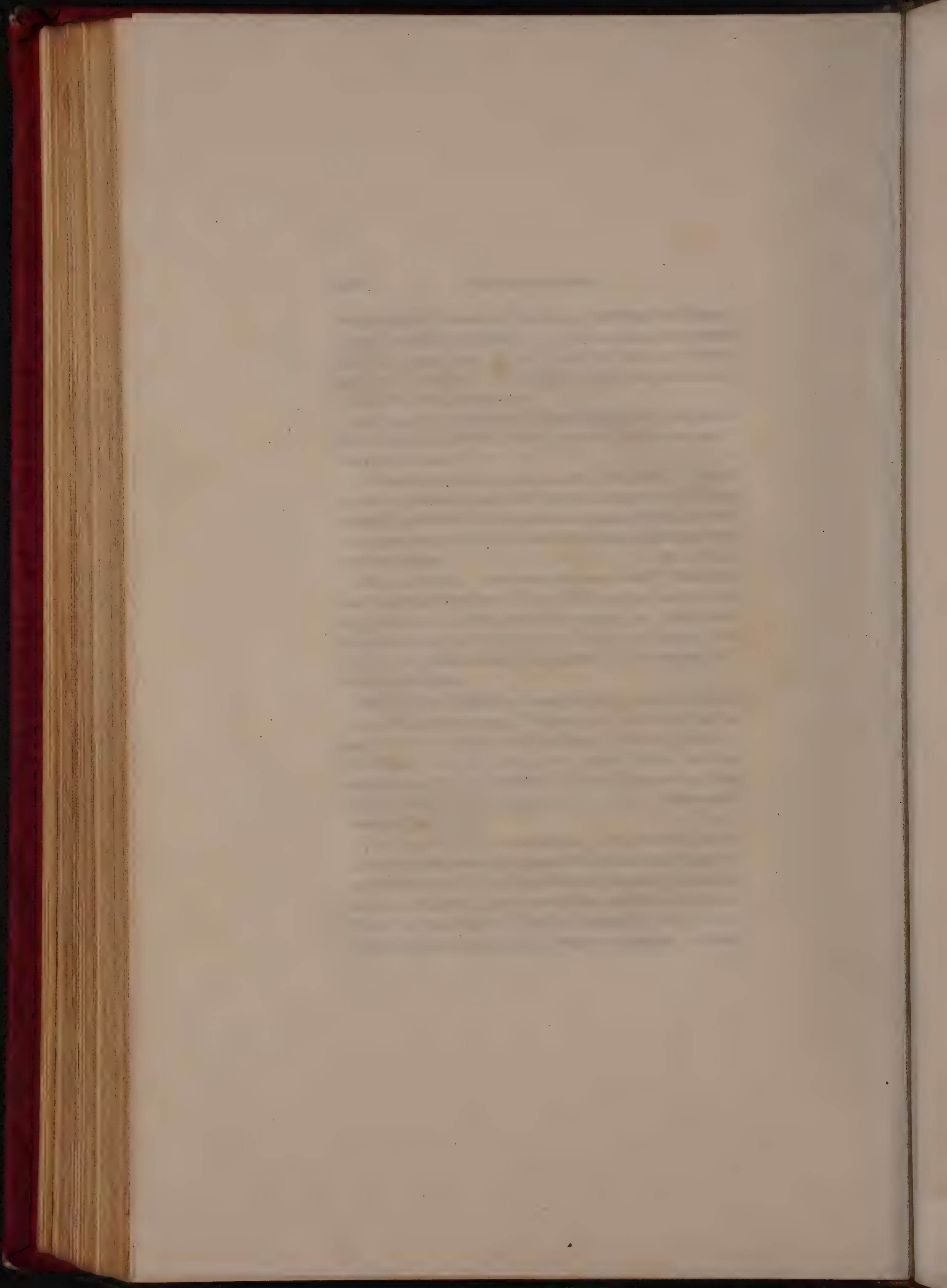
Her aunt was desirous, that she should leave the place : she concurred, but first wished to rest awhile on one of the garden seats.

"Leave me a little, my dear aunt," said she ; "I shall be better presently, and will then accompany you." Her relative withdrew to a short distance, and, joining in conversation with an elderly group of her acquaintance, left her niece alone.

She *was* alone. Her thoughts were lonely thoughts her heart was desolate. The faithlessness of one—but it is useless to dwell on so trite a subject, or paint feelings that many have known, and most must know, who depend for their earthly happiness on the veering affections of others.

While these reflections occupied her, a well known voice fell upon her ear. It was in a low tone, but so near that she started, and her heart throbbed violently. She raised her head, and saw seated beside her the treacherous Carlos, pouring all the eloquence of his flattery into the listening ear of the widow of the commander Don Xeeves.

She uttered a half exclamation. The widow's attention was at the moment engaged by the sudden display of some fireworks. Don Carlos turned, and saw Isidora by his side. She rose, but resumed her seat from weakness. One of the ornaments of her hair escaped at the moment from its fastening, and fell from its station. Carlos





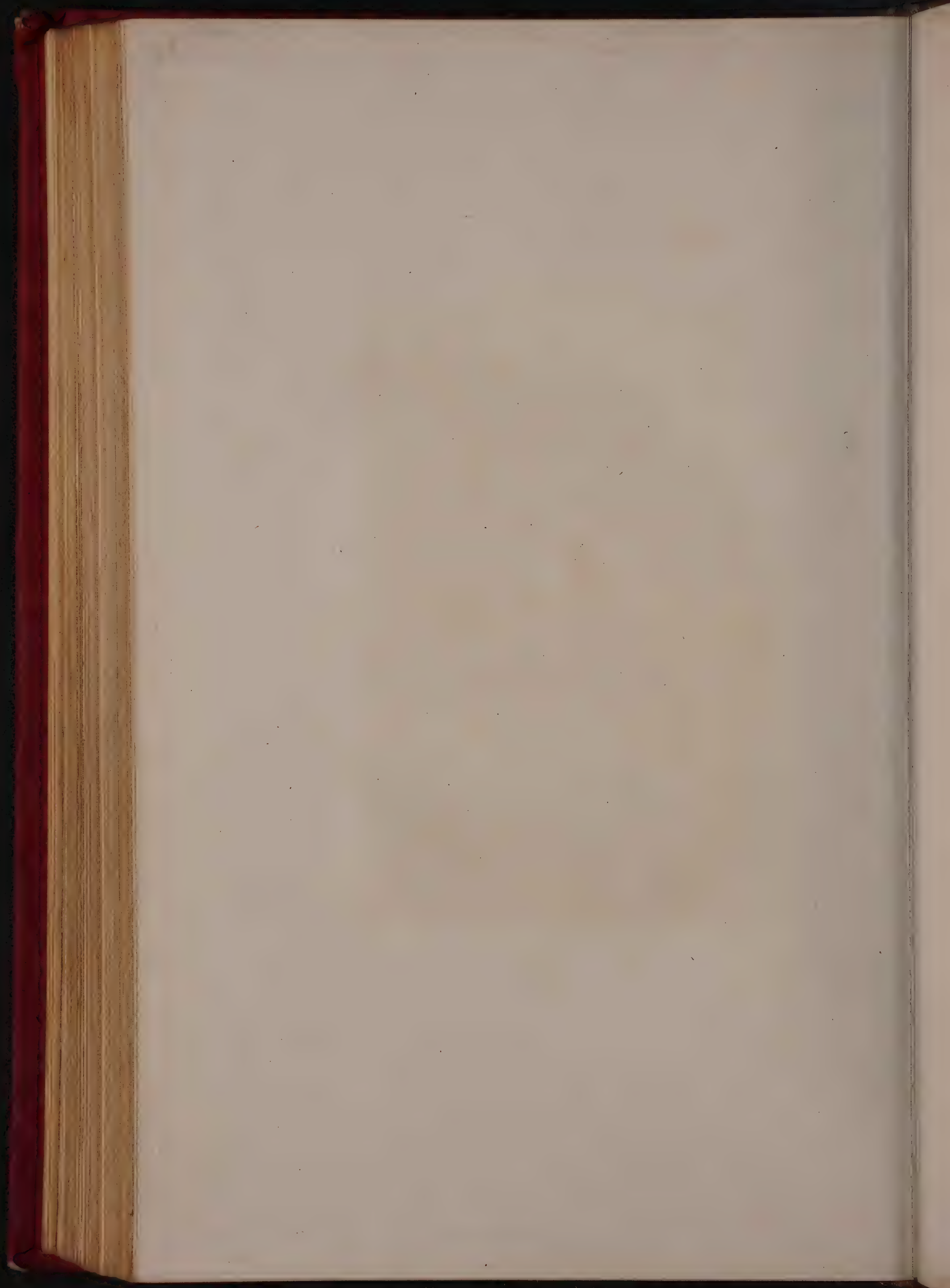
Engraved by Charles Heath.

THE INCONSTANT.

Pubd by T. Hurst & Co. St. Pauls Churchyard R. Jennings & Poultry and W. L. Atzworth 23 Old Bond Street.

Printed by E. P. Stegmann.

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picked it up, and replaced it; saying at the same time in a hurried whisper, "Do not condemn me; I will explain all."

But Isidora had seen and heard too much to heed explanation, or wish for it. She saw that she was betrayed; and all her light doubts of her suitor's character, that had come and gone like summer-evening waves, now stood permanent and defined, like the same waves arrested in their undulations by the icy hand of an Arctic winter. Her emotions were strong: she could love devotedly, but she could resent deeply. The proud spirit of her family asserted its supremacy, when insult or deceit awoke it to exertion. She despised the false Carlos, whom but a day before she had loved to excess. A smile of cold contempt sat on her features, as he re-adorned her hair. She did not even think it worth while to forbid him.

Meanwhile Donna Estella, turning her eyes again towards her companion, perceived his occupation with equal surprise and indignation. The flirting of her fan apprised him, that he was detected; he turned to her in haste. Her quick ears had caught his whisper, and the words, though not very explicit, denoted double-dealing. One look of angry scorn, and she had left the seat. He followed her, to meet with a repulse too cutting for him to hazard a repetition. He speeded back to the spot where he had left Isidora, but the bird was flown. Here was an excellent opportunity of reflecting on the *pro* and *con* of loving two women at once. I cannot say whether or not Don Carlos availed himself of it.

Early the next morning Isidora was surprised by a billet; it contained these words:

"We are both deceived—must both be revenged. The injury is common ; if my reasons convince you, the work of retribution will be so too. I purpose being with you in an hour.

ESTELLA DE XEEVES."

In an hour she came. What passed at the conference I shall not relate, only mentioning, that the ladies found, that an offer of marriage had been made to each. That this had been done was certain, and, odd as it may appear, with equal sincerity in both cases. Don Carlos, in truth, was so incorrigible a flirt, that flirtation was in him his life and being ; he carried it on, therefore, to the last step, without the power of staying himself.

Estella had scarcely returned to her house, when Don Carlos was announced. He was admitted ; received at first with distant and offended reserve, which gradually softened down, as he made his abundant excuses and explanations. At length they were on the best terms imaginable. He stayed with her long, but at length departed to wait on Donna Isidora ; but not until he had prevailed on Estella, to fix on that day month for their marriage. It was to be solemnized at the church of the Holy Trinity, at one hour before noon. It was agreed, too, on Donna Estella's suggestion, that, as she wished the affair to be kept perfectly secret, he should leave Madrid for the interval.

To the surprise of Don Carlos, Isidora, though more difficult to be appeased, did at last mollify. To his still greater surprise, she addressed him in the following words :

"Don Carlos, to show you how truly I have forgiven you, and to give you the most convincing proof of my affection, I will now answer the question you have so often pressed upon me. I trust the happiness of my life to your love and fidelity. My brother, Don Henriquez, returns from his travels on the sixteenth of next month; on the following day I consent to take the vow, which shall make my hand yours, as my heart is. My brother's presence will complete our joy, and thenceforth, I trust, tranquillity will be ours for our future lives."

That the amazed Don Carlos went into exceeding transports, as in duty bound, is undeniable; that he did so with a very bad grace, is, I fear, equally certain. It was not, however, perceived by the lady; and the bond of affiancement seemed firm in its links. Just, however, before he left her, he inquired where she would wish the ceremony to be performed.

"All my family," said she, "for many generations, have been united, and have found, too, their last place of repose, in the church of the Holy Trinity: I should not wish to break this custom."

"Your will is law," returned Don Carlos; "but that church has always been unfortunate to our family."

"Perhaps you think, Don Carlos, that another misfortune will be this marriage? If so —"

She was interrupted by Don Carlos's protestations. To avert her anger he gave up every thing. It was settled, that the church of the Trinity should witness their union. "There is one point," said Donna Isidora, "I would desire you to grant me. I am fond of privacy, and hate notoriety. To prevent our design from being suspected, do not visit me again before we meet at the altar. It is

a hard request ; alas ! I feel it so myself ; but I cannot but make it."

" I accord it," answered Carlos, " though with pain. That I may not break my promise, I will leave this city, and return only to claim you before the priest."

" My dear Carlos, you are most considerately kind. At the appointed hour, then, we meet again : till then farewell ! I shall think of you during this dreary interval." And, with many protestations, they parted.

Don Carlos left Madrid, with a prayer, that he might break his neck by the way : that his brains might be knocked out was a very forlorn hope. In truth, the dilemma in which he was involved was such, as no prudent man would give a premium to get into. Both the ladies were so much admired, so many cavaliers wore swords at their service, that the consequences of mortally offending either differed little from those of felony without benefit of clergy. In one of these cavaliers, to slay the insulter of his mistress would be a hallowed deed, a sort of *auto da fe* ; a thing interesting enough to a beholder, who is a spectacle-hunter, but disagreeable to the immediate subject of the operation.

Utterly to desert Madrid would never do ; for all his uncles and aunts, from whom he had great expectations, lived there, and his patrimony was one, that might be increased without becoming unpleasantly overwhelming. He ruminated much on these things ; but while he chewed the cud, he lost his stomach, and got on bad terms with his food. The end was, that he gave himself up to Chance, a goddess propitious to fools and children, resolving to resort, at the assigned time, to the church of the Holy Trinity, and let come what would come. Per-

haps only one lady might come, and if so, he would marry her on the spot, and defend himself on the plea of priority.

On the 17th day of October, in the year (I forget the year, having lost my mem., but if you wish to ascertain the fact, you can write to any of your correspondents at Madrid, who may be able to tell you), on the 17th day of the month, about an hour before mid-day, there were in the church of the Holy Trinity, in the last-mentioned city, two magnificent groups of ladies and cavaliers, one on each side of the altar.

In one of these groups was Donna Estella, and by her side Don Ferdinand Alves, whom we have named before; in the other, Donna Isidora Lexuma, and with her the Marquis of Terraconda. There was abundance of fashionables and ostrich feathers, all seemingly bent on something interesting. There was a considerable smiling of bride-maids, and much interchanging of looks with the gentlemen, which might possibly occasion thereafter more meetings in that place. Loves and doves have long been united. Marriages are like pigeons, so wonderfully prolific, that one, well attended, is generally a precursor of half a score more; a sort of cuckoo, giving the note for a general spring into matrimony.

On a sudden was seen advancing up the aisle, towards the altar, a single gallant, the bravery of whose apparel coincided in no manner with the exceeding gravity of his countenance. He proceeded until he approached the assembled groups. On each of them he occasionally cast an anxious glance; then, making a profound bow, he stood still.

For a while there was a general silence, which was

at length broken by the priest, who demanded his errand there ; for it was manifest, that he came not as a mere spectator.

"Holy father," replied Don Carlos, "I come to be married."

"A most laudable resolve, my son ; but where is she whom the solemn rite is to make thy wife?"

For a minute the catechumen stood irresolute ; then, advancing a step to the left, he answered :

"This lady, Donna Isidora Lexuma, is come hither my affianced bride."

"Traitor ! perfidious !" exclaimed Donna Estella, "mine thou art by every promise of the heart and the lips. Answer me, is it not so?"

A general murmur of indignation ran through the right-hand group. "An insult to the name of Xeeves !" "Treachery to unprotected beauty !" "A wrong to one who has hands and hearts in plenty, even on the spot, ready to shed their last blood in her defence or her avengement !"

"Pardon me, holy father," said Don Carlos, as the ominous buzz rose on his ear, "my eyes misled me, my sight is somewhat bad. This lady is my promised bride : to her, to Donna Estella de Xeeves——"

The buzz and murmur from the left side stayed him in the midst of his recantation. It was loud and fearful. "A daughter of the house of Lexuma ! Such insolence deserved death. She to be jilted by such a coxcomb ! the niece of the grand inquisitor !"

Carlos shivered inwardly. "Sancta Maria, protect me from the racks and the thumb-screws !" and he vowed ten thousand candles, with patent wicks, to the Virgin,

if she would assist him in this extremity. Perhaps he prayed without sufficient faith; perhaps the Virgin did not want any wax candles with patent wicks. At all events there was no immediate interposition in favour of the bewildered Carlos.

"Silence, my children!" said the priest, "and you, my son, recollect yourself: to whom do you come to be married? which of these women is your affianced bride?"

"Both," replied Carlos.

The confusion was irrepressible. The gentlemen frowned and fumed; the ladies, all but the two claimants of the bridal honours, tittered audibly. The ostrich feathers waved to and fro with anxious perplexity.

"My daughters," resumed the priest, "to which of you are this man's vows due?"

"To me," exclaimed Donna Isidora.

"To me," said the commander's widow.

"I have his letters to show," said the spinster.

"I had his first promise," affirmed the widow.

"His blood shall answer it," murmured Don Henriquez de Lexuma.

"He dies for the insult," said a kinsman of the widow.

"Cut him in two," said a broad, mulberry-faced, jolly man, with a quizzical watery eye, "and give half to each."

"Do so, for the sake of all the saints!" said the miserable Carlos; "any thing to escape from this!"

"But who shall have his heart?" whispered one of the ladies.

"My children," said the priest, "it appears this matter cannot be settled on the moment. I have two

other marriages to solemnize; we will proceed with them: perhaps during the interval this cavalier may so far recover from the power of Satan, as to discover which lady he means to be married to."

He withdrew to the altar. The two groups approached; the priest joined the hands of Don Ferdinand Alves and Donna Estella; of the Marquis of Terraconda and Donna Isidora.

Don Carlos stood amazed, but with a faint hope, that all might end peaceably, without inflicting on him either a wife, a duel, or the racks and thumb-screws of the Inquisition. He began to think, whether the Virgin had actually interposed; and, as he smoothed his hat, he threw a loose guess at the price of wax candles with patent wicks.

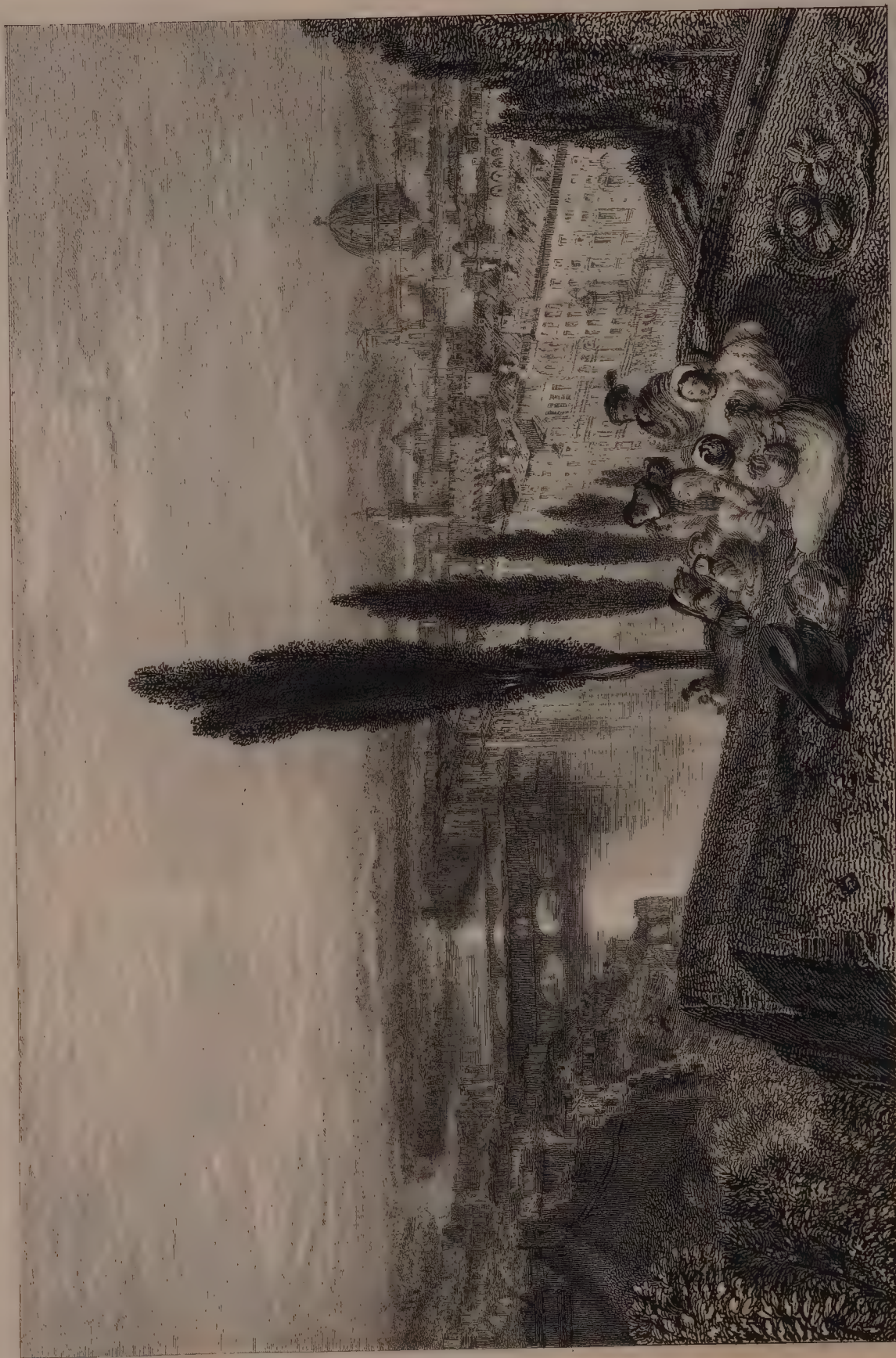
The ceremony was ended. "And now, Don Carlos," said the Marquis of Terraconda, "it will not be needful to trouble yourself any longer, at present, on the question the holy father left you to solve. Should Donna Isidora ever become a widow, perhaps you may think of it again. Farewell, Señor."

"Farewell, Señor," said Donna Estella, as she passed Don Carlos; "I fear I shall never sing your airs again; but I shall often think of your variations."

"Farewell," whispered Donna Isidora: "this is an awkward chance; but destiny is unconquerable. The church of the Holy Trinity, you know, was always unfortunate to your family."

"Yes," said Carlos, when he found himself alone, "it is an awkward chance."

"But it might have been worse," added he, as he



Engraved by Edward Goddall

Painted by J. M. W. Turner, R.A.

FLORENCE.

Pubd by T. Hurst & Co. St Paul's Churchyard and R. Jennings & Poulter.

Printed by M. Quon.





walked down the aisle: which consolatory sentence, though short, does in truth embody all the practical philosophy in the world.

Now the way in which the two ladies laid their plot; how Donna Isidora was persuaded to concur in it; how Don Ferdinand and the Marquis were let into the secret; in fact, how all the minutiae of the history, not herein particularly set forth, were brought about, are they not written in the book of the Chronicles of the Wise Women of Spain? If they be not, I am sure I do not know where they are. And so farewell.

FLORENCE.

FLORENCE! from the mountain's brow
I have won thy beauties now;
From the woody Apennine,
Florence! I have made thee mine.
All thy waving cypress trees,
Domes, and graceful palaces;
All thy river, and thy rills,
City of a thousand hills!

These are thine; but where are they,
Thy merchant kings of noblest sway?
They have fled, and left behind—
What? the freedom-seeking mind?
Hearts in which is shrin'd for thee
The altar-flame of liberty?
All that marks the good and brave?
No! a half-unfinish'd grave.

Vallombrosa's sacred shrine,
Shadow'd by the giant pine ;
Fiesole's romantic height,
With its swelling dome elate ;
Arno, too, I see ; but where
The sounds that once were thrilling there ?
Broken is the Tuscan lute :
Listen ! all its strings are mute.

Bright thy sky, and rich thine earth,
Why has man forgot his birth ?
Not even babbling Echo dare
Reply to Freedom's loud despair.
All the splendid past is vain ;
Its light shall never wake again :
Mouldering ruin o'er thee falls,
City of a thousand halls !

THE CONVENT OF CHAILLOT:

OR, VALLIÈRE AND LOUIS XIV.

*L'amour me conduisait, je faisais tout pour lui.**Adélaïde du Guesclin.*

HISTORIANS have recorded the amours of princes, and perpetuated the names of the sharers of their affections, not because love is the province of history, but because, where power has centred in individuals, the stream of history has often been directed by love. In despotic governments this is ever the case; and the name of Maintenon is little less closely interwoven than those of Richelieu and Mazarin with the events of their country. The royal mistresses of France have swelled the annals of their times: their arts, their policy, their ambition, are the history of their nation. Their charms and their blandishments won the hearts of their sovereigns; and, while freedom remained a yet unsolved problem, the caprices of kings were the fluctuations of states.

Of this notoriety, which is not fame, little is attached to the memory of the amiable but not happy woman, the only stain on whose name arises from her connexion with Louis the Fourteenth. He has been designated the Great: a bitter irony, in which impartiality sees only the flimsy cloud thrown by the breath of flattery over the ineffaceable epithets of selfish, unfeeling, and tyrannical. Louise de la Vallière loved without prudence, but also without ambition; she has therefore been almost forgotten, though genius has twined the charms of fiction round the realities

of her life, like the setting, with which the hand of the lapidary displays and enhances the pure product of the diamond mine.

The father of Louise filled a conspicuous office in the court of Gaston of Orleans, brother of Louis XIII. His death, which happened in the early youth of his daughter, was a source of deep grief to her, and contributed to augment the pensive and melancholy temperament natural to her disposition. Her secluded and almost solitary habits deepened these traits. She mingled as little as possible, and always with reluctance, in the gayeties of the court, where she was brought up. Wrapt in sweet but vague imaginings, she sought acquaintance with the loveliness of nature; and, beneath the shady woods of Orleans, or on the banks of the sparkling Loire, encouraged that dangerous susceptibility, with which her heart was by nature but too deeply fraught.

The society with which she had hitherto come in contact was not of a kind, to win her from these seductive abstractions. Gay, unthinking, and devoted to pleasure and coquetry, her companions of the court, their occupations and their objects, awakened no corresponding echo in her own breast. They existed only for levity and admiration; but Louise lived for feeling and for love.

Accident, however, introduced her to a friend in the following slight adventure. Meditating, as usual, on the banks of the river—sighing for that unexperienced sympathy, of which imagination had alone suggested to her the existence—she was startled by a sudden noise. Turning round, she perceived a young man, who rushed by her in apparent anxiety, bearing water from the stream in his hat. An intervening cluster of thick shrubs almost instantly hid him from her sight; but, after advancing

a few yards, she perceived him again. He was kneeling on the ground by the side of a female, endeavouring in vain to awaken her from a state of insensibility. The powerful aromatic which Louise hastened to apply proved efficient. The reviving figure opened her eyes, fixing them first on the youth, and then on Louise, whence they returned with alarmed quickness to those of her companion. Louise divined the cause of this look, and was departing hastily, when the voices of those she left, uniting in thanks, retarded her steps.

The result of this adventure was an intimacy between Louise and Clemence Beaumelle—that was the lady's name—which afterwards ripened into a closer connexion, and gave to La Vallière a friend, in whom she could repose confidence.

Mademoiselle Beaumelle resided in a neighbouring chateau with her aunt, Madame Savonne. Their whole establishment consisted of themselves and two domestics: they were not wealthy, and their dwelling, though sufficiently comfortable, was enriched with few luxuries. Louise found her new companion tender, sensible, and engaging. She was, perhaps, not beautiful, but interesting; and, at least, was possessed of mental and personal qualities, which had evidently enthralled the heart of Theodore Blanzac. This young man, attached to Clemence Beaumelle, and equally beloved in return, felt the deep pain of being prevented by a scanty fortune from completing a union, to which fortune was the only obstacle. Too much in love to relinquish the affection he had formed, but too generous to gratify it by exposing its object to the privations of wedded poverty, he contented himself in joining his Clemence in hopes, which,

as being such, were more than pleasant; but of the accomplishment of which there was little immediate prospect.

The sensitive heart of Louise de la Vallière felt deeply for the situation of her friends, though themselves bore the pressure of delay without repining, and even with cheerfulness. To Louise a new existence seemed opening in the enjoyments of friendship. Her mother, her only surviving parent, she honoured and loved as her kindness deserved; but there are confidences, which the very love, and still more the respect, of a child prevent a mother's sharing. The airy fabrics, the day dreams, the romance of a young and sanguine heart, it shrinks from disclosing, except to one, that, like itself, may be throbbing with the same feelings, and vibrating on the same chords. To find such a one was a prize to Louise; the dearer, because so long panted for in vain.

If Mademoiselle de la Vallière loved Clemence with the affection of a sister, it was with the esteem, at least, of a friend, that she regarded M. Blanzac: the blended ardour and sweetness of his disposition, his frankness, his interesting conversation, so different from the vapid frivolities and stale conceits of the courtiers of Gaston d'Orleans, pleased her as much by their novelty as their worth. Her walks were no longer solitary; accompanied by the inhabitants of the Chateau Savonne, she retraced with increased satisfaction her familiar rambles.

Still, however, she found something to wish for; for the vacancies of the heart, like the gulf of the Roman forum, never close but with the sacrifice of what it holds most dear and precious; never till it has no longer fears or wishes. In her lonely moments her busy fancy would

paint the happiness she could feel, were she, too, beloved like Clemence; were she the object of an affection so pure, so disinterested, the chosen and worshipped one of another Theodore Blanzac. Of *another*!—the word was fraught with a fund of self-inquiry: Louise did not enter into it, for she was unconscious of her danger. A circumstance, however, occurred, which revealed to her the terrors of the precipice on which she stood.

The chevalier St. Remi was now engaged in those assiduities towards Madame de la Vallière, which shortly afterwards terminated in their marriage. His station in the household of Monsieur gave him some influence, and his kindness towards Louise encouraged her to solicit his interest towards procuring an appointment, then vacant, for Theodore Blanzac. St. Remi exerted himself, the place was gained, and the great obstacle to the union of the lovers removed.

It was not until her grateful and rejoicing friends overwhelmed her with the thanks due to her efforts in their behalf, that the almost terrified Louise discovered, mingling with her joy in their happiness, a feeling of bitterness, which, even to herself, she trembled to acknowledge, but durst not deny. Perhaps the emotions from which this feeling arose were not yet those of love, but they are those from which it is born; and the step which Louise took for their extinguishment was decisive and prompt.

She had once more recourse to St. Remi, but this time the request was for herself. The situation of maid of honour to Madame was asked and obtained for her. Taught by her feelings, that not a moment should be

lost, she made immediate preparations for her departure to St. Germain.

These were soon completed. She took leave with little regret of her acquaintance at Orleans; they on their part felt no concern at the loss of one, with whom they had nothing in common; some wondered at her sudden departure, and others envied her the scenes of gayety and splendour, for which she was about to exchange the *ennui* of Orleans. It was not thus, however, that she parted with Clemence Beaumelle.

She had purposely chosen a time for paying this farewell visit to her friend, when she knew that Blanzac would be absent. Clemence lamented his being away. "It would have been such a pleasure to him," she said, "to have seen you; he loves you almost as well as I do." These words sent a thrilling chill through the heart of Louise. "Alas!" she thought, "he may confess his love for me; it is the love of a friend, but mine ——" She made a violent effort to master her rebellious feelings, and succeeded.

The friends at length separated, after having been long together. They made no protestations of eternal friendship, but they wept, for neither could restrain her tears.

"We shall surely see each other again," said Louise, as she lingered at the outer gate, to which her friend conducted her: "I feel, that our fortunes are linked together, and I rejoice in the thought. Farewell! do not forget me, Clemence, in your happiness."

"Forget you, dear Louise! oh no! we shall always think of you."

Louise heard not her friend's concluding words; her heart echoed the sounds, "*We shall always think of you.*" She pressed her friend in her arms, and left her in haste.

She was alone: how much alone, those know, who have parted for a long absence from one, whose place in the affections there is none to fill up. The heart, while yet possessed of what it loves, supports itself against the knowledge of its approaching loss: it is not until after the moment of separating, that it wonders at its former acquiescence, and feels the bitterness of its privation.

It was thus with Louise; she revisited all her favourite haunts, and wept to think, she should no more return to them in the company of the friends, who had so much endeared them to her.

The excitement, which the energy of her resolve had afforded, her conscious triumph over her own weakness, and the hurry of thought and action in which she had been involved, had hitherto sustained her. They failed her now; and by one of those revulsions, that naturally succeed powerful emotions, she felt languid, despondent, and irresolute.

In this state of weakness the thoughts of Blanzac recurred to her, as if still more to overwhelm her. Bursting into tears, she exclaimed, "If it be my lot hereafter to love, I may surely hope to taste the pleasures of the passion, for I feel all its pain." She was deeply, though naturally mistaken. In the first disappointment of our affections, we fondly imagine, that our affliction, as it is the heaviest we have known, is also the greatest we can experience, and that time can have nothing in store for us more painful than the wounds of the present.

Orleans was no longer her home. She was at St. Germain, and the novelty of her situation for a while distracted, but did not soothe her mind. This effect soon wore off, and her habitual depression resumed a dominion, from which it was speedily to be expelled by feelings, on the operation of which was suspended the destiny of Louise.

Whatever differences of opinion may exist as to the character of Louis le Grand in its more important traits, the accounts are uniform of his personal address and powers of pleasing. To women, his unfailing and almost submissive courtesy united with his handsome person and impressive manners, to render him an object of more than admiration. The eminence of a throne, while to the eyes of a court it diminishes, if it do not conceal blemishes, only magnifies the graces or virtues of its possessor. But the deportment of Louis had a majestic suavity, which flattery itself could scarcely do more than faithfully describe.

To the eyes, and still more to the heart of Louise, these qualities shone in unclouded lustre. The former feelings of her mind were weakened; and such is the delusion which the heart practises on itself, that Louise applauded her own resolution, in being able to withdraw her remembrances from the forsaken Orleans. The new feeling, to which she gave the name of loyalty, seemed to her sanctioned by prudence and duty; nor did she trouble herself to inquire into the lurking sophistry of her reasonings.

A universal admirer of beauty, and devoted to gallantry, the king, who was a regular attendant at the soirées of Madame, failed not to observe and be struck

with the timid loveliness of the new maid of honour. The deep expression of her features, her graceful form and exquisite complexion, repeatedly attracted him; the more so, that she sought to avoid observation, and shrunk from the glances that were bent upon her. Long ere Louise suspected, that she was even noticed by the monarch, his admiration was fixed; and with Louis to admire and to covet were one and the same. To win the affections of this beautiful and interesting girl became an object not less eagerly desired by him who formed the design, because her honour and her peace must be sacrificed in its accomplishment.

Whilst, however, Louise, though assailed by all that ambition, and all that female tenderness could urge, yet remained innocent, a fresh disappointment fell upon the friends she had left at Orleans. Theodore, on the eve of marriage with his Clemence, was summoned by the duties of his station to a distant province. In the midst of the grief which this event caused to the lovers they were united; they parted at the altar that witnessed their vows, and Theodore left his weeping bride at the moment she received the name. Desirous of leaving a place where they had now no ties, and where to Clemence every object was imbued with mournful remembrances, Madame Savonne and her niece retired from the Chateau, and took up their temporary residence, as boarders, in the convent of St. Mary, on the heights of Chaillot.

Situate not more than half a league from Paris, Chaillot overlooks the waters of the Seine, on the opposite side of which lies the Champ de Mars. It was with pleasure that Clemence looked forward to being able to meet again the friend, from whom she had been now severed

for many months: she conjectured the surprise with which Louise would welcome her, and not to diminish it, she resolved to conceal her change of residence from her friend, until she could personally communicate the intelligence. Her aunt was distantly allied to the Duchess of Noailles, the governess of the maids of honour, and the intercourse between the friends might, on this account, be more easy and frequent than it would otherwise have been.

On arriving at Chaillot, late in the day, and wearied with their journey, the travellers hastened to seek the repose, of which they stood so much in need.

The next day Clemence surveyed the building, in which so many had been immured from the world and its vanities. The dim light that fell in irregular masses on the brown walls, the calm silence, interrupted only by the quiet footsteps of the nuns as they passed and repassed, conveyed to her imagination a soothing idea of peaceful abstraction from care. Clemence thought of the absent Theodore and his busy toils: she thought of Louise and her gay sojourn. "She would like these quiet recesses better," thought Clemence, "than the splendour of the court; her inclinations are wedded to solitude and privacy: at St. Germain she may seem happy, but here, with me, she would be so."

At this moment her eye fell on an object, that arrested all her attention. It was a female figure kneeling at the foot of a lofty cross, which stood in the cloister where Clemence was walking. The kneeler did not wear the monastic habit; she seemed in deep agitation; her face was concealed, but the form was familiar to Clemence. The deepening shadows of evening however prevented

her from discerning more, and a natural feeling of delicacy prompted her to withdraw, unnoticed, from the scene of the mourner's solitude. As she retreated in stealthy silence, she heard a footstep approaching in an opposite direction. It was one of the novices. Clemence stayed her, to inquire who the kneeling figure was.

"I do not know," replied the novice; "she is from the court of St. Germain; she arrived here last night shortly after you came. You must endeavour to see her; she is very beautiful, but pale, and she seems very amiable."

"Beautiful! amiable! and from St. Germain! was it possible that it might be——" Clemence was prevented from pursuing her conjectures by a sudden noise, that sent a thousand unaccustomed echoes through the cloister and aisles of the convent. It was the rapid approach of a carriage, which entered the court yard, succeeded by the sudden sound of many voices. Through a dim succession of arches Clemence beheld the superior of the Convent, passing in haste, attended by several of the sisters, all of whom wore their veils down. The confusion increased; on a sudden the gates at the extremity of the cloister jarred from the force with which they were thrown open. The kneeling figure sprung up from the foot of the cross; she looked wildly around her: as her eye fell on the man who advanced towards her, she uttered a faint shriek, and would have fallen to the ground, had not the king sprung forward, and caught her in his arms.

Louise was pressed to his heart; she heard the passionate breathings of affection from the lips of France's best and noblest, so at least she thought him. She loved him too; she could no longer conceal from herself, that she did so.

Loyalty, duty, admiration were no more, for they were extinguished in love. Love boundless, irrepressible—that love for which fond and passionate woman will sometimes sacrifice what the heart sighs to think, that lovely and spotless woman should ever sacrifice.

But it was not thus yet with Louise. Loving, adoring, even to despair, she remained not a second moment in the encircling arms that supported her. She sprung from the embrace of Louis, and flinging herself once more at the foot of the cross, “Holy mother of God!” she exclaimed, “help me or I perish!” She twined her arms round the pedestal of the cross, and, pressing it to her breast with almost phrensied violence, she wept bitterly and intensely.

Kneeling by her side, the agitated Louis entreated her to rise: with the tenderest words, and the most winning protestations, he besought her confidence. Trembling with emotion, confused, distracted, Louise one moment vowed internally to close her heart against the blandishments, that fell *too* sweetly on her ear. The next, her unresisting hand was clasped in that of the king. He raised her from the ground. The moment of energy, of resolution, was gone by: Louise burst not again from the fatal embrace; her bosom leaned upon his, her head sunk on his shoulders, and her tears streamed on his neck.

“Can you not love me then, Louise?” The words were simple; but the look, the tone, spoke every thing to the heart of the overcome girl.

“Love you! oh God!” She hid her face; her bosom rose and fell yet more vehemently. The conquest of love over virtue was accomplished.



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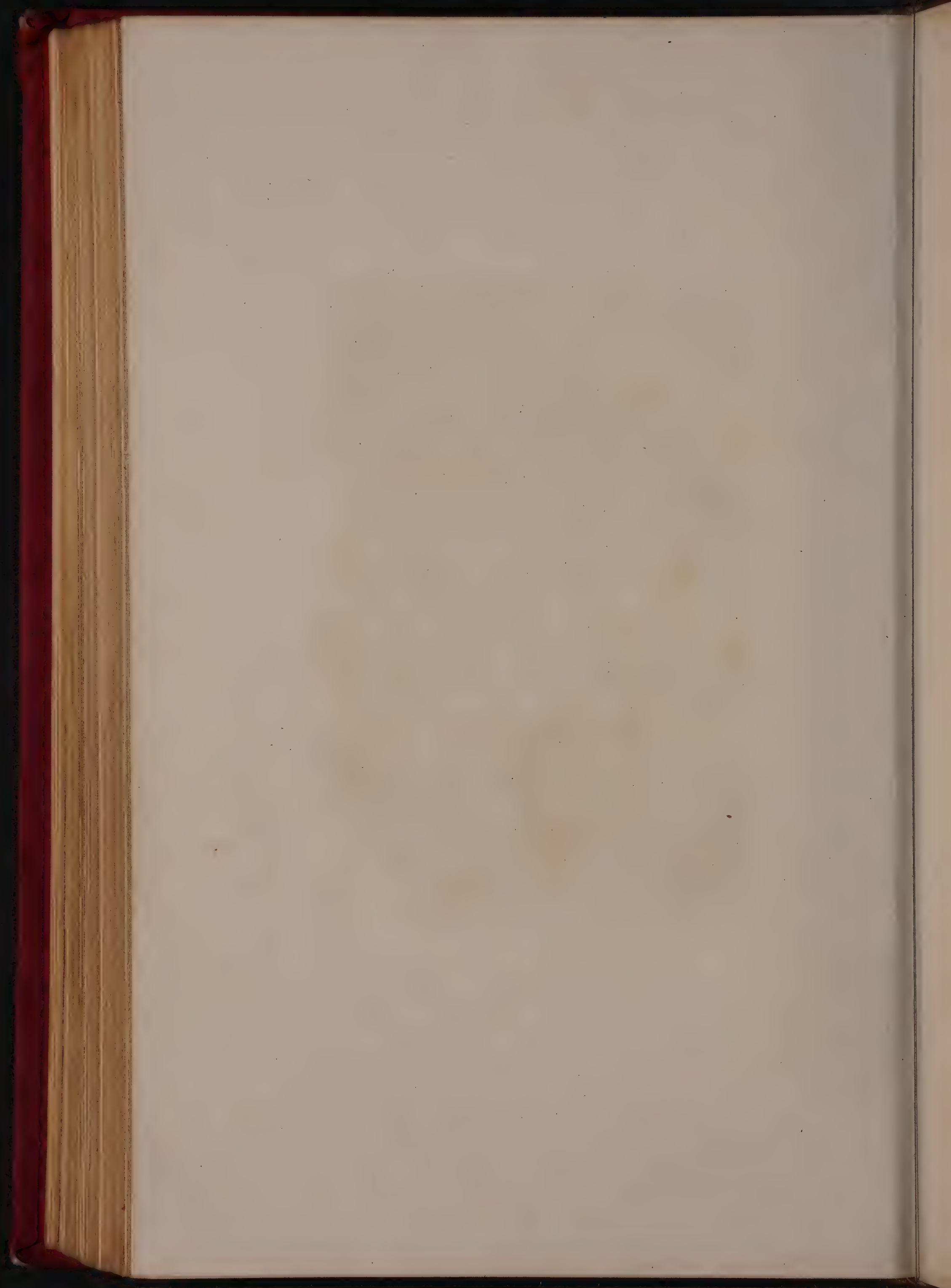


Drawn by A. Chalon, R.A.

Engraved by Charles Heath

THE CONVENT OF CHAILLOT.
OR LA VALLIERE & LOUIS THE XIV.

London, Nov. 1827, Published for the Proprietor, by Hurst, Chance & Co. St. Pauls Church Yard, & Robert Jennings, Leadenhall.



Availing himself of her emotion, Louis hastened to bear her to the voiture in which he had come, and which was to bear them back to Paris. This movement aroused Clemence, who had remained an almost petrified spectator of this interview. Heedless of consequences, she rushed forward, and throwing herself before the king, cried in a voice of almost agony, "Spare her, sire! crush me—kill me, but spare her!"

That voice was as a spell on the spirit of her for whom she interceded. "Clemence! Clemence!" Louise sprung convulsively into the arms of her friend, and was again insensible.

The imperious temper of Louis kindled at this interruption of his will. He looked at the trembling and abashed Clemence with indignation, with fury: he added words; he condescended to threaten.

Nothing else could have given to Clemence the self-possession needed in that hour. A soothing word might have overwhelmed her, the display of unjust severity made her calm.

"Sire," said she, "the being whom I hold in my arms is my benefactress; the friend, almost the only one, of my youth. Should your majesty remove her hence, I may perhaps never behold her again; this friend, this benefactress, will be lost to me for ever. Spare her to me then for an hour, for a few minutes. In the name," she continued, her voice growing more firm, and her countenance flush with the earnestness of her entreaty, "in the name of the God, who has made you the father of your country, I entreat you not to refuse the prayer of one of the lowliest of your children!"

The meek courage of Clemence, and her attachment to Louise thus displayed, awakened those better feelings of which Louis was not devoid.

"I forgive you," said he; "nay, more, I admire your friendship. Take the hour you have so well asked for; and let this," he added, "be the pledge of your sovereign's esteem."

He unfastened, as he spoke, a jewelled chain which he wore around his neck, and would have placed it on that of Clemence. She retired a step with respect, but with firmness put back the offered gift.

"Pardon me, sire; your majesty's approbation is enough. You take from me my friend, and I cannot accept this splendid jewel. That you have granted what I asked, I will acknowledge with my prayers for your majesty."

With a profound reverence she hastily withdrew, bearing with her the half reviving Louise.

The hour was passed in bitterness, mingled with happier feelings. Clemence at first endeavoured to detach her friend from the court and its master; but she soon desisted from her attempts. "I cannot act now," said the weeping La Vallière: "had I earlier asked and received your support, all might have been well. But yesterday I thought myself firm; I fled from danger, and it has pursued me hither; now my strength is gone, my course is no longer my own; impelled by a feeling I cannot resist, I return to meet the fate which I dread, but cannot struggle with."

"Do not think harshly of me, Clemence, my friend, my sister. If I fall, it is not as a willing victim; my

struggles, my sufferings, have been great ; do not condemn me if they have been in vain. Farewell, we *may* meet again."

They parted. La Vallière returned to the splendour and misery of a court. The rest as regards her is matter of history, which has less faintly, if at all, touched on the more obscure passages of her life on which I have dwelt ; perhaps, because the rapid glance of the historian, like that of the heedless admirer of nature, regards only the hues of the flower which lie nearest to the eye, while it passes over the lovelier and more delicate streaks, that tinge the base of the petals.

Clemence ere long rejoined her husband. The remote district to which his duties confined him combined with other obstacles, to prevent any but a very rare correspondence between Clemence and her friend, now Duchess de la Vallière, the avowed mistress of the king's affections, and the mother of his children. Madame Blanzac rejoiced to hear of the tenderness of the monarch for her friend ; her hope was for its continuance ; but the hope was blended with fears, unhappily too well grounded.

The passion of the king, though long unchanged, at length, like all other passions rooted in selfishness, veered to a new object. The charms, the talent, and still more the artifice of Madame de Montespan, destroyed the influence of the more estimable but now familiar La Vallière. The heart of the latter sunk beneath the blow. It was long ere she could persuade herself of the truth. It seemed impossible that her fidelity, her devotion, her sacrifices, could be thus rewarded.

The favourites of royalty have in general found a

compensation for the fluctuating regards of those on whom they depend, in the facilities afforded them of gratifying their avarice, their ambition, or their vanity. La Vallière was without these resources; she had devoted herself to love alone, and when love proved treacherous she found the world a wilderness.

It was then that the pure feelings, which, though like all new feelings, had been insufficient to give strength to her resolves, began to ripen into principles. She left the world, which had no charms for her; a world, that could not fail to admire the spectacle of a woman, who at thirty years of age, and possessed of yet unfaded beauty, preferred religion and the rigours of a Carmelite monastery to a court and the temptations of pleasures.

She entered the monastery, and, after the usual year of noviciate, received the veil before a concourse of the noble, and the proud, who thronged, along with those whom better motives inspired, to view the adieu to the world of one, who had long been dead to its enjoyments.

Shortly after her profession, she was informed, that a young female boarder, who had just entered the convent, was desirous of conversing with her. Sister Louise desired that the stranger might be introduced to her cell. She was so—it was Clemence.

It was Clemence, a widow and a mourner. Blanzac was no more; and Clemence, husbandless and childless, had entered Paris the day before the profession of Louise; an event, the expectation of which then engrossed that loquacious city. Her long watchings on her husband, whom she attended, as she might be expected to attend the husband of her love, had prevented her from hearing the rumours, which were wafted from the distant capital.

It was therefore with astonishment that she met the intelligence ; it was also with a sudden but fixed determination, to share with her friend the seclusion and austerities of the life she had chosen.

“ You said, that there was a tie that linked us,” said Clemence to Louise ; “ you prophesied truly, it will last to the uttermost !” And it did. The death of Madame Blanzac, which happened some years before that of Sister Louise, was the first, as it was the last interruption of their friendship.

It was to the Duchess de la Vallière that Madame de Sévigné applied the epithet of the “ humble violet.” It was well applied to her gentle spirit while she lived, and a fragrance, like that of the violet, has embalmed her memory in death.

“ *I am not happy, but content,*” was her touching reply to the insulting inquiries of her rival, who visited her after her profession. It united the meekness of a Christian with the philosophy of a sage. And if the feelings, in which these words originated, were the only fruit of a long life, of which the gay and happy scenes had not been the most prevailing, her life and her sufferings were not in vain.

THE ENCHANTED STREAM ;

OR,

THE RIDER'S VISION.

THE Rider stay'd by the rivulet's brink,
And he slacken'd his rein for his steed to drink.
Secret and silent that rivulet wove
Through the forest, like thoughts of a maiden's love.

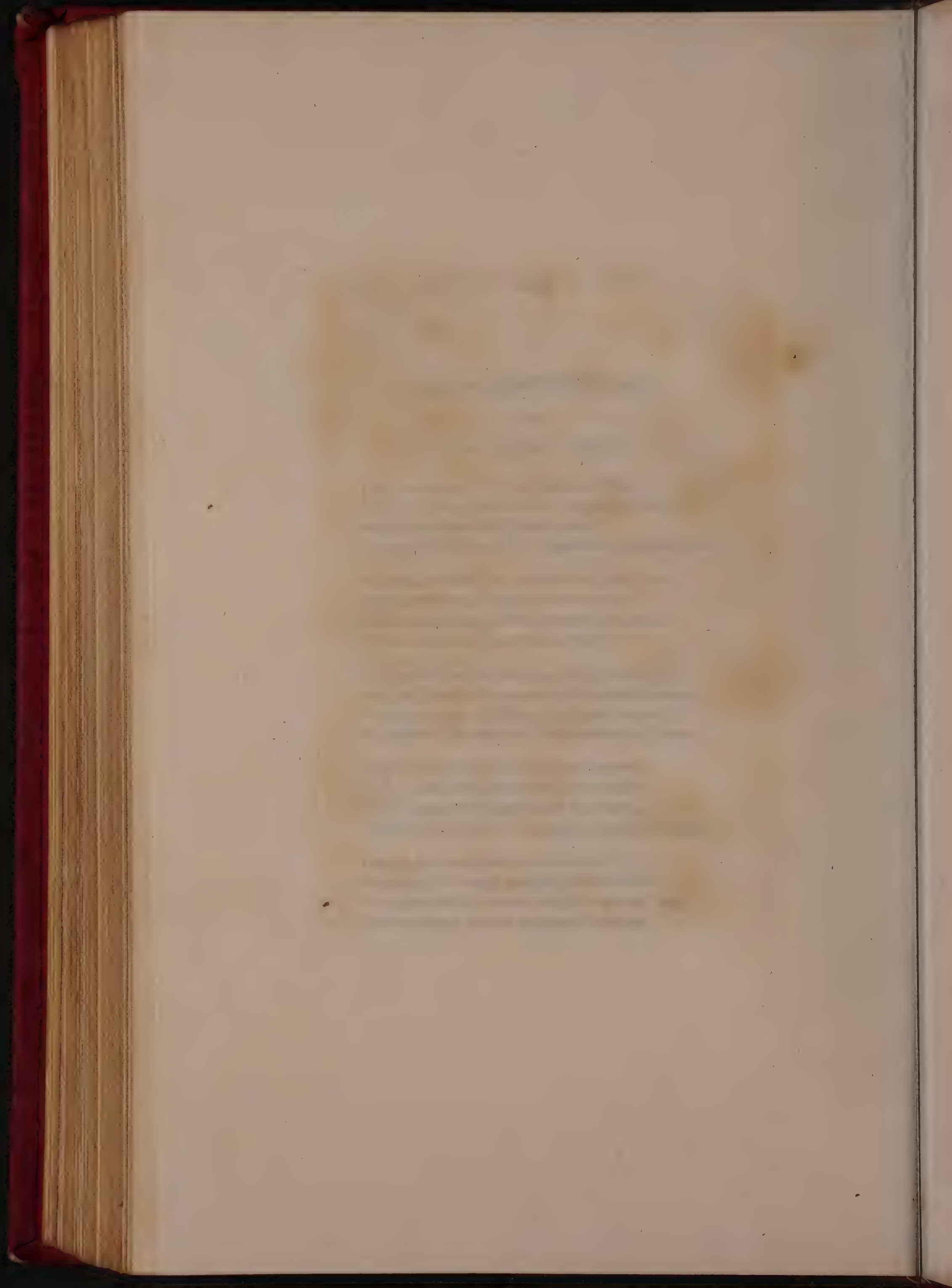
The Rider look'd up ; and around him there
Earth and Nature look'd pensively fair ;
Clad with the smile, that enchants the mood
Of the spirit that pines for solitude.

He leap'd from his steed, and he gently sped,
And he follow'd the stream with a stealthy tread ;
Through many a winding, and many a nook,
He follow'd the course of that murmuring brook.

And wider and wider the streamlet grew ;
And sweeter and sweeter the breezes blew,
As on wings of a silken touch they sank,
And the sweets from the blossomy chalices drank.

But he that was there, in that secret spot,
Regarded the stream and the blossoms not :
He regarded the stream and the blossoms less,
For his glance was on brighter loveliness.







Printed by T. Stothard R.A.

Engraved by Charles Heath.

THE ENCHANTED STREAM.

Published by T. Hurst & Co. 51, Pauls Churchyard & R. Jennings 2, Poultry.



Know ye the visions in life's young years,
That pleasure creates, and sorrow endears;
That faintly float in the soul, till they seem
A memory half, and half a dream,

That come when the soul has sadness found,
But before despair has stanch'd the wound;
While the yet pure mind has not learnt to flee
From the things of its own dear phantasy?

Even such were the forms reveal'd in light
In that shady spot to the wandering wight;
Some on the land, and some sought to lave
Their beauty's warmth in the blush-stain'd wave.

The wanderer look'd with amaze and fear,
To see such beauty enshrined there;
What was their nature he panted to tell,
Fairies or nymphs of a haunted dell.

But a mortal gaze might they never brook;
They saw him not, but they felt his look.
They turn'd to each other, but did not speak;
And then submerg'd with a cry and a shriek.

The rider's steed, as he sought to drink,
Saw the waters ripple away from the brink.
Where is the stream, that was winding there?
Its fountains are dry, its channel is bare.

The flowers and the buds they shrunk and shiver'd,
And the lordly trees they moan'd and quiver'd,
And the leaves and blossoms all fell to the ground
With a sudden blight and a funeral sound.

And slowly the sunbeams vanish'd away,
Leaving a faint and a sickly ray;
And the spot, that with beauty had been elate,
Lay a blacken'd desert, all desolate.

Mortal ne'er saw those forms before;
Mortal never beheld them more:
And all of their fate, and their history known,
Was a bursting shriek, and a stifled groan.

So the quickly-feeling spirit will fade,
When the home of its secret hope is betray'd.
Then what of its fountains and blossoms of joy?
The blossoms are wither'd, the fountains are dry!

THE GHOST LAID.

SWEET village of ROSTHERNE! Gem of my youth's
localities! How powerless has been the lapse of years,
to erase from among the chronicled regrets of memory
thy soothing and sequestered beauties. Thy fertile un-
dulating plains, thy clustered trees, thy time-tinted
church (where lie the remains of one most honoured
and most beloved); across the bushy banks of, dearest
of all, thy Mere, with its placid waters, I see them all,
the idly waving branches, the light rippling waves. In
fancy I see them all; perhaps my eye may again dwell
on them, but with what feelings? with such as when
last I saw thee? Can I bear with me to the scene of my

youth and its pleasantness the buoyant spirit, the hope, yet dear, though blighted, the faith, the confidence, the energy, that were then mine? Never—I think of these things and ask, where are they? The echo is from my heart, that answers, *where?*

ROSTHERNE is one of the loveliest spots in Cheshire, placed on the banks of a small lake, which, taking its name from the village, is called Rostherne Mere. The few dwellings it contains are rustic habitations, occupied by the cultivators of its rich meadows and pastures; they were so, though still fewer in number, fifty years back.

It was one fine autumn evening, about this time, that two lovers parted on a spot, equally distant from the brink of the river and a snug white-washed cottage that stood some one or two hundred yards eastwardly.

The year was sinking towards its end, the leaves covered the ground, and the reddish brown hue had usurped the place of the livelier green on the trees. It was a lovely night, deep pensive moonlight, the very night for love and love's votaries.

The two individuals, who on this occasion fell under this designation, were a pretty, neat, or rather more than neat, rather romantic-looking girl, of eighteen, perhaps, or a summer's shade more, it might be; and a person of the other sex, some years older, but yet young, tall, well made, with a countenance, which, amongst a good deal of better expression, indicated a spice of the scape grace in his composition. Their conversation, though wonderfully interesting to the parties, might possibly be otherwise to my readers, and is therefore kept in reserve. In fact, love conversations, like Cinderella's slipper, are essenti-

ally exclusive, and fit for nobody, except those for whom they are made.

"God be with you, my dear Walter," said the maiden, as, parting from the last embrace, she looked wistfully at her lover.

"And with you, my own Mary, till I return."

"Ah! till you return: but when?"

"Once more, I assure you, my love, I will return and bring success with me. Our scheme cannot fail. Farewell then, and fear nothing."

"Farewell," echoed the maiden, but in a tone, that showed how vainly she endeavoured to comply with the lover's last behest. One other *last* embrace, and they parted.

Mary Spenser was the daughter of the farmer who occupied the little snug cottage already mentioned. He was, though not a niggardly, a saving man; and, to use his own phrase, rarely spent twopence where a penny would do.

He was not however without sense in the application of his worldly treasures. While the mass was laid out to profit, a portion of it was devoted to the fitting his only daughter to fill hereafter some superior station to that, which she now held, of her mother's assistant in the government of their small household. He had, after much cogitation, determined to afford the advantages of a "ladies' seminary," some twenty miles distant. It was from this hotbed of improvement, that Mary had now lately returned.

She brought with her, as usual from such places, some sentimentality, cultivated by the perusal, in secret, of

divers of those "half-bound volumes in marble covers," which Sir Anthony Absolute pronounces so detrimental to all rule and authority.

I do not pretend to decide whether her acquirements—Good Heavens! that word reminds me, that I have given no account of my heroine's personal charms:—never mind now, but look at the engraving prefixed to this history. She is there leaning against a door.

Is not she beautiful?

Whether her own endowments, then, as I was about to say, or her father's wealth, formed her principal charm in the eyes of the neighbouring bachelors, I do not know. Certain it is, however, that many felt or feigned a flame; men of substance, having cattle, and herds, and the good things of the earth. Their cattle, and their herds, and their good things signified not a stiver. Mary would none of them.

In truth, Mary had made her choice and lost her heart before she came home: nothing very new, I am informed. It is true, that she had gained another heart in lieu of the one she had lost; at least, so Walter Markham told her, and she had great faith in his sayings. Now Walter Markham was the very man, and therefore ought to know best.

However, it did so happen, that Mr. Benjamin Spencer, father of Miss Mary Spencer, by no means looked on Walter Markham with his daughter's eyes, preferring to assist his own sight with a pair of silver-rimmed spectacles. Somehow or other Walter Markham never got into the exact focus of these spectacles, so as to be seen to advantage through them. He might be very

clever, and very pleasant, and very full of all manner of talk to please foolish girls; but Benjamin insisted he was not a pain's-taking, hard-working, calculating lad; and as he had not the needful, which there was no denying, neither had he, in Benjamin's estimation, the wherewith to scrape the same together. So after several conferences between the old man and the young man, their intercourse ended by a very decided intimation to Walter Markham not to make his appearance there again. At the same time Mary was forbidden to see him again; in consequence of which she met him by appointment the same night, when they talked and wept, and squeezed hands and lips, and parted as before-mentioned, which brings me back to the present tense of my story.

It was about a week after the time of this parting, that Dame Spenser, *la mère*, paid a visit to a relation at some two or three miles distance. A most comfortable visit it was; the tea excellent, the cherry brandy supreme, and to crown all, Mistress Spencer won from her relative three silver threepences at all-fours. Such a concatenation of sleek and soothing things naturally produced a corresponding smoothness, and a more extensive philanthropy in their object: so that when, on returning homewards, the dame beheld, at a short distance before her, an object which appeared to her a wayfaring female mendicant seated at the foot of a hedge, she instinctively instituted an inquiry after a penny in her huge pocket. Her charity however in this instance proved superfluous.

"Keep your money for them that ask it," said the supposed pauper, rejecting the offered bounty.

"Well, well," replied the dame, "king George's head

has no need to go a begging in these times. If you kept a civiler tongue in your head it might be none the worse though," and the dame walked on.

"Stay!" said the other. It was with such a stern commanding tone, that the dame halted involuntarily. She looked more narrowly at the speaker, whose figure was more striking than prepossessing. A discoloured complexion, strongly marked and shaded by tangled masses of long black hair, repelled rather than invited observation. Her dress was coarse and much worn; the predominating colours were, or had been, blue and red. Two or three tin utensils, that lay by her, seemed to form a small portable stock in trade.

"Stay!" said the gipsy: "would you have your fortune told?"

"Not I, troth," answered the consort of Benjamin; "I want no better fortune than I have."

"Yet I could tell you what you would fain know: once more, shall I speak what I can tell?"

"Just as pleases yourself, good woman, only it is growing late, so the quicker you are, the better."

"I hinder you not," returned the prophetess; "be-gone then, since the fate of your own blood troubles you less than the occupation of your trumpery household. Follow your way, as I will mine."

The curiosity, which, implanted in the first of her progenitrixes, had descended to the good woman, and was just beginning to show itself, was extinguished in indignation at the slight cast on her housekeeping, on which, and with justice, she greatly prided herself. Her wrath was indeed about to express itself in words, but the gipsy, paying no further attention to the farmer's wife,

slung her bundle over her shoulder, and set off in the contrary direction at great speed.

Dame Spencer too resumed her route, though in a less tranquil mood than had hitherto possessed her. Sometimes she wished she had heard the gipsy's tale; then her cheek would glow at the remembrance of the audacious disrespect, with which her household had been mentioned.

By the time, however, that she had arrived within half a mile of the cottage her displeasure had almost subsided, when, on a sudden, she started. She rubbed her eyes, she pinched her arms, she was convinced she was well awake. She saw sitting on the ground before her the identical woman, who had already occasioned her so much uneasiness. There she was, with her red and blue cloak and her tin kettles.

"Will you have your fortune told?" said the gipsy, as the farmer's wife drew nigh, in the same deep harsh tone as before.

"No,—I thank you; but I have no need."

"Your daughter's——"

"What have you to say of her?" exclaimed the now anxious mother, delaying her steps.

"I have little to say of her. She is a bright and a bonny flower."

"I could tell you that, and so could the whole village; so——"

"Ay," interrupted the sybil, "but I can tell you what neither you, nor all the wise heads of your village together, can tell me. Mary Spencer will be married."

"Like enough: my lass may have a husband without the asking."

"True; few would ask for the husband she is doomed to have. Here, take this; open it when you are home; it will tell you who——" And she snatched up her burden, and was out of sight in the twinkling of an eye.

When Spencer's wife opened the case the gipsy had given her, she beheld the miniature resemblance of a young man named Tylson, well known in the neighbourhood, and at the time in question the subject of general conversation: a distinction he had earned by drowning himself in the Mere a few days before.

The appalled and astonished parent gazed with a fearful anxiety on this ominous picture. She was bewildered, and knew not what to do. Her husband was from home on some of his more distant business, nor was his return expected for at least a day or two. From her daughter she felt naturally desirous to conceal her fears and their cause. Thus in want of a confidant, her only resource was to seek the counsel of a neighbour, who had long been her nearest and closest gossip.

To this neighbour's house, a bright summery spot on the opposite side of the Mere, she accordingly went, though the day was closing, and herself fatigued with her excursion. Committing her own dwelling to the care of her daughter, and the one female servant, a somewhat aged crone, then confined to her bed by rheumatism, the good lady of the house wended to her friend's habitation. She was a widow woman with an only son, a good-humoured, sturdy, hard-headed lad, the favourite of the village, and, from having once enlisted in the Blues, known by the name of Corporal Crucifix. To

Mrs. Crucifix therefore did her neighbour recount her woes and her fears.

The recital was barely finished, when the expected observations of Mrs. Crucifix were prevented by a sudden shriek ; and a red-haired serving lass, rushing into the room, fell head foremost on the ground, apparently in a paroxysm of terror. The barking of the dog, and the exclamation of the Corporal without, concurred in announcing something extraordinary, and probably alarming.

Rising hastily from their seats, the two confabulators threw their cloaks over their heads, and ventured to undo the front door, which commanded the Mere.

The moon was up, but the evening mist on the lake was so thick, and the night gloom so far advanced, that it was with an indistinctness, more fear-exciting than any defined object, however terrifying its nature, that the gazers beheld a tall upright figure gliding, as it seemed, along the surface of the lake with great rapidity. As well as it could be discerned, the figure, on arriving at the extreme end of the Mere, took to the land, and disappeared in the direction of farmer Spencer's cottage.

"My child ! my child !" exclaimed the terrified mother: all her fears rising into certainties on seeing, as she doubted not she did, the spirit of the drowned Tylson, the predicted spouse of her daughter. "Good God ! what will become of her !"

"Never fear, never fear," cried her almost equally alarmed friend, "the Corporal shall run down and take Jem Thatcher; I'll warrant them a match for ten Tylsons, dead or alive."

"That we are any day," shouted the Corporal, and

bracing his regimental sword on, and handing down the blunderbuss for the Thatcher, the distressed mother, who could not be prevailed on to remain behind, sallied forth attended by her two squires.

In a few minutes, but which to the anxious mind of the mother seemed of long duration, the party stood at the door of farmer Spencer's cottage. The door was fastened; they knocked, but no answer was given; there was no light emitted from the windows.

"Stay," said the Corporal, "let us peep in upon them." And he looked in at the window, in which his companions joined him.

There was no candle in the kitchen; the only light was that of the pale moon-beam peering in through the opposite window. In the dimmest corner of the apartment stood a white and shadowy figure. Its ill defined outline seemed to sink into the gloom of the place, of which it was the sole inhabitant.

"Heaven be merciful!" said the farmer's wife, as she shrunk back in terror from the sight: "my poor Mary, my child, what has befallen her?" And she wrung her hands in distress and perplexity.

"Better go to the back door," said Corporal Crucifix, "and take them in the rear." And he led the way, going round by the stables, where the Corporal, under the direction of Mistress Spencer, struck a light and possessed himself of the horn lantern. He whistled after him two misanthropical curs, who swore heartily at the interruption of their slumbers.

Nothing obstructed their progress. As they passed the door of the chamber in which old Madge, the invalide, lay, the mistress went in, with a faint hope of

finding her daughter there. But the only voice that responded to her queries was that of Madge. When her mistress, however, who put much faith in Madge's sagacity, had in a few hurried words hinted at the cause of alarm, Madge's rheumatism could not hinder her from joining the hue and cry. "She had once seen a ghost," she said, "and was a better Christian than to fear a hundred." In two minutes she had huddled on her clothes, and with uneven steps followed the party in their descent on the enemy's land.

Beneath the kitchen door gleamed some rays of light. The Corporal, with a hand and heart a shade less steady than usual, laid hold on the latch. It sprung up, and the door yielded. They entered cautiously by the light of the half-clouded moon, and the penurious gleam of the Corporal's lantern. In the spot where the unearthly figure had stood nothing was seen. But against the door of the pantry, which opened on the far side of the room, leaned, apparently in a state of insensibility, Mary Spencer. "One would not sure be frightful when one's dead," said the poet's Narcissa. Mary carried the principle farther, and would not be frightful in a swoon. She had fainted with a half suppressed smile on her sweet lips, and all the blood had not run to her heart, but blushed in roses, though lighter than usual, on her cheeks.

On the conviction, that the figure before her was her daughter, the farmer's wife sprung forward and caught her in her arms. She was easily brought to herself, and able to respond to her mother's eager inquiries.

She said, that, expecting her mother would be late, she had prepared her own supper, from which, only a few



Engraved by EDW. PORTBURY.

THE GHOST LAID.

Printed by F. P. STEPHENSON.

Published by Thomas Hurst & Co. 84 Pauls Churchyard, Robert Jennings, 2, Pauling, and William H. Anson, 13, Old Bond Street.

Printed by M. Quen.



minutes before, she had been disturbed by a knocking at the back of the house. On going to discover its cause, she saw no one, and returned; when, on entering the kitchen, she found the light extinguished; and, looking around her, perceived a white and dim figure—tall, with its face covered, creeping across the floor. She rushed towards the front door, but, palsied by fear, had sunk against the pantry, senseless.

Every thing coincided with this account. The table was spread; the quenched candle still emitted a curling stream of smoke; and a plate or two broken on the floor was natural enough.

Meanwhile one of the curs aforesaid had been attracted by something of a light hue appearing under the pantry door, and was barking and snapping at it most doggedly. On the cessation of Mary's story, the attention of the whole party was attracted to this quarter. The Corporal opened his mouth to encourage the dog; it remained so with horror, when from the pantry issued a tall figure in the sheeted habiliments of the grave.

The appearance of the vision was instantaneously effective. The mother, snatching her daughter in her arms, fell into a chair; the Corporal, falling over another, extinguished the lantern. The Thatcher was overthrown by the Corporal, and in his prostration discharged the blunderbuss, the contents of which lodged in a beautiful pickled ham, which was then partially smoked. As for old Madge, she stood rooted at the top of the steps, like a Dutch image.

When the alarm had somewhat subsided, the cause of it had disappeared. As the front door was found un-

barred, it might have been thought, that the ghost had chosen this mortal mode of exit, had not old Madge protested, that, as she lived, she saw it vanish through the fire-place, which, she said, showed a slovenly, dirty disposition, as it was dressed in white garments.

But the most awful thing of all was, that, in the moment of confusion, the ghost had approached Mary and placed a ring on her finger, the fatal marriage finger. The mother had nearly gone distraught.

When the farmer returned home next day, he could make nothing of it; but, like his wife, was frightened, though he endeavoured to conceal it. The only one who seemed indifferent to it was Mary.

The story spread like wildfire. All Mary's suitors gave up their pretensions *en masse*, being unwilling to rival the devil, and the poor girl seemed in a fair way for leading apes in the other world.

Time passed on, when, one evening, as dame Spencer was standing at the open door of the cottage, she saw advancing towards her the identical gipsy, who had prophesied such evil. Whatever she might be as a soothsayer, it seemed she was an indifferent merchant, for the farmer's wife would have sworn, that she carried the very same tin pans and kettles, that she travelled with six weeks before. She brought her in, and spread the table with mighty food.

"Be quiet," said the gipsy, as the farmer's wife was about to speak. "I know all you would say—all that has happened."

"But, good mother, can the ill be cured?"

"It can: give me your daughter's ring and a night's

lodging; the being you have seen shall give up your daughter to a mortal husband, ay, and a young and a gentle."

The dame joyfully acquiesced, but waited for her husband's sanction. He came in presently, and at once concurred: being, as he said, "weary and *fashed* with this senseless ghost."

The gipsy took Mary aside, examined the marks of her palms, and studied her countenance. She made many inquiries in a low tone and eager manner, and concluded by drawing from her finger the fatal ring.

As night advanced she was ushered into a small spare room, destined for her accommodation. When the door was closed upon her, a great talk took place between Spencer and his wife, as to the probable result of the gipsy's labours. Their daughter joined little in the conversation; she was melancholy and low-spirited. At length the whole household retired to rest, in earnest anticipation of the morning.

When the morning came, neither the gipsy nor Mary Spencer was to be found. The house was searched; the village was searched; all work and occupation was suspended; the wise and the foolish alike gathering together into those small knots, into which light particles naturally gather. Not a few stood on the banks of the Mere, poring into the waters with some expectation of seeing Mr. and Mrs. Tylson in the shape of the ghost and the late Mary Spencer.

The day passed, but neither ghost, gipsy, nor daughter came. The small knots broke up, formed fresh knots, and finally dispersed; some to the sign of the "Gray

Barb," and some to their respective dwellings, where the case was again and again argued over.

Twelve o'clock.—The disconsolate parents were still sitting in their kitchen, for they had no heart to go to bed. A knock at the door; another, and another.

"Open the door, Benjamin," said his wife.

"What can any one want here at this time?" muttered he, rising as he spoke. A faint glimpse of hope came over him. He opened the door, and caught his daughter in his arms. "But who the devil is this?" said he, as he gave up his daughter to her mother.

"A witch, a ghost, or a son-in-law, at your service," replied a voice.

"Watt! Watt Markham!" The father's brow darkened, then cleared up. "Come in; thou art a bit of a devil, but better than a ghost, after all!"

There are several things unexplained in this story for want of room; as who the witch was, the ghost, and so forth: how the ghost came to sup with Mary Spencer, and so on. If any one is so dull as to require all this telling,

I am very sorry for it, but cannot help it.—





Drawn by J. M. Wright.

Engraved by C. Heath.

VIRGINIA.

Printed by J. G. Allen.

Published by T. Hurst, & C^o S^t Pauls Churchyard, & R. Jennings, 2, Poultry.



VIRGINIA.

I.

If I were like thee, lovely child,
As happy and as gay,
I would not care where splendour smil'd,
Nor seek ambition's way.

II.

The gather'd flowers that round thee lie
Are still in sweets array'd ;
But mine were gather'd but to die,
And only bloom'd to fade.

III.

So light thy faery footstep bounds,
It scarce awakes the air ;
To after years the echo sounds,
To tell what change is there.

IV.

For soon the honey dew is past,
That life's first blossoms fill :
Ah why, when pleasures fade so fast,
Should sorrow linger still !

OPERA REMINISCENCES FOR 1827.

Thy memory be as a dwelling-place
For all sweet sounds and harmonies.

WORDSWORTH.

AN accomplished French amateur being asked who was the best judge of music, replied, "Une jeune femme sensible de vingt cinq ans." Without deciding on the truth of this very gallant assertion, it would be easy to bring forward some reasons why it might or ought to be true. In the first place, the physical organization of a woman is more delicate than that of the other sex, and her nervous system more sensitive; and it follows therefore, that music, considered as a mere succession of sounds, will be more acutely felt or perceived by her. In regard, more particularly, to "une jeune femme sensible de vingt cinq ans," she may possibly retain all the vivacity of youth; but oftener still, the character is by that time formed, and life has ceased to be all *couleur de rose*. It is indeed most rare, that a woman thus finely constituted can reach the age of five-and-twenty without some profound touches of human passion and human suffering: music, therefore, as one of the fine arts, addressed to the imagination, and deriving one of its principal charms from association, will speak to her with a voice of power. Women, indeed, in general, live so much more in their affections than men; they are so much more abstracted from the commonplace, stirring, money-getting cares of

existence ; their sorrows are so little mingled with what is selfish or degrading in human nature, that they are more peculiarly sensible to the emotions caused by music. Nevertheless the taste of women, *before* the age of twenty-five, is seldom formed even amongst those who are the best educated ; while, on the other hand, after the age of thirty, the habit of studying and hearing good music renders the judgment almost too fastidious. We pay the price of knowledge, in becoming more difficult to be pleased, and receive its reward in the intensity of the pleasure.

Of all enthusiasms, musical enthusiasm is the most ridiculous to those who do not possess a particular organisation. When Forsyth, so celebrated for his exact taste, insists upon denying music a place among the fine arts, and ranks it, abstractedly considered, with *cookery* and *perfumery*, he proves nothing but that he wants this organisation. "Music," he says, "can excite sensations, but not ideas." But are not certain ideas indissolubly connected with certain sensations ? I have always admired the beautiful Indian hypothesis, which supposes, that the vague imagery excited in the mind by delicious music is only the dim and faint recollection of joys experienced in some former state of existence.

An old lord has lately written a book of "Reminiscences," which is, like himself, of the old school. A great musician lives in his works, like the great poet or painter ; but what to *us*, young amateurs, are the soprani, tenori, and bassi of forty years ago ! The great singer or actor can leave nothing behind him but recollections, which rest with those who have heard and seen, and cannot be transferred to the mind of another. Without

going so far back as the Billingtons and the Maras, whom our fathers and mothers rave about, where are Grassini, Tramezzani, Catalani?—An echo answers “where!” Another generation is rising to whom these names shall be as mere a sound as those of Nicolini and Farinelli. PASTA is ours; but she, too (alas! that it should be so), must perish from the earth, with all her talents, her graces, and her powers, and leave no record but in the hearts of those who have heard her. What poet or painter could embody any of her great characters, or could depict the various graces of her action, or the shades of expression in a countenance, the principal charm of which is its mobility? or how convey an idea of that voice, with all its sweetness, power, and pathos,—that voice, every note of which turns “sense to soul,” with the intense *feeling* of what we hear?

“What fine chisel could ever yet cut breath?”

In the opinion of good judges, Madame Pasta has this year attained the very perfection of her vocal and histrionic powers; yet who shall set bounds to the genius, which creates new modes of charming every time we hear her? It is, however, certain, that this season she has surpassed her former self. No longer young, yet retaining all the personal advantages of youth—still possessing the most fervid enthusiasm for her own divine art, but with matured judgment—confident in her powers—taught by experience and study to bring into play all the capabilities of her magnificent voice—her genius, her originality, her vivacity of feeling, corrected and directed by the most admirable judgment, and the most exquisite taste; prodigal of her powers, rich in her resources, but

never careless, never unequal ; enjoying the applause she is sure of receiving, and unspoiled by the success she triumphs in deserving—such Pasta is *now* : and the lovers of music, who have had frequent opportunities of hearing her this season, may esteem themselves fortunate indeed.

Considered merely as a singer, it is not on her voice, superb as it is, that Pasta rests her surest claim to admiration. In compass and brilliancy of voice she has been rivalled within our own memory ; in science and liquid flexibility of tone she has been equalled ; but in expression and modulation she stands alone. These two most striking characteristics of her style are often confounded by those who have analyzed her powers ; but, in reality, there is a wide distinction between them. An inferior voice may sing with great expression, which belongs more to the words and the sentiment than to the sounds through which they are conveyed. A voice cultivated by long practice and intense study till it reaches the utmost flexibility is necessary to modulation.

As instances of expression merely may be mentioned the air in the *Medea*, “*Miseri pargoletti*,” and in general all her impassioned recitatives. In the last act of the *Romeo* the reply to *Giulietta*’s question,

“*A ché ti trasse mai ?*

Ah !—non no cuore——”

is terribly expressive ; and the response in the celebrated scene of the *Semiramide* between her and *Assur* (almost her *chef-d’œuvre*),

“*Assur. Ma tu regni !*

Sem. E tu vivi—O quale orrore !”

these last words may almost vie with the famous "tremar Tancredi!" in variety of expression. I have never heard her give them twice exactly in the same manner: it is sometimes concentrated indignation, sometimes horror, sometimes overwhelming self-reproach, that predominates.

It is extremely difficult to select any particular instance of modulation, because it pervades every thing she does, whether air or recitative: it is by the power of modulation, that she can divide a note into many perceptible shades of intonation, such as no musician could ever have written, expressed, or, perhaps, imagined: the same note comes not always upon the ear as the same sound. It is thus that in the spectre scene, in the Semiramide, she diminishes the volume of her voice on the words,

"Atroce palpita
M' opprime l'alena,
Respiro appena —"

till it sinks to an absolute whisper; but, like Mrs. Siddons's whisper, heard distinctly in every part of the theatre. The exquisite skill and taste, with which she can modulate even the accidental graces and garniture of her songs, converting an ornament into a sentiment, are peculiar to herself; her shake, for example, changes its character according to its situation. There is a shake in the commencement of the duet "Giorno d'orrore:" she shakes also in the allegretto movement of the first cavatina in the "Didone," but how differently! In the first, the subdued and tremulous pathos of the tone goes to the heart; in the last, the sentiment being that of joyous affection, it is the rapturous trill of the mounting lark,

“that crowds, and hurries, and precipitates, with thick, fast warble, his enchanting notes.” In these things consists part of her power; but it is the interfusion of her own soul into every note she sings, the stamp of her own individual genius upon every look, gesture, and action, which distinguishes her from every other singer and actress: it would be more possible to equal her than to resemble her.

Since the beginning of the season we have had four new operas, and four debutants: yet the want of novelties has been complained of. Several revivals and importations have been spoken of,—the Orazzi and Curazzi (in which Pasta sung with such eclat at Paris), the Ginevra di Scozia, the Elizabetta, the Ratto di Proserpina, the Gabriella di Vergy of Caraffa, &c.; and these, it is hoped, are only postponed.

After Madame Pasta's arrival, in the beginning of May, the *opera buffa* gave way to the *opera seria*; and the characters in which she appeared last year were successively repeated, with the exception of the Desdemona and the Nina, omissions which the admirers of Pasta had reason to regret: of these repetitions the Medea and the Semiramide seem to have been favourites. Her Medea is undoubtedly the grandest piece of acting which has appeared since our Siddons trod the stage in the zenith of her powers. The music, however, is throughout lamentably beneath the supernatural grandeur of the subject. What would the enchanter Mozart have made of the Medea,—he who could throw such a dreamy and mythological splendour into the *Zauberflöte*?

The music of the Semiramide, though it strikes at first as deficient in melody, wins upon the ear and ima-

gination by its grand harmonies, and the brilliancy of the concerted pieces. It is a series of thefts from beginning to end, not only from Rossini's former works, but from other composers ; yet there is a wide difference between the plagiarisms of mediocrity, and the appropriations and adaptations of a man of genius. We are *impatientes* by the cold, ill-disguised imitations, the passages borrowed and disfigured (we dare not say stolen) in the Maria Stuart and Didone. But Rossini exhibits his "rich thievery" with all the audacity of conscious talent. The *motivo* of one of Mozart's best known melodies runs through the whole of the Semiramide. Every body knows this, and every body who listens is enchanted. Pasta's Semiramide is one of her grandest efforts ; and it is not the least instance of her extraordinary genius, that in this and other operas (the Otello, for instance), she can produce such marvellous effect in music composed for a voice and a style the very antipodes of her own—those of Colbrand Rossini.

Beside these repetitions we have had four new operas (that is to say, new *here*). La Vestale (music by Spontini) was produced at the opening of the theatre in December, and supported principally by Madame Caradori and Curiöni. In this opera, and the Schiava de Bagdad (Pacini) Caradori, always delightful, sung enchantingly. With much of graceful modesty she unites such genuine feeling and exquisite taste, that she shines even in Pasta's brilliant orbit. And when these two, whose powers thus deliciously harmonise, act together, the effect is beautiful. The inimitable caressing tenderness of action as well as voice which Pasta throws into the last scene of the Romeo ; the expression of rapturous fondness with which

she accompanies the *last* song in the *Tancredi*, would lose somewhat of their poetry and delicacy, if we had a male and female singer before us.

The music of *MARIA STUART*, by Signor Coccia, (produced for Pasta's benefit) is *heavy*; and Pasta's Queen of Scots, with all its excellence of execution, appeared a failure in point of conception: it wanted softness.

The *DIDONE*, by Mercadante, was afterwards got up for the benefit of Madame Toso Puzzi: but the music is without much claim to originality, or brilliancy, or power. It contains however some beautiful things, as Didone's first song, and the admirable finale and chorus of the first act,

"Son qual fiume, che gonfio d'umori,"

which rushes along like a torrent of mingled harmony,—the duet, "Ah non lasciar-mi-no," and the superb trio, "Nascesti alle pene." A malicious wit observed, that Madame Puzzi was, on this occasion, a most correct representative of Eneas, showing his apathy in her action, and his falsehood in her notes! The lady did her best, but she evidently had not had time to study her part.

Among the debutantes, the first who appeared was Mademoiselle Fanny Ayton. The characteristics of her singing and acting were great cleverness and self-complacency. Neither her voice, nor her style, nor her person, appears to be calculated for the Italian Opera. Madame Puzzi sang for the first time in *Argia*, in *Pietro L'Eremita*. She has a fine voice, a fine figure, and a fine face. In a room she is very elegant and lady-

like, and she is a brilliant and efficient concert singer. She shines in a bravura air, and she fails in a recitative, from the total want of dramatic power and feeling. She appeared to most advantage in Zoraide.

Madame Brambilla is decidedly the most successful debutante of this season. Her voice is of a species rarely met with in perfection : a contr'alto of infinite richness, and in the literal meaning of the word *mellifluous*. She is very young : her face, without being regularly beautiful, is captivating, from its charming expression ; and her eyes are splendid. With such a voice, and such a pair of eyes, what may not be done ? but the first is not yet matured, and the latter are yet inexperienced in their own power. So much the better !

Zucchelli was here in April, and left an impression not easily effaced. His voice is a bass (what the Italians call a *basso-cantante*) of marvellous sweetness, purity, and flexibility. He sung admirably in the *Gazza Ladra*, and in the *Turco* in *Italia*.

To him succeeded Filippo Galli, a name famous in Italy. Galli's voice cannot be compared with that of Zucchelli in the quality of its tone. It has a certain coarseness, not pleasant at first, but he is an accomplished singer. Buffo singing appears to be his forte, though, since his arrival, he has generally sung in serious operas. Assur, in *Semiramide*, is his chef-d'œuvre in this style. He sung for the last time, in this character, on the 29th of July, and took his leave amid shouts of "Bravo, Galli !"

The Opera closed the following Saturday (August 4th) with the third performance of the *Didone*. The season had been unusually protracted, yet the house was full and

brilliant, and the audience properly enthusiastic. On this occasion Madame Toso was indisposed and sung feebly. Curioni performed his part with unwonted spirit and power, and in the trio, "Nascesti alle pene," excelled himself. Madame Pasta was called forward at the conclusion of the Opera, and took her leave, for the season, with much feeling and grace, amid a tumult of applause.

It would seem invidious in these Opera Reminiscences to pass entirely over two admirable performances of French tragedy at the Opera House (the Semiramis and the Merope of Voltaire) for the benefit of Mademoiselle Georges. This lady must have been, some years ago, a beautiful creature, and she still retains considerable dignity and grace while in repose; but movement is fatal to her.

As an actress, Mademoiselle Georges is a magnificent specimen of a particular school. She declaimed her interminable speeches with great volubility and discretion: she made all her *points* tell, and never lost an opportunity of producing an *effect*; but her performance appeared more a succession of sparkling passages, rapid transitions, and startling contrasts, than one harmonious whole. By assuming, on her first appearance, a character with which Madame Pasta had become almost identified, Mademoiselle Georges provoked a comparison not altogether favourable to herself. In truth, she is generally a little too much occupied with herself, her regal sceptre, her gorgeous drapery: art is not sufficiently hid by art. It is plain, that she might be easily and successfully imitated by a good mimic; for her style is full of those angles and

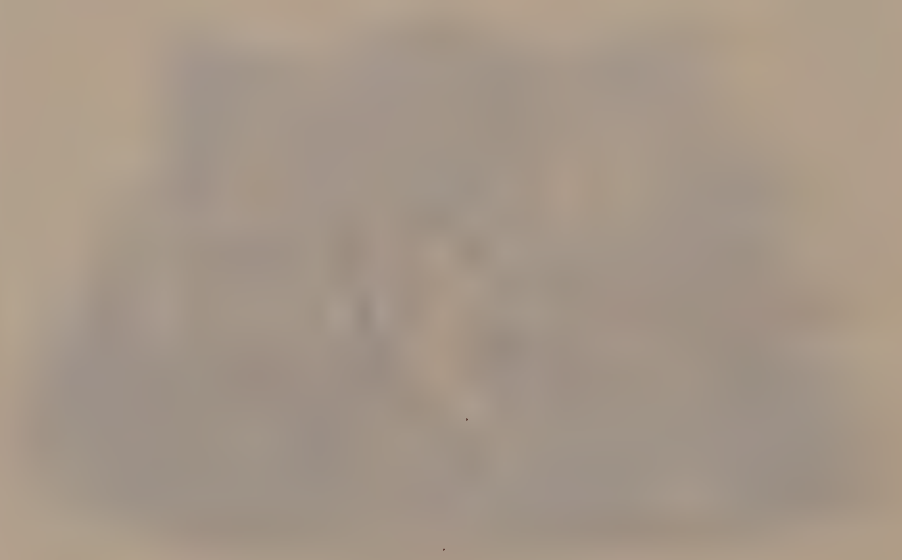
projections, which a mimic quickly seizes. But Pasta's flowing and undulating grace, her antique simplicity and Italian *disinvoltura*, are the desperation of a mimic: she is not one of a species or a school, but sole and individual,—therefore inimitable. She wears neither jewels nor sceptre, and needs them not—"all her acts are queens," and her grand and classical simplicity, her unforced, unobtrusive, and truly regal grace, were in point of effect like a Raffaele or Giorgione compared to one of the French pictures in the Luxembourg, at which the Parisians lift up hands and eyes, and are *extasiés*—as they are, or were, with Mademoiselle Georges.

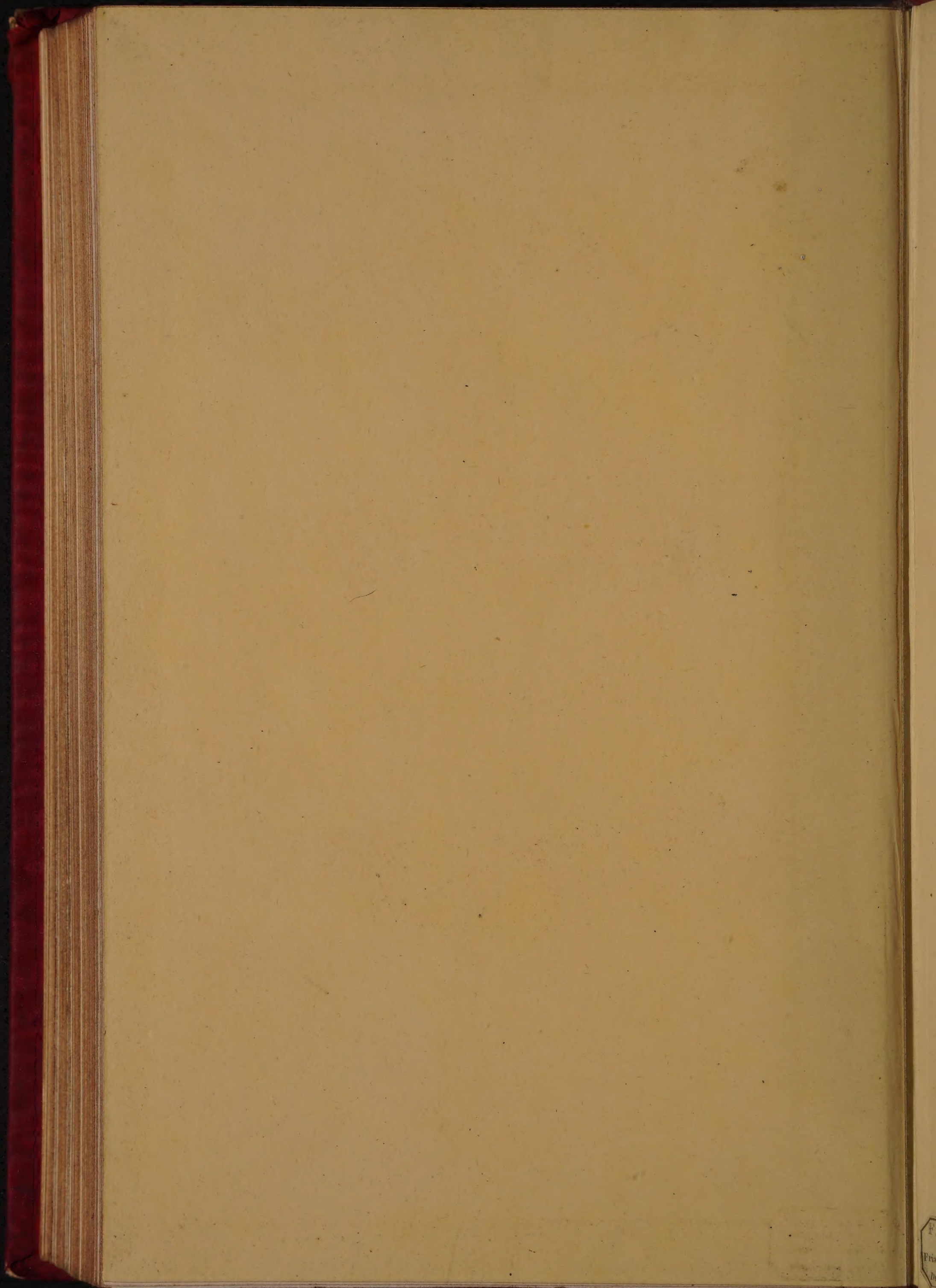


LONDON:

PRINTED BY THOMAS DAVISON, WHITEFRIARS.

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